

# In Canada's Wonderful Northland

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His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada

# In Canada's Wonderful Northland

A Story of Eight Months of Travel by Canoe,  
Motorboat, and Dog-Team on the Northern  
Rivers and along the New Quebec  
Coast of Hudson Bay

By  
W. Tees Curran  
and  
H. A. Calkins, B.Sc.

*With 60 Illustrations and Maps*

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THIS BOOK IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
TO

FIELD MARSHAL H.R.H. ARTHUR WILLIAM PATRICK  
ALBERT, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G., P.C.,  
K.T., K.P., G.M.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E.,  
G.C.V.O., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WHOSE  
GREAT INTEREST IN CANADA AND HER WON-  
DERFUL DEVELOPMENT HAS ENDEARED  
HIM TO EVERY LOYAL CANADIAN









The Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G., Premier of the Province of Quebec

## INTRODUCTION



QUEBEC, the oldest portion of Canada, is twice as large as any of the other provinces and comprises, with Ungava added, over seven hundred thousand square miles. Its enormous size can only be comprehended by comparison with that of other countries. It is equal to one fifth of the area of the United States, or six times that of the British Isles, and is larger than Great Britain, France, Spain, and Germany combined.

A thousand miles of its north-west boundary forms the east coast of that great inland sea, Hudson Bay, a body of salt water twenty times as large as Lake Superior, and abounding in fish, seals, and whales. It is bounded on the north by the Hudson Straits, on the east by a narrow strip of territory, Labrador, which is under the jurisdiction of the Government of Newfoundland, on the south by the St. Lawrence River and the United States border, and on the west by the Province of Ontario.

It is nearly four hundred years since Jacques Cartier landed on the shores of what is now called Quebec, and yet, despite its tremendous resources,

but a comparatively small portion of even the southern part of the Province is populated. There is no doubt that, when, in the future, these resources are developed, Quebec will support an immense population.

Until quite recently, exploration and development have advanced steadily westward, due principally to the advantages of the prairie land, which requires no clearing, and in a very short time may be made to yield a crop. As the young men of the Province have grown up and expansion has become necessary, they have gone westward to open up new country and make homes for their families. The expansion has now reached its westward limit, the Pacific, and the people have begun to realize their provinces have breadth as well as length.

The introduction of the National Transcontinental and other railways into the North is disclosing the fact that there are in the region agricultural lands, timber areas, mineral deposits, water powers, and fisheries that in some cases rival those of the South.

What the possibilities are beyond the National Transcontinental Railway is practically unknown. It is certain there are agricultural lands two hundred miles north of the Rupert River, where with the long, warm day, vegetation will be rapid; there is also an enormous quantity of pulp wood along the rivers flowing into James Bay; deposits

of iron ore aggregating millions of tons have been discovered on the islands which border the Hudson Bay coast of the Province; and at other places copper, galena, silver, gold, and asbestos have been found, although no effort has been made to determine the extent and value of the deposits. Recent government investigations have shown that the fisheries in the Hudson Straits and Bay are of great value, the salmon being superior to that of British Columbia, and, situated so near the British markets, will doubtless soon be operated on a commercial basis. When Quebec has had ample time to investigate her new territory, she will find its dormant wealth astonishingly great.

The idea has long prevailed that the northern portions of Canada, Quebec included, are of little value, owing to their high latitude, but similar mistakes have been made in the past regarding the southern parts of Canada when they were being colonized. After the signing of the Treaty of Paris, by which France lost the major part of her Canadian colonies, Voltaire is quoted as saying:

We were foolish enough to establish ourselves on the snows of Canada, among the bears and the beavers. I have begged on my knees that we get rid of Canada.

We have lost in a day fifteen hundred leagues of territory. These fifteen hundred leagues, being a frozen desert, are not a very considerable loss.

Another case of mistaken opinion as to the value of certain public lands is that of Canada's great silver camp, one of the richest in the world, which was originally pronounced of no commercial importance, after a cursory inspection by government engineers. Thus we see that without thorough investigation, no territory can be properly judged.

As in the past, Western Canada was not opened up until the entrance of the railways, so it will be with Northern Quebec, and we would say, "All honour to the men who undertake the task." What Lord Strathcona and his associates did for the West by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, other men are endeavouring to do for the northern part of this Province.

When the Ottawa, Abitibi, and Hudson Bay Railway from Ottawa, the North Railway from Montreal, and other projected lines to James Bay, and the government railway from the West to Port Nelson, are completed, many busy ports will undoubtedly develop on the northern shores of Quebec.

The Hudson Bay route is certain to become a great highway to the central and western portions of Canada, to the United States, and to the European markets, and it is highly probable that within the next few years the largest facilities in the world for the storage of grain will be found on the shores of the Hudson Bay, where immense quantities of

wheat must be held awaiting the opening of the season. The opening up of this route will eventually have no effect on any of the present trans-continental railways, for, within the next few years, the traffic from west to east will be so increased that there will be an abundance for all.

The future of this vast territory, New Quebec, must depend a great deal on those who are enterprising enough to penetrate its still unexplored areas and bring its hidden wealth to the attention of those who have the capital to develop it.

It is hoped that some of the readers of the following chapters may catch the spirit of conquest that actuated their ancestors in raising the American Continent to its position in the world today, and assist in opening up this great treasure house, the heritage of the Canadian people.





## PREFACE



THIS is the narrative of a trip I made to the east coast of Hudson Bay, during the summer and autumn of 1912, accompanied by twenty men, including my assistant, Harold A. Calkins, B.Sc., and Horace F. Strong, B.Sc. (Min.). It was my second visit to this undeveloped portion of north-eastern Canada.

The story of the first expedition (1907), I related in the book entitled *Glimpses of Northern Canada, a Land of Hidden Treasure*, issued by the Canadian Government. This unassuming narrative found its way into every public library, both at home and in foreign lands, and the demand on the Government for copies was far in excess of the issue.

The fact that the first book proved interesting to so many has prompted me to tell the story of my later trip, which was made for the purpose of continuing the investigation of the natural resources of what was formerly known as the District of Ungava, now the Territory of New Quebec.

The preparations for the expedition were made with the greatest care. Equipment and provisions

were chosen with all the forethought that previous experience could suggest, a difficult proposition for operations in a country so remote from any source of supplies.

Difficulties were encountered over which we had no control, due principally to stormy weather, as the season was the roughest in the memory of the inhabitants. This was the more unfortunate because of the fact that the season of 1907 had been as notably good as that of 1912 was bad, and the preparations had been made with the natural expectation of finding weather conditions similar to those obtaining during the former trip.

In consequence of the stormy season, the trip was lengthened from five to eight months, a circumstance which necessitated travelling on snowshoes, after the freezing of the rivers, from Moose Factory to Cochrane, Ontario, a distance of about two hundred miles.

In the chapters that follow, we have spoken much of rough weather conditions, a matter that affected our travelling almost every day of the journey. Because of that fact the reader may form erroneous ideas regarding the climate of this lately acquired portion of the Province. I would, therefore, ask him kindly to bear in mind that the season of 1912, in the vicinity of Hudson Bay, was conceded to be the worst in fifty years; nevertheless, I do not think anything happened to us that

might not have occurred in the experiences of the early explorers of the fertile shores of the southern part of Quebec, which portion was at one time much farther removed from civilization than are at the present time our northern boundaries.

I cannot but acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères, as well as others resident in the country. Their friendliness was a strong factor, in spite of the stormy season, in turning a tedious and worrisome trip into one of pleasure and replete with pleasant memories. We found big-hearted men in these remote places filling positions of trust in a most creditable manner.

Mention must be made in particular of Messrs. R. O. Griffith and Blais, Post Managers at Fort George; Mr. C. J. R. Jobson of the Eastmain Post, whose efforts to make us comfortable during a protracted stay at his Post were unremitting; Messrs. J. G. Mowatt and Hallé, of the Moose River Posts, and also Mr. Draulette, Inspector of the Posts on the Bay for Revillon Frères.

The man who denies that the world is growing better has never been brought into touch with the "new civilization" of Fort George and Great Whale River. This is unique in itself, and may be attributed to the untiring efforts of the Rev. Mr. Walton and his wife, who for the past twenty years have ministered to the Indians and Eskimos of the Eastmain coast. Nowhere in Canada might

one have a feeling of more absolute security than among these people whose honesty and sobriety are unimpeachable. Mr. Walton's hospitality to all comers of good intent is well known, and it was none the less manifest to us that year.

The pleasure and comfort of our stay in Moose Factory, while waiting for the "freeze up," were due to the kindness and generosity of the Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite and his wife, who placed their well-furnished home, with its cellar of vegetables, at our disposal, and whose thoughtful attention to our every need never relaxed.

Nor can it be said that all our pleasant recollections are of officials and people of note, for when we had said good-bye to all of these, and had come to the farther end of Moose Island, we found a number of our dusky friends waiting to bid us "goodspeed"; and later when rounding the end of the island beyond, which would shut off the view of the little place that had afforded us so many days of real comfort, we turned to say a last farewell to Moose Factory and the Bay, these kind-hearted people were still watching our onward progress.

I must take advantage of this opportunity to pay a slight tribute to the memory of the late Miss Mary A. Johnston, who received us so kindly at the Industrial School in Moose Factory on our outward journey, and who, we learned on our re-

turn, had been called to her home in Clarenceville, Quebec, owing to the serious illness of her mother. Miss Johnston's interest in the Indian had induced her to exchange the comforts of home life for one of self-sacrifice and service in teaching and nursing her dusky brothers and sisters, for which objects she faced the hardships of the outdoor life and the dangers of long canoe journeys with her Indian guides. It was with profound regret we learned that her useful life had been cut short while she was travelling in England last September.

I cannot close without acknowledging the services of my assistant, Harold A. Calkins, who never failed in the capable performance of any duty throughout the entire journey. I shall never forget his faithful night vigils on the boat during that long, stormy season, a duty that was really not his to perform. As a travelling companion he was always kind and cheerful, even in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances, and in discussions of important matters his opinions invariably proved valuable.

In writing up the account of the trip he and I have lived it all over again, and we have found that there are but few of the experiences on which we cannot look back with pleasure.

It is the desire of the writers that the record contained in the following pages may prove of interest and of value to those who follow us in the opening of that vast area, Newest Quebec, and

may assist in correcting many of the existing misconceptions commonly held regarding that great country, whose resources may, when fully known, prove to be some of Canada's richest.

W. T. C.

December 28th, 1913.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	v
PREFACE . . . . .	xi
CHAPTER	
I.—THE PREPARATIONS . . . . .	1
II.—THE START . . . . .	10
III.—THE TURBULENT MISSINAIBI . . . . .	18
IV.—OFF FOR MOOSE FACTORY . . . . .	31
V.—DOWN THE MOOSE VALLEY TO THE SEA . . . . .	46
VI.—MOOSE FACTORY TO RUPERT HOUSE . . . . .	53
VII.—A WEEK IN RUPERT BAY . . . . .	67
VIII.—RUPERT HOUSE TO EASTMAIN RIVER . . . . .	84
IX.—EASTMAIN RIVER TO FORT GEORGE . . . . .	101
X.—FORT GEORGE . . . . .	115
XI.—FORT GEORGE TO GREAT WHALE RIVER . . . . .	126
XII.—GREAT WHALE RIVER TO LITTLE WHALE RIVER . . . . .	156

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIII.—CLARK ISLAND . . . . .	170
XIV.—NASTAPOKA RIVER . . . . .	182
XV.—CLARK ISLAND TO GREAT WHALE RIVER . . . . .	194
XVI.—GREAT WHALE RIVER TO FORT GEORGE . . . . .	215
XVII.—FORT GEORGE . . . . .	232
XVIII.—FORT GEORGE TO EASTMAIN RIVER .	242
XIX.—EASTMAIN RIVER TO WOOD ISLAND .	258
XX.—WOOD ISLAND TO MOOSE FACTORY .	272
XXI.—SEVEN WEEKS AT MOOSE FACTORY .	288
XXII.—HOMEWARD BOUND ON THE ICE. MOOSE FACTORY TO NEW POST .	305
XXIII.—NEW POST TO COCHRANE . . . . .	318
APPENDIX . . . . .	333
INDEX . . . . .	337



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CON- NAUGHT, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA <i>Frontispiece</i>	v ✓
THE HON. SIR LOMER GOVIN, K.C.M.G., PRE- MIER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC . . .	v ✓
THE AUTHORS . . . . .	i ✓
THE BRUNSWICK RAPIDS . . . . .	20 ✓
THE SPLIT ROCK FALLS . . . . .	20 ✓
THE POPLAR-CLAD BANKS . . . . .	24 ✓
SHOOTING DOUBLE PORTAGE RAPIDS . . .	24 ✓
A BEAUTIFUL BEND ON THE BRUNSWICK RIVER	28 ✓
THE WAVY RAPIDS . . . . .	30 ✓
AT THE END OF A PORTAGE TRAIL . . .	30 ✓
THE CAMP OF THE RAILWAY ENGINEERS, MISSINAIBI CROSSING . . . . .	32 ✓
WASH DAY IN THE CAMP . . . . .	32 ✓
SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT . . . . .	34 ✓
PREPARING FOR THE START . . . . .	34 ✓

	FACING PAGE
THE CONJURING HOUSE CAÑON . . . .	40 ✓
THE CONJURING HOUSE . . . .	40 ✓
HAULING A MOTORBOAT OVER CONJURING HOUSE TRAIL . . . .	44 ✓
THE LONG PORTAGE RAPIDS . . . .	44 ✓
KAOLIN DEPOSIT ON THE MISSINAIBI RIVER .	48 ✓
GYPSUM BEDS ON THE MOOSE RIVER . .	48 ✓
THE MOOSE RIVER POST OF REVILLON FRÈRES	52 ✓
THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, MOOSE FACTORY . . . .	52 ✓
MOOSE FACTORY FROM THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	54 ✓
MAP SOUTHERN COAST OF JAMES BAY . .	56 ✓
THE DORY IN SEA-GOING TRIM . . . .	62 ✓
THE GIANT BARK CANOES FROM WASWANAPI	62 ✓
RUPERT HOUSE . . . . .	74 ✓
THE FACTOR'S GARDEN, RUPERT HOUSE .	74 ✓
MAP SOUTHERN HALF, EAST COAST OF JAMES BAY . . . . .	94 ✓
MAP FORT GEORGE TO GREAT WHALE RIVER .	112 ✓
THE MISSION BUILDINGS, FORT GEORGE .	116 ✓
THE MISSION GARDEN, FORT GEORGE . .	116 ✓

	FACING PAGE
THE FAMILY OF "THE RAT," FORT GEORGE . . .	122 ✓
AN INDIAN BURIAL AT FORT GEORGE . . .	122 ✓
AT FORT GEORGE, BISHOP ANDERSON AND THE REV. W. C. WALTON . . . . .	124 ✓
FISHER WOMEN AT FORT GEORGE . . .	128 ✓
WATCHING OUR DEPARTURE FROM FORT GEORGE	128 ✓
AN ESKIMO MOTHER AT CAPE JONES . . .	142 ✓
AN ESKIMO SALMON SPEAR . . . . .	142 ✓
DRIFTING ICE IN LONG ISLAND SOUND . . .	148 ✓
KYAKS AT LITTLE CAPE JONES . . . . .	148 ✓
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, GREAT WHALE RIVER . . . . .	154 ✓
ESKIMO WOMEN, GREAT WHALE RIVER . . .	154 ✓
MAP GREAT WHALE RIVER TO THE NASTAPOKA RIVER . . . . .	158 ✓
THE CLIFF FACE, EAST SIDE, CLARK ISLAND . .	172 ✓
THE NASTAPOKA FALLS . . . . .	184 ✓
" . . . A PICTURE OF PEACEFUL SECURITY " . .	188 ✓
CHUTES ABOVE THE NASTAPOKA FALLS . . .	188 ✓
THE MAIN HEMATITE BED, CLARK ISLAND . . .	194 ✓
THE CLIFFS AND FLATS, CLARK ISLAND . . .	194 ✓

	FACING PAGE	
AN ESKIMO FAMILY, NASTAPOKA SOUND . . . . .	200	✓
AT THE TREE LIMIT . . . . .	200	✓
THE COLISEUM CLIFF, SALMON FISHER'S TRAIL	202	✓
TABLE MOUNTAIN, SALMON FISHER'S TRAIL . . . . .	202	✓
CASTLE ROCK, MANITOUNUK SOUND . . . . .	210	✓
ESKIMOS AT SERVICE, GREAT WHALE RIVER . . . . .	210	✓
AT THE MISSION HOUSE, MOOSE FACTORY . . . . .	296	✓
THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, MOOSE FACTORY . . . . .	296	✓
FIVE MINUTES' REST ON THE TRAIL . . . . .	316	✓
THE AUTHORS IN HARNESS . . . . .	316	✓
MAP OF EASTERN CANADA . . . . .	<i>At the end</i>	✓

**In Canada's Wonderful Northland**







W. Tees Curran

The Authors

H. A. Calkins, B.Sc.

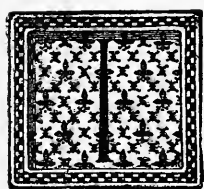


# In Canada's Wonderful Northland

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## CHAPTER I

### The Preparations



It was with a view to continuing the investigations which had been commenced five years previous that the writers began, early last year, to plan a trip by way of the Missinaibi and Moose rivers to James Bay and thence up the east coast of Hudson Bay, to Clark Island, and the mouth of the Nastapoka River.

During the trip through the same country in 1907, valuable mineral deposits had been discovered, in particular on Clark Island, in the Nastapoka Sound, on which is a deposit of iron ore aggregating several hundred million tons. One of the purposes of the expedition was to visit, survey, and do the necessary development work upon this deposit. The mining engineer was also to prepare a report upon it, giving the quantity, and from samples systematically taken to determine the quality of the ore.

It was arranged that the expedition should consist of four different parties. Three of these were assigned special localities in which to do assessment work or prospecting. The other was the chief party and was in charge of the expedition. This party was also to make a general investigation of all the resources along the route.

The following are the names of the members of the expedition in their respective parties:

<i>Chief Party</i>	{	W. TEES CURRAN. H. A. CALKINS, B.Sc., Assistant. L. C. MCFARLANE, Engineman for motor boat.
--------------------	---	--

<i>Clark Island Party</i>	{	H. F. STRONG, B.Sc., Mining Engineer. SPENCER BENNET, Assistant. PHIL JOHNSTON, Engineman and Cook. FRANK PORTER, Miner. WILLIAM SMITH, Blacksmith.
---------------------------	---	---

<i>Prospectors</i>	{	FRED HAMILTON. WILLIAM HUTCHINS. ARTHUR ASH.
--------------------	---	--

<i>Prospectors</i>	{	W. J. DONALDSON. WILFRED DONALDSON. JOE COYER. JAMES STEWART. WILLIAM BAGLEY.
--------------------	---	---

One who contemplates building a house first makes his plans, then counts the cost, and when he has the latter provided for and the material ready, he has dealt with the most vital part of the proposition. So it may be said of this expedition. When a thousand and one needs have to be anticipated and provided for, all the way from a needle to an anchor, a man must necessarily think hard and do it systematically.

The person who has never had the experience of fitting out an expedition which is to travel to, and do a season's work in, an undeveloped country, nearly a thousand miles from a railway connecting with a source of supplies, can hardly realize the intricacy of the problem.

The conditions under which we were labouring made it very difficult to undertake the arrangements, as one of the authors was already engaged in business and the other was in his final year at McGill University.

By frequent nocturnal meetings, when the duties of the day were at an end, we were enabled to work out our scheme in every detail. Little wonder was it if, after going over the various phases of the prospective trip to the country in which we were so deeply interested, we retired to our slumbers to dream of exciting experiences, shooting moose and polar bears, running turbulent rapids, or visiting the interesting places and peoples of the North.

The following will give some idea of the requirements and difficulties encountered in planning for the expedition and how they were met and overcome.

The problem of transportation was the first and at the same time the most difficult with which we were confronted. The trip of 1907 was made by canoe from Missinaibi, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Moose Factory, on James Bay, and thence up the bay on the small government yacht, which had been secured for the season.

It was the intention to continue the work during the following season and plans were made accordingly, but the next spring it was found impossible to obtain the use of the boat, and the work had to be abandoned. Each succeeding year the same difficulty presented itself and in consequence the work remained at a standstill.

This time we decided to overcome the difficulty by taking our own boats into the country. The problem was a hard one to solve, as any craft we chose had to fulfil the following opposing conditions:

It must

1st, have a carrying capacity of six tons, dead and live weight.

2d, be sufficiently strong to resist the wear and tear of running many boisterous and rocky rapids.

3d, be sufficiently light to be taken over four miles of hilly portages by twenty-one men.

4th, be of light draft, capable of running in less than three feet of water in the rivers.

5th, be sufficiently seaworthy to carry its load with safety, while coasting along the shores of James and Hudson bays.

6th, be capable of attaining a speed of from six to eight miles per hour, in order that the necessary distance be covered and the work accomplished during the short season.

7th, be ready for the Missinaibi River within one month from the day ordered.

It will be seen from the foregoing how difficult a matter it was to choose a boat that would be suitable for river transportation, and at the same time be sufficiently seaworthy for the Bay. Considerable time was spent in investigating innumerable types of craft and designs submitted by experts, but each in turn had its drawback which made it unsuited to our requirements.

It was finally decided to take two small power dories instead of one large boat as we had originally planned. This type of boat seemed to meet our requirements better than any other. We were furthered in our decision to take these boats by the result of tests, which had been made during the previous fall on Lake Superior, with boats of the same class, in work similar to that for which we required them.

Next came the question of fuel. We realized that it was impossible to procure gasoline for

fuel at any of the Posts on Hudson Bay, but that it would be possible to obtain a limited supply of kerosene. Hence, as a precaution, we chose a two cylinder, two cycle, six horse-power marine gas engine with a kerosene converter attachment, capable of running on either kerosene or gasoline.

Having contemplated running each boat fifteen hundred miles, we found that it would be necessary to transport four hundred gallons of fuel, relying on that at the Posts only for an emergency. Half of this amount we took in gasoline and half in kerosene. We planned to carry the fuel in thirty-five gallon cylindrical tanks, which were to be made stationary in the bottoms of the boats.

The boats were built in a town in Ontario and as soon as they were ready for the installation of the engines, McFarlane, who was to have charge of one of the engines for the summer, was sent on to attend to the work. He was instructed to ship the boats and accompany them to Missinaibi Crossing on the National Transcontinental Railway.

A very complete repair outfit was provided for each boat, including extra dry cells, vibrators, and engine parts. In addition to this there was provided a large emergency kit of assorted rope, wire, copper, and wire nails, screws, miscellaneous hardware, white lead, and Stop-A-Leak.

The balance of the fleet was to consist of two thirty-foot canoes and four smaller ones, the two

larger to be towed behind the boats, while the smaller ones would only be used for river work.

The second problem that confronted us was the food supply. We investigated many foods for their relative proportions of bulk to nourishment, and completely rejected certain of them, in particular canned fruits and vegetables, owing to the unnecessary weight of tin and water, neither of which have food values.

After selecting the nature and quality of our provisions, we prepared a list of the actual amount required of each article, per man, per day, based on our experience gained on former trips, and such published matter as was available on that subject, as for instance the lists of the Geological Survey.

The following is the list showing the allotment of the major supplies, per man, per day:

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Quantity in pounds, per man, per day</i>
Meat (bacon and canned beef).....	1.00
Wheat flour.....	1.00
Lard.....	0.12
Butter.....	0.12
Baking powder.....	0.02
Salt.....	0.02
Beans.....	0.12
Tea.....	0.02
Milk (condensed, in one pound cans).....	0.12
Carried forward.....	2.54

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Quantity in pounds, per man, per day</i>
Brought forward .....	2.54
Fruit (evaporated) .....	0.25
Sugar .....	0.50
Corn meal .....	0.10
Oatmeal or cream of wheat .....	0.03
Rice .....	0.25
Barley .....	0.10
Total .....	3.77

Each man was supplied with a plate, bowl, mug, knife, fork, and spoon. Each party also had a full set of enameled cooking utensils.

In addition to the above equipment, we took a large number of picks, shovels, drills, a blacksmith's forge with full equipment for general purposes, miscellaneous bars of steel, a large, broad-tired farm wagon, on which to haul the boats across the portages, and, last but not least, several hundred pounds of powder and dynamite had to be taken for use in development work on the claims.

We planned to start on the opening up of the Missinaibi River and expected this to occur about the first of May. Delay in the completion of the boats held us up for some time, and then, on the thirteenth of May, we were informed that the thirty-foot canoes could not be delivered. This caused a great deal of inconvenience and the changing of some of our plans, for we had been depending on these to carry the freight which



would be in excess of the capacity of the two motor boats.

Several large firms, in various parts of the country, were wired, in an endeavour to secure other large canoes. Boats of this type were very scarce with all the manufacturing companies, and the best that could be done was to accept the offer of threecanoes nineteen feet long, from Messrs. Revillon Frères, at their Post in Missinaibi, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

By this time everything was in readiness for the start from Montreal, and the six Indian guides, who had been engaged to accompany the expedition down the river, were awaiting our notice at Chapleau, Ontario.

Delivery of the canoes by the railway at this late date could not be depended upon, consequently it was thought best that the writers should proceed to Missinaibi Station at once, picking up the guides on the way, and make a quick trip by the old portage route to the headwaters of the Missinaibi River, and as far down as the crossing of the National Transcontinental Railway, where they would meet the balance of the expedition with the boats and supplies. This plan was adopted when a telegram was received on May eighteenth, from the head guide, saying that the river was quite open.

## CHAPTER II

### The Start



FOR weeks previous to the date of starting, most of the time was given to preparations which have already been described in detail and to getting private affairs into condition for our long absence. However, when it was decided on the eighteenth of May that we should precede the other members of the party, it seemed as if we could be ready for the event only by some miraculous intervention of Providence.

On Monday, the twentieth of May, our berths were secured on the Imperial Limited, the trans-continental express of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which left Montreal about ten o'clock at night.

That evening was a busy one. Unable to leave our office before seven o'clock, we still had to partake of dinner, see many friends who had come to bid us farewell, and worst of all, the two boxes containing our instruments had to be repacked. How we accomplished everything in the next two hours has been a puzzle to us ever

since, but with the assistance of kind friends, by half past nine, all our baggage was on two cabs at the door. Our farewells said, we drove hastily to the station, arriving there barely in time to have the numerous parcels of baggage weighed and checked, and to say the last adieux.

At last, we were off! What a feeling of relief came over us as we dropped into our seats, realizing that the months of preparation were over, and that the trip was no longer a thing of the future! However perfect or imperfect our arrangements were, we had done our best, and our troubles, as we imagined, lay behind us.

On the next afternoon at half past five, we arrived in Chapleau, and stepping from the train, found six guides, headed by Isaiah, our former chief guide, awaiting us, as we had instructed them by telegraph. Isaiah introduced his men, a husky looking crowd, by saying "all good boys," at the same time giving a broad smile, evidently one of satisfaction.

The rest of the journey was spent in renewing our former acquaintance with Isaiah, who had much to relate of the happenings on the Bay during the intervening five years, and of his hunting exploits since he had been out with us.

Like all Indians, Isaiah had a knowledge of mineral deposits of great economic value within the limits of his hunting grounds, the location of which he was prepared to divulge for a nominal

consideration. Fearing that the wealth to be derived from such information would be too large for us to manage, we decided that he had better reserve his secret for more powerful capitalists.

Arriving at Missinaibi Station at about half past nine in the evening, we were met by the manager of the Revillon Frères' Post, who invited us to spend the night with him, and who provided quarters for the guides in the Indian house.

Missinaibi had been the starting point for many excursions which we had made down the river of the same name. We had been received by the same gentleman and enjoyed his hospitality several times before, so that it was with feelings of pleasure and anticipation that we visited the little place once again.

The town is situated on Dog Lake, and is on the old portage route between Michipicoten, on Lake Superior, and Moose Factory, near James Bay, by way of the Missinaibi River, a route that has been travelled by the Hudson's Bay Company for the past two hundred years. We supposed we had travelled this route for the last time during the previous summer, and as we had enjoyed some of the finest scenery, killed the best game, and met with some of the most thrilling experiences of our lives on this river, we did not regret the fact that duty brought us this way again.

It was arranged with the guides that all should rise early the first morning, so that the supplies

for the journey down the river to the Crossing could be selected and packaged properly for travelling, our personal camping outfit gotten into readiness, for it had been stored in the warehouse at the Post for nearly a year, and a start on the journey made early in the day.

Consequently, on the following day, May twenty-second, we were up early and busily engaged in packing our clothes and bedding into pack sacks and dunnage bags, for the trunk in which we had brought them thus far was not a convenient package to place in a canoe or carry on one's back for a mile or more over some slippery portage.

The instruments for surveying, mineral kit, tonsorial apparatus, maps, and other valuables which could not be conveniently carried in a bag were packed in two strong padlocked boxes, constructed for the purpose and just wide enough to sit crosswise in the centre of the canoe. These were heavy loads to handle on the portage, but amply proved their worth in the protection they afforded during the trip on the Bay.

The town of Missinaibi affords only one eating house and it was here that we repaired for our breakfast. Throughout the meal we were entertained by the conversation of two very interesting characters, both of whom were true representatives of their professions. One was an itinerant priest, the other a railway construction man of rather

loose ideals along certain lines. The two men were mixed up in a very serious argument, the latter maintaining that there was no essential difference between Roman Catholic, Quaker, Mormon, or Methodist sects, much to the disgust of the former.

The supplies and dunnage loaded, letters written, and farewell telegrams dispatched, the canoes were launched at half past eleven, and the voyage of over eighteen hundred miles began, with a gale of wind and rain in our faces.

At the northern end of Dog Lake, a portage over the height-of-land leads to Crooked Lake. This height-of-land between the two lakes is the great divide between the Hudson Bay and the St. Lawrence River basins. On the Dog Lake side, the waters flow southward to the Great Lakes, while on that of Crooked Lake, five hundred yards distant, the waters flow northward to Hudson Bay.

Arriving at the portage, we were pleasantly surprised to find a push-car and track, installed by some railway contractor to facilitate the freighting of his supplies, by way of the lakes, to his section on the new line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Taking advantage of this convenience, we had our canoes and goods across in thirty minutes, and were launched on Crooked Lake, the first water flowing northward.

The name of the lake is truly indicative of its character. Its shores and surrounding hills, clad

in fir and poplars of many shades of green and bathed in the rays of the spring sun, which shone brightly, presented a picture of great beauty, and as we followed its ever-changing course, leading to all points of the compass, a new and lovelier view appeared at every turn.

Reaching an old camping place, about midway along the shore of the lake, we decided to halt for the night. This was done under anything but favourable circumstances, as a heavy rain began to fall, almost immediately after our landing. It was a splendid initiation to our future experiences, and we soon forgot discomfort in the satisfying of our appetites, which, due to the first day in the fresh air, were already assuming larger proportions.

We were awakened after a good night's sleep by the crackling of the fire, and the appetizing odour of fresh fish frying in the pan. The morning was misty, but our spirits were not dampened, for we were determined to reach the railway crossing in record time.

By eight o'clock the next portage was reached. The trail was about half a mile long and led to Missinaibi Lake. Here another push-car was found, enabling us to get our goods across and the canoes into the water again within forty minutes.

Missinaibi (pictured water) Lake is without doubt the most beautiful body of water traversed

on the whole river trip. It is thirty-five miles from end to end, of which twenty-five miles lay in our course. Its shores are forest-clad, and rise gradually to hills several hundred feet high. We were not fortunate enough to view the beauties of the lake that morning, for a fog settled down heavily while the party was still on the portage, and remained until nearly noon.

The trail ends on the shore of a little bay. From there the course leads to a bold rocky headland, known as Fairy Point, after rounding which the main body of the lake is entered. To reach this a long cut is necessary, and it is considered a dangerous spot by the Indians because of the frequency of sudden wind squalls about the point.

The guides showed some hesitancy in starting out, as it was quite impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. However, after some persuasion they pushed off, each canoe taking a route of its own. After paddling for some time, they began to exchange shouts, for they had hopelessly lost their bearings. Coming together gradually it was discovered that the canoes had been moving in circles and were, as we found shortly after when somebody saw land, in about the same place from which we had started. Nothing daunted, another attempt was made, but with similar result. The third time proved effective and the point was rounded amid the cheers of the voyageurs.



The lake is the headwater of the Missinaibi River and from the northern end of it the latter is reached. On the shore of the lake, about two miles from the head of the Missinaibi River, a Hudson's Bay Company's Post is situated. It is known as the Brunswick Post, and is the last of the rapidly receding chain of these, which at one time stretched along this route to the Bay.

The sight of the Post again revived pleasant memories of events which transpired on previous trips, and of many kind acts of hospitality by former Factors who had resided there. Owing to our haste, we did not stop, but gave it a wide berth, and proceeded at once to the outlet of the lake. At this place the Missinaibi River begins with a heavy rapid, known as the Brunswick.

## CHAPTER III

### The Turbulent Missinaibi



T the head of the Brunswick Rapids, and on the opposite side of the river to the trail, was an Indian encampment. There a stop was made, and while the guides took observations on the rapids, Harold, the Assistant Chief, took observations on the ladies of the wigwam. Many pleasant smiles were exchanged between them. On the return of the guides, we crossed to the portage side of the river, and there part of the goods was unloaded on the sloping bank, to be carried over the trail, while the guides ran the rapids with the lightened canoes.

Now, there chanced to be a box of instruments, weighing a hundred pounds or more, that had to be carried over the portage. Harold, not to be outdone by the Indians, who were displaying their strength before the brunette on the opposite bank, and considering himself no weakling, undertook to carry this box, the heaviest in the pile.

With a mechanical air, he strode up to the box, and, kneeling, placed the pack-strap around it in the usual manner. Putting the carrying part

of the strap across his forehead, he arose with a smile of triumph—all too soon, for the strap was too long, the box shifted, and the would-be Hercules, toppling over backwards, landed amongst the pots, kettles, and cutlery of the cook's box.

A loud burst of laughter came from the lady on the opposite bank, who evidently enjoyed the joke on the white upstart. Harold, much abashed by the hilarity of the dark beauty, resolved on turning the joke, and, after adjusting his strap, picked up the box, and adding still another package to his load, walked down the trail with defiant step, which however slackened as soon as he was hidden from view by the bushes.

After the rapids, the river enters a low, marshy country, which is known as the Little Swampy Ground. The night was spent on an immense rock, practically the only dry spot within several miles. Surrounded by millions of frogs in the adjacent swamp, we laid our tired bodies down, hoping for rest in sleep, but only to grow mentally weary of the greatest chorus of croakers that it has ever been our misfortune to be thrown among.

The next day was one of most interesting experiences. We had been going only half an hour, when a moose was seen swimming across the river ahead of us. Quick and silent paddling soon brought us within range, and Isaiah, who was in the bow of the canoe, brought him, a two-

year-old bull, down with a well-aimed shot, just as he reached the bank.

Fifteen minutes was all that was required by the guides to dress the carcass and we resumed our journey, leaving a portion of it cached for some fortunate traveller who might be following behind us. Several other moose were seen during the succeeding days, but it has always been our rule never to take life unless it is necessary for the purpose of securing food. Consequently, they were not molested.

We soon passed out of the sluggish waters of Little Swampy Ground and entered a long stretch of heavy rapids, full of rocks. The waves were very large in places, and at times threatened to swamp the canoes, but thanks to our dusky guides, only a small quantity of spray was shipped, a mere shower-bath.

Next came the Long Rapids, which are said to be the most dangerous on the upper river. These we had never run on any of the previous trips. The chief danger lay in two chutes, each about an eighth of a mile long. In these the water is deep but the waves are very high, so that when in the trough it would be impossible to see over the crest. We got through safely and, although drenched to the hide and shivering with the cold, pronounced it the finest ride of our lives.

Another rapid was entered shortly after, which was also long and dangerous, owing to a sharp



The Brunswick Rapids



The Split Rock Falls



ledge of rock with a shallow covering of water, the channel leading over it. This rapid was passed through safely, although we scraped over the rock, much to our discomfort of mind.

A short distance farther down the river, Big Swampy Ground was entered. The water was very high and all that could be seen for a great distance ahead was scrubby swamp and an occasional clump of trees.

We stopped for dinner at one of our old camping places, a large outcrop of rock rising prominently in the midst of the swamp. As the sun was bright and warm we got fairly well dried out, and with a good warm dinner added to that, again resumed our journey, feeling in good trim for the rather dangerous course of the afternoon.

We arrived at Green Hill Portage at five o'clock, having travelled in one day exactly the same distance that is usually covered in two. As it was still early in the day, we were able to get all the goods over the portage, three quarters of a mile of hard climbing, and make our camp at the foot of the slope, beside the rushing water of the lower Green Hill Rapids.

To the writers this was a memorable spot, for it was there they had their first experience of running a rapid without a guide. It is enough to say that on the present occasion no experiments were tried. Perhaps no place on the river affords such a picturesque spot for camping as this.

Many a weary traveller has made his bed of boughs on this beautiful slope of the river bank, and has laid himself down thereon, to be lulled to sleep by the song of the rushing waters below.

It was here also that on a previous occasion we had given up hope of ever seeing our guides and canoes again. We had separated on the upper end of the portage, the guides leaving to run the dangerous rapids, and we to walk the trail. Naturally, it was expected that they would be awaiting us at the lower end. Little wonder then that, after waiting for two hours, we should have concluded that an accident, probably fatal, had befallen them, and that long before our arrival, guides and canoes had been swept down by the terrific current.

The feeling of dismay and horror at being left in such a serious plight, without canoes or guides, came back afresh this evening. We remembered with much amusement how, after pulling ourselves through the tangled bush along the riverside for more than a mile, we found the guides busy mending their canoes, which had been damaged on the rocks, and that a general feast was declared, treasured dainties being unearthed from private pack sacks to be shared by all the party. Such events as these can never be forgotten, and the memory of them can bring nothing but pleasure.

Up to this time we had been working very hard,



and the trip was beginning to have a tiring effect on our muscles, soft from months of disuse. Little wonder then that we did not rise the next morning until after six o'clock. However, we felt very much refreshed and did not regret the delay.

Much rough water lay ahead, and early in the day some of the party got badly drenched while running a rapid above Split Rock Falls. The latter is another beauty spot. The water rushes through a steep walled cañon for several hundred feet, and then plunging through a cleft in the rock, falls to a lower level. The cleft is at an angle to the vertical and is only about twenty-five feet wide. Its sides, which are perfectly smooth, are parallel to each other. Through the gap the water moves so turbulently that it makes a loud roar, which is greatly intensified by the rocky chamber. Everything had to be portaged here, but the trail was neither rough nor long, and we were able to reach the next portage at St. Paul's Rapids, or, as it is sometimes called, Thundering Water, by noon.

This is really a great chute, the water plunging madly over huge rocks and dropping through a vertical distance of twenty feet, in a length of about two hundred, to drown its turbulence in the quiet of a sandy bay below. It formed a most beautiful picture as we viewed it from the foot, huge volumes of the spray being turned into fleecy whiteness by the rays of the midday sun.

What delightful weather those May days afforded us! The atmosphere was clear, and where the river's course was straight, long stretches of fir and poplar clad banks could be seen. The intermingling shades of green on the sloping hillsides, in the bright sunlight of the spring day, were more beautiful than any colour blending ever produced by the hand of man. This was nature's picture gallery and none could appreciate it better than we.

The next day was rather a strenuous one. We portaged once, shot several rapids, and covered a long stretch of smooth water.

Of the rapids passed through that day, Dipple was the worst, and in fact one of the most dangerous rapids on the route. At this point the banks come closer together, causing a greater depth of water, which rushes furiously over and amongst the huge rocks scattered about the river bed. Owing to the boisterous state of the water great care had to be exercised.

Isaiah led the way, as was his usual custom, while the other boats followed at a safe distance. As we were drawn into the sweeping current, the ever familiar order, "paddle up," was given. Now there was no time to think of danger ahead, it was every man's duty to take his quickest and longest stroke. One moment we were down in the trough of the wave with nothing but a surging torrent ahead of us, the next, borne high on its



**The Poplar-Clad Banks**



**Shooting Double Portage Rapids**



crest and ready to dash into the swirling trough before us; then, taking the leap, we were enveloped in spray, emerging from the adventure like drowned rats. The danger past, as is the rule, we turned to see the others get their baptism. It was always good fun to watch the other fellow enter what we had already passed through.

A long stretch of smooth water brought us to Brunswick Portage. This trail has no connection with the Missinaibi River course, but leads off to Brunswick Lake, about three quarters of a mile distant. Strange though it may seem, one sometimes finds pleasure in meditating on events which in their occurrence have been anything but pleasant. Coming up to Brunswick Portage, we were reminded very vividly of an experience we had on that trail the year previous.

We were returning from a six weeks' trip down the river with our guides, Louis and Thomas, two of the best that have ever accompanied us. Reaching the mouth of the Brunswick River, they informed us that if we were to leave the Missinaibi and follow the former up to and across the lake of the same name, coming back to the latter by the portage in question, we would not only find the route shorter but might be able to sail across the lake. Always ready to adopt time and labour-saving methods we agreed to their proposal.

Unfortunately the water in the Brunswick was low, the rapids difficult of ascent, and much

of the distance to the lake we traversed along the bouldery river shore, while the guides poled the canoe. Reaching the lake, a fine body of water ten to fifteen miles long, we unfurled our sails to a fair wind, and as is customary when paddles give way to sails, settled down to an easy time.

Alas! as is so often the case, when hopes are centred on mast and canvas, the wind soon went down and we were left becalmed, despite the fact that we reverted to the time-honoured Indian custom of whistling for the wind. Nature and the guides asserted that we would have to get busy and return again to our paddling.

It took much longer to cross the lake than the guides had anticipated and when the other side was reached it was long past the time for our evening meal. We were still far from the portage, but just how far, Louis and Thomas did not know. However, keen appetites and a beautiful spot coloured by a cluster of mountain ash, rich in autumn foliage and berry, beguiled us to linger long enough to satisfy the inward cravings.

Supper over, we started again, although it was almost the close of the day. At last, with the keenness for which the Indian is noted, the trail was found at the end of a long, winding arm of the lake, just as darkness was closing down. There was nothing within our view but marsh and the dim outline of a hill beyond, and as it was necessary to seek a higher level, we decided that

it was better to cross the portage to the river-side.

All the goods that were necessary for the camp were picked out and shouldered. The guides led the way, we two following behind, and thus began a tramp through swamp and over rocky hills such as we had never experienced before. The evening was intensely hot, the humidity great, and before we had gone a hundred yards, knee-deep in the swamp, we were literally bathed in perspiration.

The guides, walking swiftly, soon were ours no longer, and by the time we had gotten out of the swamp and about halfway up the rocky hill, the trail ceased to be discernible. Luckily, one of us was carrying a lantern, which was then brought into requisition. The globe, unfortunately, was black with smoke from the previous using, and in order to get even a dim light, the wick had to be turned high. This caused an ill-smelling smoke to rise to the face of the one who was the unlucky bearer, which in the temperature of ninety degrees made his position anything but an enviable one.

By lantern light we started to climb the great ledges of rock, but soon no trail was to be seen. We called to the Indians but got no answer. Retracing our steps to the swamp, where we found the trail, we made another attempt to climb the hill but with the previous result. Returning

again to the well-marked trail below, we proceeded on our way with the lantern held to the ground. Reaching the edge of the rock, we detected a light streak thereon and followed it foot by foot, over the hill and down to the trail on the other side, leading into the bush. There, unfortunately, the trail divided.

A consultation was held to decide which way we should take, and choosing the one leading to the right, we "got left," finding it to be a blind path, and had to retrace our steps back to the place where the paths met. There was only one course now to take and that led through the thick bush. The trail was bestrewn with fallen trees, some of which lay high and were difficult to cross, laden down as we were.

In going over one of these big-branched fallen trees the bearer of the lantern fell into a maze of limbs and out went the light. Almost discouraged and exhausted we again lit the lantern and pursued our onward course. Not far beyond was a gully with a small running stream which had to be crossed on a fallen log. It was now the other man's turn to meet with misfortune and down he went into the mud and water below.

Laying off his load on a dry spot, the partner went to the fallen man's assistance and succeeded in getting him and his pack sacks out of the mire. Seated on a log, out of breath, and well-nigh discouraged with this mode of transportation, we





A Beautiful Bend on the Brunswick River



were resting for a few moments when, out of the stillness of the night, broken only by the song of the ever-present mosquito, came a most welcome sound, the shouting of men. We listened intently for a repetition, which soon followed, and behold! it was our ever-faithful guides, searching for the strayed "tenderfeet."

We hastily jumped to our feet, and getting all our pots, kettles, pack sacks, etc., into place, hastened ahead to meet the Indians. After a few other minor mishaps, we reached the edge of the bush, where Louis and Thomas were awaiting us, ready to share our burdens and lead the way to the camp which they had prepared on the riverside.

Now that we were passing the scene of the adventure we went over the story again and laughed heartily at what had been our worst experience on a trail.

We reached Devil's Chute at noon and dined in the shade of an upturned canoe, a precaution that was necessary, owing to the great heat of the sun. We were now getting down from the height-of-land into the Moose basin, and every day brought warmer weather. The chute is a large and beautiful one and we were sorry when the time came for us to leave the picturesque spot.

About five o'clock in the evening we passed through the Albany Rapids and decided to camp for the night. The camp was an excellent one.

As it was early, there was plenty of time to set up the tents, cut boughs for the beds, build a roaring fire, and allow Isaiah to exert his best efforts in the culinary art.

By virtue of an early start the next morning we were able to reach the railway crossing by noon, after passing Beaver Portage, Glass Falls, and Crow Rapids, all of which helped to maintain our interest and excite our admiration.

We thus completed the first section of the trip, one hundred and sixty miles, in exactly five days, or an average of thirty-two miles per day. Good weather, high water, and a light load to lessen the labours of the portages, combined to furnish us with the most delightful business holiday that we can ever hope to enjoy.

When the Crossing came into view, we scanned the river bank for some evidence of the arrival of the other members of the expedition for whose sake, so that they might not be kept waiting, we made the quick descent of the river, and who were to meet us with all the supplies at this point.

No tents were seen, and, upon landing, our suspicion that the men had not arrived was confirmed. Seeing the Fire Ranger, resident at the Crossing, we inquired for them, and were informed that they were expected on the train arriving that afternoon.



The Wavy Rapids

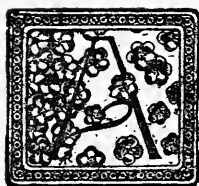


At the End of a Portage Trail



## CHAPTER IV

### Off for Moose Factory



AFTER receiving news of the balance of the party, our first thought was to set up comfortable quarters, for it would take several days to get the provisions and the boats ready for the trip to Moose Factory.

A short distance below the bridge was the engineering residency for a section of the railway, consisting of a group of well-built, log buildings. Near this there was a low spot in the bank of the river, where it would be easy to launch and load the boats, so we pitched our tents nearby.

Visiting the residency, we were met by the engineer in charge, who proved very friendly. We were allowed the use of their private telephone line to Cochrane, and were thus enabled to straighten out many matters, which would otherwise have demanded our presence in that town.

As train time approached we gathered at the bridge, its usual stopping place. Soon it pulled in with our three cars of boats and supplies and the men in the coaches.

Much to our dismay, we found that three of

the men had not arrived and that the kerosene and gasoline had not even been shipped, although the Montreal firm from whom it had been purchased were supposed to have sent it by fast freight, over two weeks previous. Both of these facts meant delay to the expedition.

The work of unloading and transferring the boats and supplies was begun at once by the nineteen men now on the ground.

We had lists prepared showing the amount of each article to be furnished each of the four parties, so that it was an easy matter to distribute the supplies and mark each package with the number of the party to which it belonged. While some of the men were busy with this work, the rest were launching the boats, which involved a successful trial of the farm wagon, which we had brought for the purpose of hauling the boats over just such ground as this.

On the second day after our arrival, part of the men started down the river with a portion of the supplies. They were instructed to take them as far as the second portage, establish a cache there, and return to the Crossing for another load. The second portage is at Black Feather Rapids, about twelve miles below the railway.

The motor-boat man who had been sent from Montreal to equip the boats and bring them by fast freight to the Crossing arrived on the afternoon train. This was the third day after the





**The Camp of the Railway Engineers, Missinaibi Crossing**



**Wash Day in the Camp**



arrival of the boats. Had the fuel been on hand, this man's delay would have held up the whole party. He could give no satisfactory account of his movements despite the fact that he should have been the first man at the Crossing.

The following day the men took another load down to the cache, this time with instructions to work ahead with what they had, but maintain their camp at Black Feather Rapids, so as to give assistance with the large boats, if it were required.

It was a week before the rest of the men and the fuel arrived. In the meantime, some side trips were taken to obtain minor supplies or for recreation. One day was spent in visiting Hearst, a "mushroom" town on the National Transcontinental Railway, which had sprung up at what will be the junction with the Algoma Central Railway. It is situated on the Mattawishquia River, eighteen miles west of the Missinaibi Crossing. We covered the distance on a hand speeder in two hours.

The town consisted chiefly of pool rooms, hotels, and general stores, a few dwelling houses, a club, and a barber shop. The place presented a scene of great activity, owing to the improvements both to the railway and to the town, which were being pushed with the utmost vigour.

On Wednesday, June the sixth, the balance of the supplies and men arrived, and early on the

following morning the camp was astir, packing the equipment, loading the boats, and making the final preparations for the start.

At eight o'clock, farewells were said to the party at the residency, who had shown us so much kindness during our stay; and our motor boats, the very first to run on the Missinaibi River, chugged away from the crossing, thus beginning the long cruise to the "Land of the Silent North."

The weather had changed and the morning was raw and cold, consequently the portage at Rock Island Chute, eight miles below, served the useful purpose of warming up a somewhat chilly party. The boats were taken down the rapids with half-loads, and without accident, but the balance of the goods had to be carried over the steep and slippery rocks of the trail.

With twelve men in the party, portaging and reloading were quickly accomplished and we were soon on our way to Black Feather Rapids, where our advance party had been camped for a week and were eagerly awaiting our arrival. We reached their camp at noon and received a noisy welcome and a hot dinner.

Black Feather Rapids is about half a mile long and has a channel on each side of the river. However, both are shallow, tortuous, and contain many rocks and much rough water.

The channels were carefully investigated by



Supplies and Equipment



Preparing for the Start



the guides before deciding to run the motor boats through the rapids, and when Isaiah said "All right," excitement ran high, not only among those who were to man the boats, but also in the others, who were to be the onlookers. Had the running of these rapids been a frequent occurrence, it could not have been done even then without much misgiving, but this was an experiment and naturally might prove a serious one.

The channel on the side of the river opposite to that of the trail was the one chosen as the most suitable for the motor boats.

The crew consisted of the engineman, pilot, and four polemen. With words of encouragement from those left behind they started out and, making a detour, were soon across the river and rushing swiftly into the surging torrent below. Now they were being carried one way and then another. Sometimes, in spite of all efforts, rocks were encountered, at others the boat was lashed by heavy waves. Soon the dangerous places were passed, from the foot of the rapids the boat shot out into quiet water, and the feat of running Black Feather Rapids by motor boat was accomplished.

The same party then returned to bring down the other boat. The trip was started with greater confidence than the previous one, but the boat was doomed to suffer accident. Early in the descent, some of the men lost their poles, through

jamming them between rocks and, being unable to release them, could not control the movements of the stern. Consequently, the boat suddenly turned cross-wise to the current and was thrown heavily on the side of a rock, where she hung balanced amidships. The force of the collision was so great that the boat was lifted partially out of the water, and in slipping back, unfortunately, dipped the upstream gunwale under water. The boat filled rapidly, but did not slip entirely off the rocks, although it was about three-quarters full of water.

The anxious onlookers immediately jumped into their canoes and were soon across from the other side and within a hundred feet of the wrecked boat. By first throwing a light line, a heavy one was soon stretched from the boat to the land, which was sufficiently long to allow the relief party to run out to the foot of the rapids and pull themselves up to the boat with it. Several trips were made and the most perishable goods removed. By the use of the block and tackle and the full force of men, the boat was finally gotten off and lowered to the foot of the rapids.

By the time that the boat, which was slightly damaged, was beached for repairs, the day was well advanced. In the other boat and canoes we proceeded down the river about five miles and camped for the night.

The next morning, early, a trip was made back



with the motor boat and several of the canoes to Black Feather Portage. By noon, the complete fleet, boats and canoes, now in full repair, were assembled at the upper end of Kettle Portage, which leads around falls, about twelve feet high.

The trail is only about three hundred feet long and crosses rough rocks, in which many pot-holes have been worn, hence the name.

This was the first time we had to take the boats out of the water, but after a number of slippery, poplar logs had been laid across the trail, little difficulty was found in pulling the boats over to the other side. All the supplies and equipment were gotten over the trail by the evening and we remained there overnight.

In the morning we, the members of the chief party, decided to proceed, accompanied by the mining engineer, his assistant, and four Indians, to the portage at Conjuring House Falls, where considerable clearing of the trail had to be done before the wagon could be used to draw the boats across. The balance of the party were instructed to follow with the motor boats and the major part of the supplies. The river between Kettle and Conjuring House portages being very shallow and full of rapids, it was apparent that the supplies would have to be brought down in relays, and hence we could clear a large part of the trail before their arrival.

An early morning start brought us through many dangerous rapids to our destination, a distance of nearly twenty miles, by noon. As soon as dinner was over the guides began the return journey to Kettle Portage for another load, and we "packed" our dunnage over the trail to what proved to be an ideal spot for a camp on the side of a hill, where the trail runs down to the river.

The afternoon was fearfully hot, but fortunately the flies had not yet appeared in great numbers, and the work of brushing the trail was by no means unpleasant.

The following day being Sunday, we took advantage of it to get rested and to visit the falls and the cañon. Nowhere on the whole river does the scenery compare with that at this place, and on each trip we have visited it with renewed interest and admiration.

At the close of the day, we stood again about a quarter of a mile beyond the falls, on the brink of the precipice which forms the wall of the cañon. The sun was sinking, a great red ball of fire, beyond the tree tops far along the river valley. Fluffy, silken clouds were hovering, golden, in the last rays of sunlight, and darker clouds beyond formed a background of purple. It was a royal sky, a fitting throne for the monarch who created those beautiful hills and magnificent waterfalls.

As far as eye could see, lay the rolling country,

thickly wooded, although in places the ravages of fire were all too plainly visible, leaving naked hills, which seemed to blush as their seared brown tops reddened in the sunset glow.

Far into the distance, through the valley, wound the shimmering stream, as it glided along into turbulence, here to melt into the shady darkness of a bend, there to reappear again, a silver line, which seemed to come and go, even as the flickering stars, when the twilight is deepening.

Below us lay the camp, the smoke lazily curling from the evening fire; the tents nestled amongst the fresh, green poplars had an air of coziness, a fitting substitute for the comforts of the home, or even the luxuries of a palace.

Immediately below lay the steep-walled cañon, one hundred feet down to the rushing waters of the cataract. From far up the river came the waters of the rapids, plunging madly onward, to be divided by a huge rock, around which they rushed to meet again at the falls, a seething, boiling mass of foam and spray, and to plunge a second time to a still lower level. Repeating this again and again, they at last pass out of the cañon, deep and silent, into the broadening river beyond.

From where we stood, the roar was deafening, and as the darkness gathered, we saw, looming up in the centre of the cañon, the pinnacle of rock from which the place derives its name. Coupling

our imagination with that of the redman of a hundred years ago, we pictured weird spirits hovering around this rock, foretelling events of good or ill, and as we wended our way back to the camp, it was with the wish that we might bring back some of the long-departed spirits of these simple "children of nature," that they might recount some of the old legends of the Conjuring House.

Next day we went back a mile to another portage, over which we expected the boats would have to be carried, and as we were cutting out, almost the last log, the boats began to arrive. The canoes ran the rapids with half-loads, but the motor boats were emptied and lowered down close to the shore, with the help of ropes and poles. No chances could be taken here, for immediately below, the rapids end in abrupt falls, which would prove disastrous to any boat that became uncontrollable.

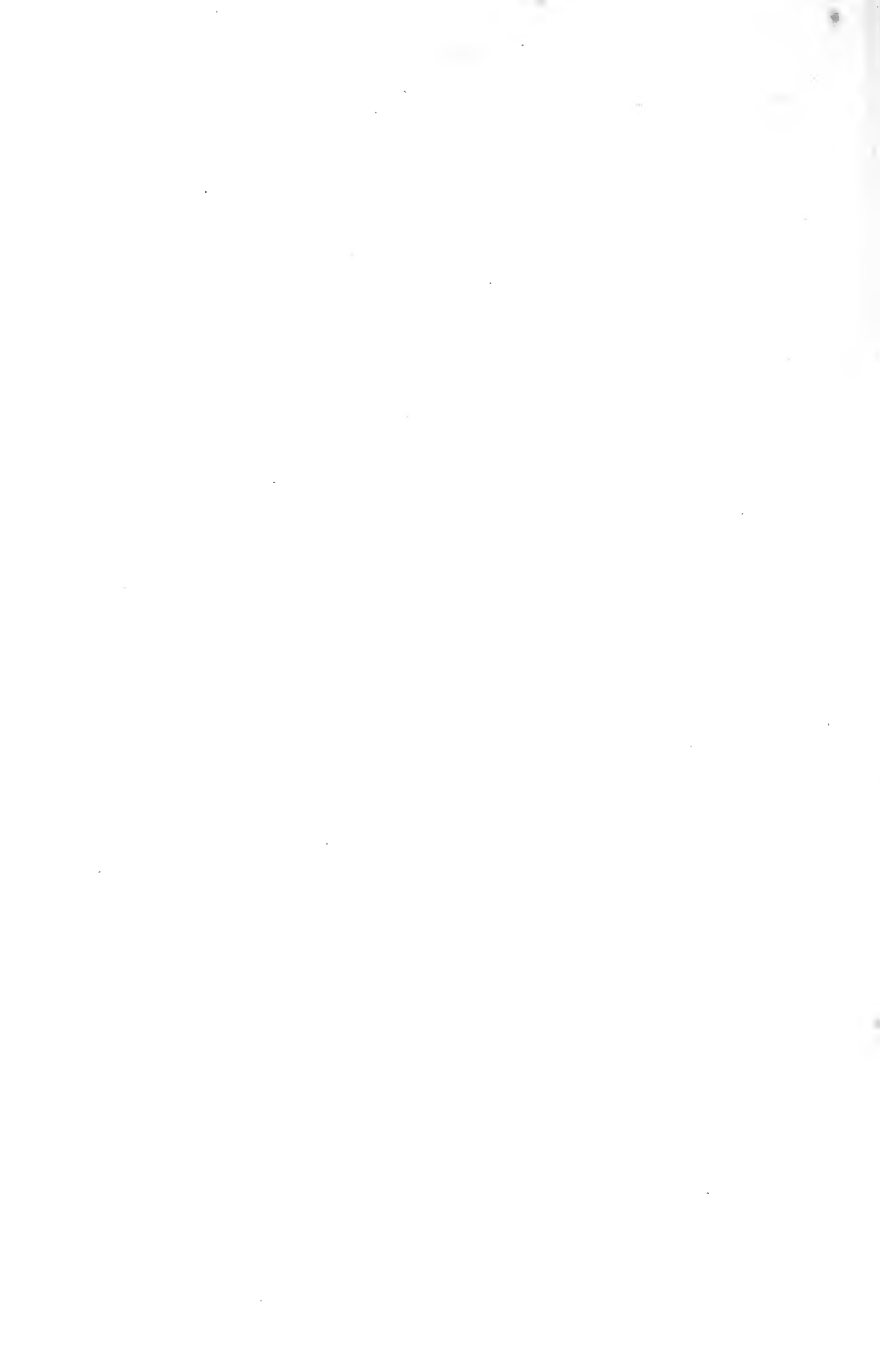
The meeting of the divided parties was the occasion for recounting stories of events that had occurred since they parted. One that concerned all, was the swamping of one of the motor boats in a rapid. Engineman Johnston and George, one of the guides, were making a trip of about ten miles, on the previous Saturday evening. Unfortunately, in the gathering darkness of the evening, the pilot failed to detect a slightly submerged rock and ran the bow of his boat hard upon



The Conjuring House Cañon



The Conjuring House



it. The stern dipped, she filled with water, and then listed to one side, throwing a good part of her cargo overboard. She, however, remained fast on the rock until relief came.

In the meantime, George, the pilot, who preferred to risk getting to land, rather than stop with the boat, jumped into the water and luckily succeeded in reaching the shore. He was then eight miles from the camp, which he attempted to reach in his bare feet, having left his boots in the boat, but finally had to give up, and lying down, waited for the coming of daylight.

Johnston on the other hand stayed by the boat, standing for fourteen hours on the rock that had caused the accident. The pedestal of this living piece of statuary was only about two feet square. When interviewed, subsequently, Johnston said that he had spent the night in the singing of hymns and in meditating on the merits of his past life, an experience which has no doubt been of profit to him.

By this accident we were deprived of about fifteen hundred pounds of bacon, flour, and dried fruit, which proved to be a loss that could not be entirely replaced.

The supplies and canoes having been portaged across the Conjuring House Trail, preparations were made for the moving of the motor boats. The broad-tired wagon was set up, with extended reach, and a boat placed thereon and securely

lashed. A fifty-foot hawser was then fastened to the tongue and everything was ready for the start. Half of the party pulled by the rope, while the rest arranged themselves in various positions, to push the wagon or to use the snubbing rope, when the rapidity of descent required it.

The trail which had been cleared to a width of twenty feet was comparatively smooth, although there were a few rough, rocky spots. About five hundred feet from the northern end of the portage a descent of one hundred feet was begun. At this point further hauling was unnecessary, and the men at the tongue needed only to steer the wagon down the rugged, winding path, while those behind controlled the speed with the snubbing rope.

The moving of each boat required about ninety minutes, and was done when the temperature was the highest it had been that season. When the thermometer was read at four o'clock in the afternoon, it still registered 84 degrees in the shade. The addition to this heat of an introduction to the season's mosquito pest provided a strenuous afternoon for the whole party.

Now came the farewell night at Conjuring House. After an hour spent in catching a fine string of pickerel, we ascended the hill to again see the sun dipping into the horizon and bathing the magnificent scenery with its golden rays.

Early the next morning we moved on to Store



Portage, a distance of about two miles beyond Conjuring House, where our tents were again pitched. Here three-quarters of a mile of trail had to be cleared, a temporary bridge constructed, and the boats and supplies carried over.

On the morning of the third day after our arrival at Store Portage, we started for the last and longest portage, about half a mile distant, which is known as the Long Portage.

Here a heavy rain of twenty-four hours duration seriously hampered the clearing of the trail. However, we cut a roadway twenty feet wide and a mile and three-quarters long, and carried across the four and a half tons of supplies and equipment, seven canoes, and two motor boats, inside of four days.

This and the two former portages were over high plateaus, with steep ascents on either side. Block and tackle was used to raise the boats on the ascents at the Store and Long portages, and on the latter to lower them down to the river level, an all but vertical drop of one hundred feet.

The last portage was finally crossed, much to our delight, and the services of the wagon were no longer required, but another dangerous rapid lay very close ahead, Hell's Gate, and rightly named. These rapids must of necessity be run, owing to the steep, rocky hills on both sides of the river, over which it would be impossible to portage anything.

The water, which at first had been very high, was becoming noticeably lower in the river and we were growing anxious regarding the crossing of the motor boats over the Moose River flats. It was therefore decided to have them start for Moose Factory without delay, and leave the canoes to follow with the remaining supplies.

As we had to visit the gypsum beds, which are situated on the Moose River, about thirty-five miles from Moose Factory, we planned to go on one of the motor boats, taking engineer Strong and his assistant with us.

As a full cargo could not be taken through Hell's Gate, it was arranged to have the canoes accompany us with small loads through the rapids, and transfer their loads to the boats at a point below.

The running of Hell's Gate Rapids had been the subject of almost daily discussion, since the commencement of the trip, and the preparing of the boats and the selection of their crews caused no little excitement.

Isaiah, who had made a trip through the rapids on the previous afternoon, gave the canoemen instructions by which to follow the best course, especially as to the crossing and recrossing of the river to avoid dangerous currents, etc.

Everyone being ready, the start was made. Leaving the small bay which lies at the foot of the portage, in which there is a strong back current, we made a dash across the swift water at the foot



**Hauling a Motorboat over Conjuring House Trail**



**The Long Portage Rapids**



of the Long Rapid, below which a bend in the river ends in the first chute, to a backwater on the other side. This course was necessary in order to avoid being drawn into a strong whirlpool which occurs at the right-hand side of the first chute.

It was with difficulty we stemmed the strong current, but the cut was made successfully. The most exciting moment came when we started to run the first chute. The whirlpool was avoided and, although the waves were large and irregular, we took little water in the descent, except as spray, which was thrown completely over us, when a large wave would be struck.

The succeeding chutes were equally well taken, the pilot showing wonderful skill in making the necessary sharp turns, while passing through the "Gate," which is formed by two perpendicular rocks, but a short distance apart, on opposite sides of the river. The river bends at the "Gate" and the water rushes through with tremendous rapidity.

All the canoes and the other motor boat got through safely and, being in the lead, we were privileged to watch their descent, which was equally as exciting as our own, and undoubtedly the most thrilling experience on the river trip.

## CHAPTER V

### Down the Moose Valley to the Sea



At a point about two miles below Hell's Gate the goods were reloaded into the motor boats, which were to proceed, each towing a canoe. The other five crews, with their canoes, returned for the rest of the supplies.

The afternoon's trip was made without incident, save for the fact that it was the first long run of the boats in smooth water. A short call was made at the kaolin deposit, about five miles below Coal Brook. These claims have been staked and are being developed by a Montreal syndicate, and give promise of great value as soon as transportation facilities are available.

Camp was made that night about fifteen miles below the mouth of the Wabiskagami River, a stream which we had good reason to remember, for on a previous trip we spent a day in ascending it, a distance which required but two hours to descend on the following day.

The next day we passed the mouth of the Opazatiki River and ran a number of small and insignificant rapids, amongst these the Blacksmith's

Rapids, where we stopped to examine some thin bands of lignite in the clay bank, of which the Indians had told us.

The next camp was about fifty miles below the mouth of the Opazatiki River. Two hours on the following morning brought us to the junction of the Missinaibi and Mattagami rivers, whose waters unite to form the Moose River. The union of these creates a broad expanse of water, and beginning with Portage Island, at the junction, a chain of islands extends to the gypsum beds, about twelve miles below.

We arrived at the gypsum beds at ten o'clock, and after an early dinner the Indians proceeded with the boats to Moose Factory, reaching there that evening, but our party of four remained, retaining one canoe.

On the evening of the second day, the balance of the expedition passed our camp and, stopping for a few minutes, gave us the particulars of an accident, which cost us several hundred pounds of supplies, and nearly the lives of two Indians.

On the day after our departure from Long Portage, two of the Indians, John and David, were running the Hell's Gate Rapids, and carelessly allowed themselves to be drawn into the whirlpool. The canoe was almost immediately swamped.

David, who could swim a little, tried to reach the shore, and was rescued more dead than alive

by two men in a canoe. John held tightly to the half submerged craft, and was carried in this manner to a point near the foot of the rapids, where he was rescued in an almost exhausted condition. The boys had quite recovered from the effects of their experience and were with the rest of the party. This party continued on their way to Moose Factory, reaching there the following evening.

Up to this time we had been suffering severely from the intense heat and the ravages of the black-flies and mosquitoes. On Sunday, June the twenty-third, the weather changed very suddenly with a complete reversal of the wind from south to north. The temperature had been very high all morning and dropped nearly to the freezing point within a few minutes. This was a very strong reminder that we were within the precincts of Hudson Bay, where sudden changes are very common.

We started for Moose Factory on Monday morning, and arrived there early the following morning. Considerable work had to be done in repairing the motor boats for their long cruise on the Bay. Instructions had been given the enginemen to have this work done by the time of our arrival, so that an immediate start might be made.

Great was our surprise when we arrived to find that, despite the fact that the boats had been on the beach since the previous Friday, none of the





Kaolin Deposit on the Missinaibi River



Gypsum Beds on the Moose River



work had been done. This was one of the conditions that helped to make the week a busy one, and we were detained at the Post until the next Monday morning.

Immediately upon our arrival, we were informed that a bad feeling existed between the Whites and Indians of the party, and also that several of the men had threatened to return, rather than put out to sea in the small motor boats.

It was at once evident that there was a hard problem to solve in holding the Whites and Indians together without friction, and in providing a means of transportation acceptable to all.

It is a strange anomaly of the North Country, that circumstances often compel the employer to bow, at least temporarily, to the dictates of the employed, no matter how unreasonable they may be, consequently the greatest diplomacy must be resorted to, for an ill-chosen word might cause the disruption of a party, and defeat the aims of an expedition.

It had been the understanding that the head guide, Isaiah, and his son, Henry, should accompany us on the trip up the Bay, one in each motor boat, as they were familiar with the route, having been our guides on the bay in 1907.

As was originally planned, the rest of the guides were to return to Chapleau, but now as we had chartered a York sailboat for the season, Isaiah refused to go unless all of them were engaged for

the trip and a local man procured to pilot the York boat. Rather than venture on the journey without guides, and as no others were obtainable, we acceded to their unreasonable demands.

Owing to the loss of a large quantity of supplies on the river trip, we were forced to compile new lists, as the same kind of food could not be obtained at Moose Factory. However, we were able to procure sufficient provisions to make up for our losses.

As had been our original intention, we decided to travel in one of the motor boats, with engineer McFarlane, Isaiah, and Henry. Mr. Strong, his assistant, engineman Johnston, and two Indians were given the other motor boat. The balance of the party were to take the York boat, accompanied by three Indians.

Despite the fact that so many preparations had to be made for the long voyage, we were able to devote some time to the renewal of our acquaintance with the people of Moose Factory and those of the Revillon Post, northward on the mainland.

The absence of many faces was noticeable. Prominent among those who had left the town were Archdeacon Rennison, and Mr. Patterson, the Hudson's Bay Company's Factor in 1907. The former was succeeded by the Rev. W. Haythornthwaite, and the latter by Mr. J. G. Mowatt.

Several visits were made to the Industrial

School, and to the gardens adjoining it, as well as to those of the mission house. Much credit is due to the Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite and the nurse, Miss Barker, for their fine collection of vegetables, consisting of potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, cabbages, cauliflower, tomatoes, etc., many of which we were privileged to test on our return to Moose Factory, at the close of the season.

The Industrial School was in charge of Miss Johnston of Clarenceville, Quebec, assisted by Miss Taylor, a young English lady. During our short stay we were entertained most hospitably a number of times by these ladies, and we were much impressed by the great interest and enthusiasm they displayed in their work.

Many of the Industrial School pupils had returned to their homes for the summer season, and there were only fourteen resident at the time. Many of the children of the town attend the mission day school. In the regular season the attendance is probably from forty to fifty.

It was somewhat of a surprise, when visiting the Revillon Frères' Post, to find a large increase of buildings over those of 1907. A whole line of good substantial houses, built principally for their French Canadian employees, stretches along the river front for nearly a mile northward from the residence of the inspector, Mr. Y. Draulette.

As we have stated previously, these people have shown a great deal of foresight in the selec-

tion of their town site, for, with the exception of a mile and a half, they have the advantage of a twenty-foot channel to the Bay.

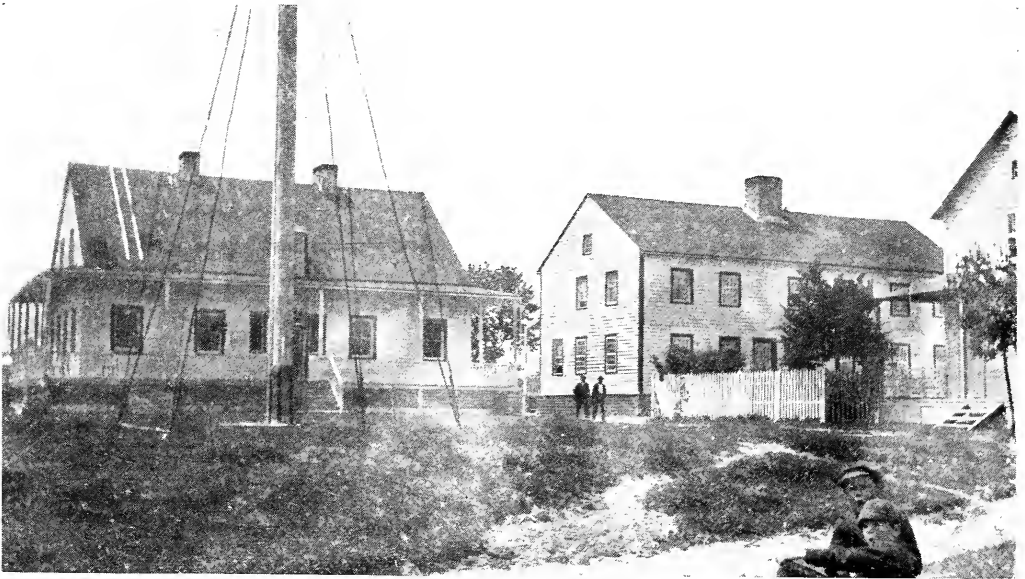
As on the occasion of our former visit, Mr. Hallé was in charge, and received us with politeness and friendliness, so characteristic of the French. Mr. and Mrs. Draulette had left on the Company's steamer *Amelia* for Strutton, the location of the wholesale house, on the day previous to our arrival in Moose Factory, to remain there until the autumn.

On the Saturday previous to the day of sailing, all the men were assembled in a warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which our goods were stored, and a list of the supplies, required by each party for the season, was handed to the one in charge, with instructions to select them.

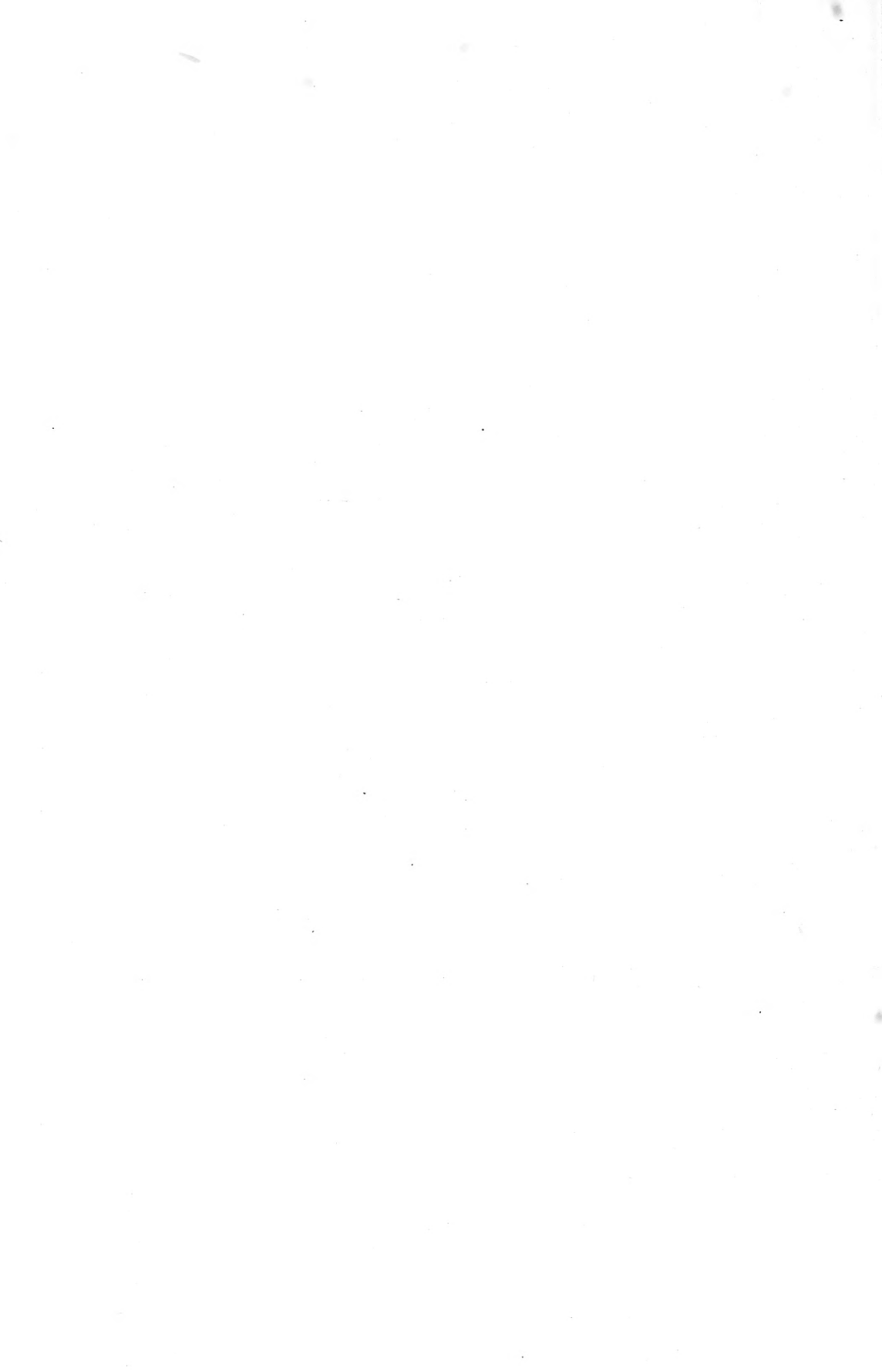
The supplies being distributed were carried down to the dock and loaded on to the boats, after which the latter were taken out and anchored in the channel, preparatory to starting on Monday morning.



The Moose River Post of Revillon Frères



The Hudson's Bay Company's Buildings, Moose Factory





## CHAPTER VI

### Moose Factory to Rupert House



WITH great enthusiasm, we welcomed the day on which we were once again to resume our journey. Monday, July the first, was a beautiful day, bright and sunny, and a gentle breeze was blowing. Although the camp was astir at an early hour, we did not raise anchor until half-past eight o'clock, owing to such delays as are always incident to an initial start.

It was a gay sight, no doubt, as our small flotilla started down the river in Indian file, with our own boat leading, and the York boat with its old-fashioned sail bringing up the rear.

Almost the whole population of Moose Factory seemed to be lined up on the edge of the river bank, to wish us *bon voyage*, and the party, eager with the expectation of new experiences, responded heartily.

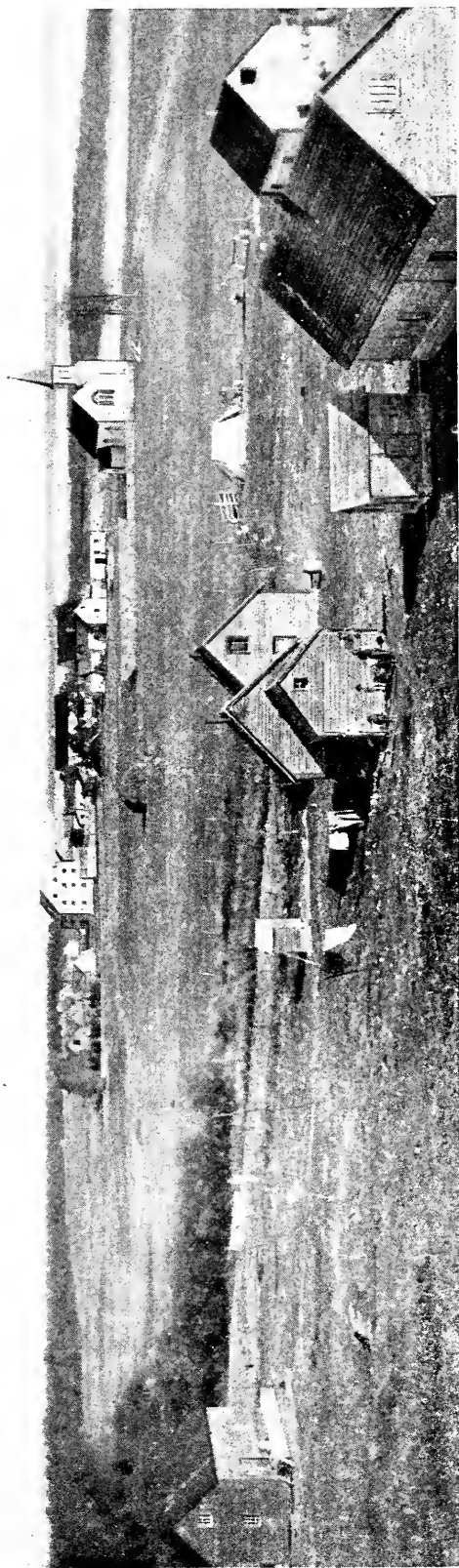
The passage down the river was uneventful, except that the wind soon began to fall, and the York boat was gradually left behind. The lower Moose River maintains the same general character as its upper part, dotted with islands, broad and

shallow, except in the channel. The river banks are high and lined with a fair growth of spruce, balsam, and poplar, until within a few miles of the Bay, where the shores become low and wet and the trees give way to willow scrub.

From the river eastward, the southern coast of James Bay is desolate and drear. The shores are low and boggy, while the beaches are usually formed of large rounded boulders, and so gentle is their slope that in some places in Hannah Bay, during ebb-tide, the water recedes a distance of several miles.

Voyageurs along this coast may suddenly find themselves in shallow water, and ere they have time to reach deeper, the tide may leave them stranded, high and dry, either on a rock pile or a mud flat, to their disgust if the weather be good, or to their peril if the incoming tide brings a storm. Indeed, these waters are considered the most dangerous of the Bay, and when we had crossed them and reached the Quebec coast, we felt that the most dangerous part of the trip was over, until we returned to the same point on our homeward journey.

After the mouth of the Moose River is passed, there are no islands until Big Stone is reached, on the west coast of Hannah Bay, near its most northerly point. On this island we had dinner, the first meal of the voyage. It is typical of a large number of the islands of James Bay, com-



**Moose Factory from the Industrial School**



posed of large boulders, heaped up into rounded humps, which attain no great elevation above the sea.

The Indian's fear of losing sight of terra firma was well exemplified during the passage of Hannah Bay. The day continued a perfect one and the water was an oily calm, but instead of cutting across from Big Stone to East Point, the northeast extremity of Hannah Bay, about eighteen miles of open water, they followed a course parallel to the shore, and at no great distance from it, despite the obvious danger incurred.

In fact, they hugged the shore so closely that we entered the fresh water of the Harricanaw River. This river enters the most southerly point of Hannah Bay. Physically it is much like the Moose, with low willowy shores and large high islands, for about seven miles from salt water, but it is not nearly so large.

Our first camp on salt water was made on the Plover Islands, about sunset. These are the only islands on the east shore of Hannah Bay. At low tide they are very large, stretching out for many miles in every direction, as great mud flats. At high tide there are only a few spots sufficiently large for camping purposes, and consequently no fresh water can be found upon them.

The next morning, porpoises were seen for the first time. While standing on a large boulder looking eagerly westward for signs of the York

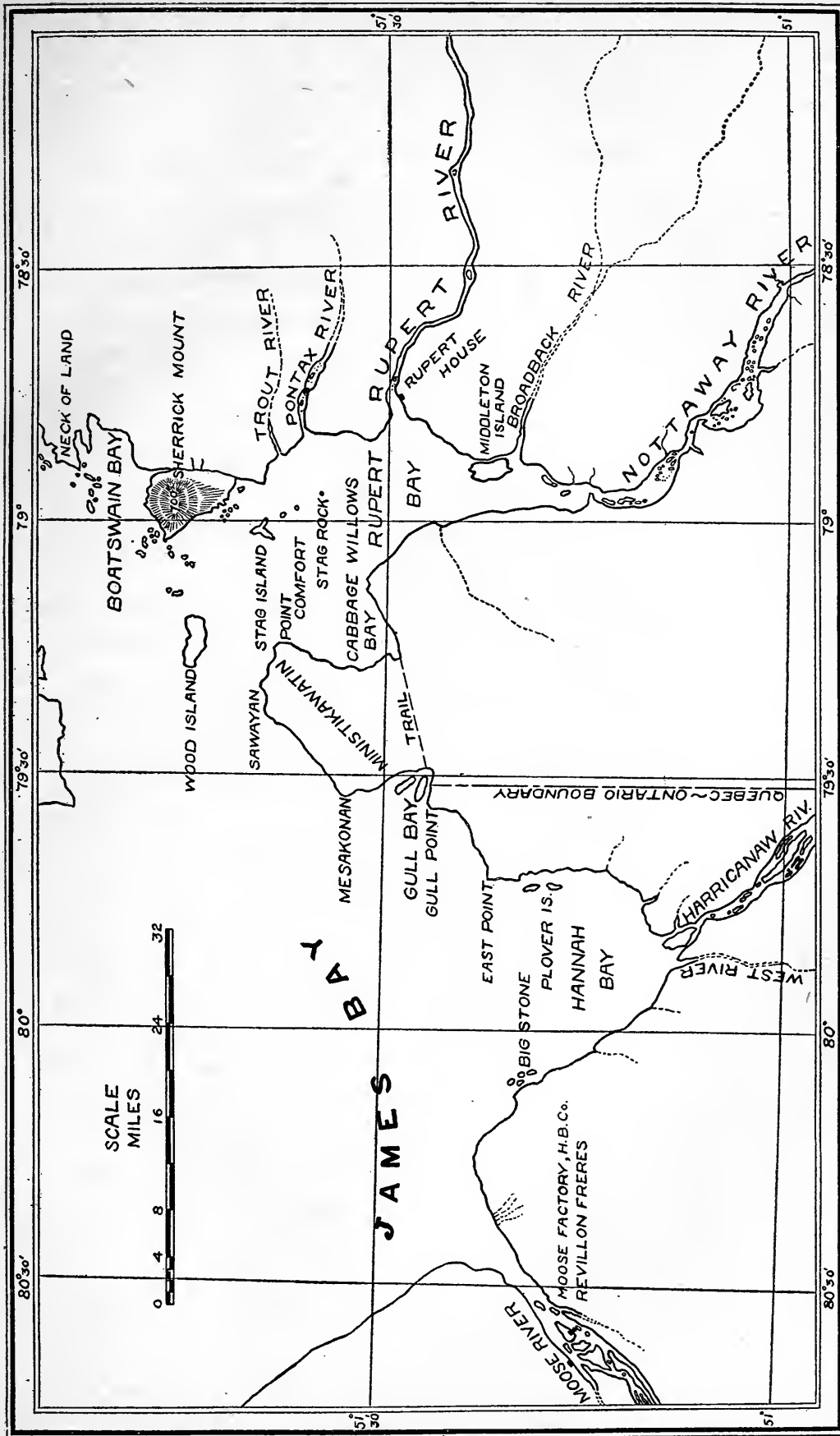
boat, which had not yet appeared, we saw what at first seemed to be breakers on a distant shoal, but soon proved to be a school of porpoises gambling about in the water.

We were unable to start early by reason of a stiff breeze which arose about daylight. When it had subsided, a little later, the tide was out and the boats were aground. We accordingly had to await high tide, and it was about one o'clock before the water was sufficiently deep to allow the motor boats to pull out.

From the time of our sailing from Moose Factory until three o'clock of that afternoon, no marks of civilization had been visible. Considerable excitement was aroused by the looming up of a flag in the distance, waving above the trees along the shore. As we drew nearer it proved to be floating from the mast of a survey tower, set up by the engineers of the Hydrographic Department, who were then charting this portion of the Bay.

When the tower was reached, a stop for dinner was made. We had watched anxiously for some sign of the York boat, and observations were taken from the tower, but without results.

It was a beautiful, bright day, but intensely hot in the sun, so that when sailing, we were glad to creep under the shade of the canvas boat covers. One might well have thought we were in tropical waters, rather than in those of the "frozen north" (?).







Our supply of fresh water was now exhausted, as the demand made upon it had been severe, owing to the intense heat of the day. Accordingly, several groups went back into the bush to look for a stream or a spring. The rivalry was keen among the thirsty party, as to who should find it first. Eventually, water was found, not in a stream or in a spring, but in a stagnant pool. We were glad to carry even that a long distance to the camp, through bush, and willows still bearing many of last year's withered leaves. Needless to say, we had much less water and more leaves in our buckets when we arrived than when we started.

This was a particularly interesting point, for we were then back in our own Province, Quebec. During the previous month, our course had lain entirely through Northern Ontario. We had chosen the Missinaibi route for two reasons: Firstly, on account of our familiarity with it; secondly, because of its few portages and comparatively smooth water. These facts made the transporting of boats and supplies a simpler proposition than in the swifter waters of the more easterly rivers.

The shores of the Ministikawatin peninsula, which divides Hannah Bay from Rupert Bay, are low and composed of great boulders lying in the utmost confusion. Great, long, bouldery points project at intervals from the mainland, terminat-

ing in shoals, which extend far out into the Bay. Between these points, the water is generally shallow, consequently sailing there is dangerous. It is a conservative statement to make, that safe water for sailing cannot be had within a two-mile limit of the shore, and at that distance the depth must be carefully watched by sounding, for boats drawing more than two feet of water. No doubt this condition will be considerably alleviated, when the chart, which is now being prepared for the Government, is available to those who navigate these waters.

There is nothing that causes so much concern to the navigator of James Bay, especially of the southernmost end, as the finding of harbours, and it is safe to say that a real one does not exist from the mouth of the Moose River to that of Rupert Bay. However, there are a few places where partial protection may be had for boats of light draught, but these are difficult of access, unless one is familiar with their channels at all stages of the tide.

So much trouble and worry was experienced in finding places of safety during our cruise through these waters that we decided to compile a list of harbours, which it is hoped may prove of value to future travellers who journey without guides. The list is based on personal observation, and such information as could be obtained from Factors and natives of the country.

The shore from this point forward is lined with a thick growth of spruce and balsam, most of which might be of value as pulp wood, and a small percentage would be large enough for building timber or for lumber.

A short run during the balance of the afternoon brought us well in sight of Wood Island, one of the places we had planned to visit. The guides, evading our request to make the run across to the island, a distance of about eight miles, suggested camping at a point, midway between Sawayan and Point Comfort, on the mainland. We consented to this and planned to cross in the morning.

Fortunately, the tide was high when we entered the little harbour, formed by two long, bouldery points, which nearly met but left a channel wide enough for the passing of a small boat. Unfortunately, as we afterward learned, the water receded entirely from the harbour (?) at low tide.

We pitched our tent in the edge of the bush and had a most comfortable camp as there was plenty of firewood and fresh water.

An early call in the morning, half past three o'clock, brought us to consciousness, after a restful night's sleep. Packing our dunnage before breakfast, we made ready for the start.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that the York boat had caught up with us during the night, and was anchored off the point, while the crew had slept on the deck of an old scow, which had been

cast up on the opposite side of the point to the one on which we were camped.

It had evidently been planned by the guides that this should be a meeting point, and Isaiah's actions of the night before testified strongly to that effect. While we slept, they had no doubt held a consultation, for when Isaiah was questioned as to whether he were ready to cross to Wood Island, he replied, "Not me." The pilot of the York boat was then told to proceed on his course to Eastmain River, taking advantage of the fair wind that was then blowing, but he curtly replied that he did not know that course and was taking the boat to Rupert House. He was then shown Sherrick Mount, that was plainly visible, looming up but a few miles across Rupert Bay, and told that the course led to it and then up the coast. He obdurately refused to discuss the matter, although he had engaged as pilot of the York boat for the entire trip.

This was now but the third day that the party had been out from Moose Factory, and everything was at a standstill for the time being. All the unreasonable demands of these guides being acceded to at Moose Factory, we imagined that such difficulties were finally settled, consequently this unlooked-for delay on such a fine day was most annoying.

It was quite plain to us that the guides had combined to frustrate our plans, which were to

send one motor boat and the York boat ahead to the Eastmain River and up the coast to Clark Island, in Hudson Bay, while we proceeded to Rupert House and the mouth of the Nottaway River, and thence up the coast to Clark Island and the Nastapoka River.

By the time that the argument was over, the tide was out and the boats were aground. To add to our troubles, the heat was intense, the most severe experience during the trip. To get relief, some of the party tried a dip in the bay, but encountered something worse than the heat, the bulldog flies, which, they asserted, would pounce upon them, seize a portion of their flesh, somewhat less than Shylock demanded, and fly to a nearby tree limb, there to devour it at their leisure, and, no doubt, laugh at the dismay of their victims. We cannot vouch for the story, but it is certain that clothes were donned in haste when the onslaught occurred, in some cases even before the plunge had been taken. These flies were certainly a revelation to us. They were of enormous size, gave a vicious bite, and, although there were thousands of them about us, were so active that it was almost impossible to kill one of them.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Isaiah informed us that he would take the party to Rupert House and leave them there, and if we did not agree to this, he and his men would forcibly take sufficient canoes to carry them back

to Moose Factory. He was quickly informed that we had no intention of allowing them to do the latter, but if he wished to accompany us to Rupert House, he might, failing to do this, he would have to look for other accommodation by which to return to Moose Factory.

As we have said before, the feeling between the Whites and Indians was not of the most friendly nature, and now the smouldering feelings of aversion in the Whites needed but a slight fanning of approval to cause them to break forth into flames of hostility. We discountenanced any show of active opposition among the men.

In a short time everything was ready and a start for Rupert House made, the three boats leaving at the same time, and all under sail, as there was a light breeze. When out about two hours, the boats being half-way on their journey, the wind went down, and a fog settled around us.

After following a very circuitous route through the fog, we arrived at the mouth of the Rupert River, about half past eight, and entered it at the same time as the other motor boat, which had taken a different course, but the York boat did not appear.

We reached the anchoring place off the Rupert House pier about nine o'clock. The chug of the motor boat had attracted much attention in the little town, and by the time we drew up at the foot of the long, high pier, which extends well out into



The Dory in Sea-going Trim



The Giant Bark Canoes from Waswanipi





the river, nearly all the people had assembled to meet the incoming craft, and see who the intruding visitors might be.

A great many of the Indian hunters of both trading companies were at the Post, and these combined to make a large concourse of people, who crowded the pier and the shores in the deepening twilight. The dusky-faced crowd made quite an impression on the party, and the sight, combined with the heat of the evening, was such as to remind one strongly of that of a Mexican town, rather than one in the Province of Quebec.

The York boat arrived during the night, and the next morning we were all assembled in camp on the shores of the Rupert River. There was also anchored in the river another York boat, which was carrying two naturalists from the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg, who were delayed by the desertion of their Indian guides. In fact we were the third party of the season to have trouble with the Indians, which further convinced us of their unreliability as guides. Subsequent events only served to strengthen this conviction.

After consulting with Mr. Nicholson, the Hudson's Bay Company's Factor, he kindly interested himself on our behalf and located two guides, who were willing to accompany the York boat throughout the season, should we dispense with the services of the other guides.

Later in the day, as was our usual custom, we

paid our addresses to the officers of the Revillon Frères' Post, and found that the manager, Mr. Barbado, was absent, being at Nemiscow, one of their newly established inland posts, and the store in charge of Mr. Blais, whom we were to meet later, in the capacity of post manager at Fort George. Here we anticipated meeting Mr. Draulette, who was expected on the *Amelia*, but that craft had not yet been heard from.

We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Woodall, who is the Anglican minister at Rupert House, while watching two giant bark canoes coming down the river. They were bringing the previous winter's fur catch from Waswanipi Post, by way of the portage route to Nemiscow, and thence down the Rupert River.

In one of these canoes came Bishop Anderson of the Diocese of Moosonee, who had been visiting the parishes from Lake St. John to the Bay, the trip having occupied nearly two months' time. Although he had travelled so great a distance in this way, the Bishop stepped from the canoe, umbrella in hand, as neatly attired as though he were alighting from a parlour car. The flags of the place were raised in his honour, and the whole population turned out to meet him.

On the following day, we decided to bring matters to a close with the guides, accepting what they had said at the last camp as final. They had then practically given notice and discharged

themselves from our service, hence we had no further responsibility toward them, either for provisions, transportation, or wages.

Accordingly, everything belonging to us, then in their possession, was removed to our own tent. That we might not be misunderstood, we deemed it wise to invite the Bishop, Isaiah being a resident of his diocese, to come and interpret for him, and be present when we defined his position, consequent on the threat of the day previous. The position of the guides was anything but an enviable one, as they were stranded, without either canoes or provisions, neither of which were easy to procure.

The two other guides, to whom reference has already been made, were engaged to accompany the York boat on its voyage to Clark Island, starting the following morning. One motor boat was to accompany the York boat as far as the Eastmain River, and remain there during the summer months, in the absence of the party in charge of W. J. Donaldson, who was to investigate the resources of the river and some of its branches.

Preparations were under way early the next morning for the start of the two boats, after, what we hoped to be, the last delay on the voyage to the North. At eight o'clock farewells were said and the two boats passed down the river, leaving us, our motor boat, and its engineman, behind, to

follow after and attend to certain work as we proceeded. Little did we realize that the summer would be almost past before we would see each other again.

## CHAPTER VII

### A Week in Rupert Bay



NOW that the boats and their crews were dispatched, there was time to give to other matters of importance. During the afternoon an investigation of the quality of the land and timber in the vicinity of Rupert House was made.

We visited the property of the Revillon Frères and found they had cleared a large block of land, probably twenty-five acres, for agricultural and grazing purposes. Several of the employees of the Company had gardens of their own, and all of them were in a fairly flourishing condition, considering the extreme lateness of the season. In these gardens the chief crop was potatoes. Their land, though of good elevation, requires considerable drainage, as the topsoil contains much vegetable matter, which collects and holds the water, while the subsoil is a thick, blue gumbo, practically impervious to water.

Their stock consists of twelve horses and a number of cattle, the latter being increased from year to year. The horses are used on the farm in summer, and in winter for the transporting of

supplies, to Nemiscow, a distance of one hundred miles inland.

We next visited the property of the Hudson's Bay Company and examined the Factor's garden. This was a general vegetable garden. The soil was a light sandy loam, well drained and, due to long, careful cultivation, was in excellent condition. Lettuce, radishes, turnips, beets, parsnips, rhubarb, etc., were growing in the greatest profusion, and several potato fields in the immediate vicinity were in an equally satisfactory state.

From the Post we proceeded to the gardens of the Rev. Mr. Woodall and his native helpers. We found the soil to be of the same character as that of the French Company, but of course has improved during many years of cultivation. Here we found, also, most of the vegetables grown in more southerly gardens.

The potatoes were not so far advanced as those in the garden of the Hudson's Bay Company, but this was due to the heaviness of the soil. One thing we can testify to, is the fine quality of some of Mr. Woodall's vegetables, in particular lettuce, radishes, and rhubarb, for he very generously shared with us those that were ready for use, a kindness that we knew well how to appreciate, owing to the lack of such, during the two months previous.

The season at Rupert House showed a wonderful advance over that at Moose Factory, for whereas

the Mission people were only planting their garden when we left, those of the former place were eating fully-grown radishes and lettuce when we arrived there.

The statement was generally made that the season was the most backward in many years in the southern end of the Bay. However, it was difficult for us to realize the fact, for ever since coming into the locality, we had suffered with extreme heat, the temperature being well into the nineties.

The soil at the Revillon clearing is fairly typical of the majority of that bordering on the river up to the first rapids. We did not cross to the north side of the river, but could see that there was quite an elevation back from the water. This ridge, we were informed, contains good agricultural land.

There is a fringe of fairly good-sized timber along the banks of the river about the Post, but this gives place to stunted tamarack a short distance inland.

The river opposite the Posts is about a mile wide and broadens as it approaches the Bay, which is two miles or more distant. We were told that the channel is about eight feet deep at average high tide, and is very tortuous and narrow, but from the fact that a boat drawing thirteen feet of water entered there, since our visit, we think that the depth of channel has been underestimated.

An event of interest, although it is said of not infrequent occurrence, took place one afternoon. After returning to the tent from our work, we were quite surprised to see a pretty young Indian girl rush in upon us, followed by a smiling young "buck" of twenty summers, and offer us her hand. Quite ignorant of their intentions, but attracted by the smile of the young lady, we jumped to our feet and shook her hand cordially, hoping that further greetings might be the order of the day. We were frustrated by the intervention of the young man, who stepped forward and offered his hand, also.

The salutation over, the couple turned and vanished as quickly as they had come. Not knowing what it all meant, we followed them out and made inquiries from some of the onlookers. They informed us that the bell we had heard ringing a few minutes previous, and which we supposed to be calling the people to special service with the Bishop, was a wedding bell, and the visit we had just received was a time-honoured custom of the place, every tent and wigwam in the town receiving a like call from the bride and groom.

The ceremonies of the day were brought to a close by a dance that night, which lasted to the "wee sma" hours. This we knew to our sorrow, for our tent was adjacent to the carpenter shop, in which the celebration was held, and we were kept awake until daylight by the noise of the carousal.



On this same evening, we were privileged to observe a strange phenomenon. When walking leisurely along the shore about sundown, one of us observed quite a heavy cloud rising toward the mouth of the river, between us and the sun. It continued to rise higher and increase in volume, and we naturally thought it was smoke from a newly-made camp-fire. As the cloud increased in size, we began to wonder what could be so inflammable in such a marshy place. A stiff wind was blowing up the river, and the cloud gradually drew nearer. As it did, we heard a faint whirring sound, which increased as it came closer, to one like that of mill machinery. By this time it had attracted the attention of everybody around, and there was much conjecture as to what the phenomenon really was.

It was not long before the whole shore line was a mass of moving life, for the cloud was made up of millions of small green flies, about the size of a mosquito. They were driven along by the wind, none remaining to tell us whether they were man-eating or not.

Our attention was suddenly diverted from the foregoing incident by the appearing of a ship steaming up the Bay towards the mouth of the river. Her progress was very slow while crossing the bar, on account of the crookedness of the channel. She proved to be the *Amelia*, the one-hundred-ton steamer that plies between the whole-

sale house at Strutton Island and the various Revillon Posts.

Seeing the *Amelia* again was like meeting an old friend, as on our previous trip we had sailed ahead of her for a whole afternoon on her maiden voyage into the Bay. That occasion was a very unusual one for this coast and it is doubtful if the same thing had ever occurred there before, three steamers sailing together, the *Stord*, the *Eric*, and the *Amelia*. That night we all dropped anchor together at Fort George.

The coming of the Company's steamer is the most important event of the season at any of the Posts. When the usual time for its arrival comes, every Indian who is the possessor of a telescope or glass of any description keeps it in the most convenient place, and when he has any time to spare he may be seen, glass in hand, peering seaward from the dock, or some other place of vantage for a first glimpse of smoke.

When the steamer is sighted the news of her coming spreads like wildfire, the Factor being the first to receive it, so that the post flag may be run up to welcome the officials who may be aboard and bringing the first mail the residents have had for several months. By the time that the boat reaches its anchorage, every man, woman, and child has assembled to welcome the visitors.

The excitement was no less than usual on this occasion, and it proved an interesting experience

to mingle with the stolid-faced crowd. Even the Husky dogs seemed bent on celebration, and we were privileged to witness several combats between them.

The life of an Indian's Husky dog is probably less to be desired than that of any other creature. He is distinctly a cur in every sense of the word, the progeny of a mongrel ancestry, half domestic, half wild, the latter due to his close relationship to the wolf. He is born under mean conditions, his life is made up of acts of meanness, by him and to him, and it is almost certain he will form food for his kin if his life closes while he is in harness. In his infant days he provides amusement and exercise for the little Indian children, who are supplied with the largest stick they can swing with which to beat the poor fellow unmercifully, until he is able to make a safe retreat. His whole life is a struggle for existence, for when his mother ceases to provide for him, he is left pretty much to seek his own livelihood, whether it is gotten honestly or dishonestly. As his owner seldom provides him with food, he is ever on the alert to secure it, by fair means or foul, and who can blame him, poor creature?

When on our former trip to the country, we usually slept aboard the yacht or at the post houses, consequently we were not brought into such close touch with the dogs as on this occasion. This time we received a great deal of attention from

them, and had the opportunity of becoming much better acquainted.

In going from one Post to another we found that the propensities of the Indian dog are pretty much one and the same. The exact nature of these will be revealed as the story proceeds.

While at Moose Factory, they made us visits in a very unceremonious manner. In fact they seemed to prefer calling when we were absent. At that time our own tent had no connection with that of the cook, consequently their visits were attended with but few results, either to them or to us.

At Rupert House we were given every opportunity to know them better. Our tent was pitched on the sandy beach of the Rupert River, close to the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and was surrounded by many wigwams and marquees of the visiting Indians, who as usual were present in whole families. These families are generally made up of three or four generations, with their dogs. When twenty or thirty families gather with their dogs, very often six or eight of the latter per family, as in this case, a lively time might naturally be expected, especially from the canines, who are all intent on the same thing—plunder.

Up to the time of our separation with Isaiah, who was cook as well as guide, the provisions had been stored in his tent, but on that day we



The Factor's Garden, Rupert House



Rupert House



had transferred them to our own tent for safe keeping, and mindful of the surrounding dangers, we fortified ourselves as securely as pegs, boxes, and bags of heavy provisions would permit.

Alas! how futile were our precautions. While the dance was proceeding near at hand, and we were tossing restlessly, unable to sleep because of the racket, behold the enemy came. A noise was heard by one, who called the other's attention to it, but the matter was dismissed as a delusion. Suddenly we espied to our right a dark object, which on our moving started, then vanished swiftly as a shadow through the flap of the tent. Rising to investigate, we found that our visitor had, at least, not departed hungry for he had eaten twenty pounds of lard from a tub that had not even been opened before. This was but an introduction of what was to follow, despite our best efforts to prevent a recurrence of the event.

On Sunday we attended service in the Anglican church and saw the Bishop confirm six Indians. A quiet Sunday, with its services, was an enjoyable change after the excitement of the week.

Our work nearing completion at Rupert House, it was necessary for us to come to some decision in the matter of guides. None were available immediately and as one month of the summer was already gone we knew that a further delay might prevent us from accomplishing the work we had set out to do. We had planned to go southward

toward the mouth of the Nottaway River, and now decided to make this trip unaccompanied by guides.

If the trip were made successfully we intended, on our return to Rupert House, to proceed northward in the same manner. We were quite aware what this decision would mean to us, how much our work would be increased. Soundings would have to be taken almost constantly, especially in James Bay, and the picking out of harbours, the putting up and taking down of the camp, the finding of wood and water, and, last but not least, the cooking, all of which would have been the work of the guides, would be added duties.

It was decided to lose no time but to make a start southward on Monday morning. We had suffered so much from the onslaughts of the dogs that we took special precautions to make our provisions impregnable, as we thought, to their attacks, on the night previous to our departure. All the open packages were placed in the kitchen (a box we had designed for travelling, its purpose being to carry the dishes, cutlery, food, etc., the latter for one day) and the lid securely fastened. On top of this was laid a bag of flour, and beside it a five-quart pail of treacle, covered with a tight lid, the whole being enveloped in a large tarpaulin held in place with stones. This was placed on the outside of the tent so that the dogs would not tear the latter open to come in.



Imagine our surprise and dismay, when, on being awakened by a fearful crash outside of the tent, we rushed out to find that we had again been despoiled by the canine devils. Everything in the kitchen was in the greatest muss and confusion. Six pounds of boiled beef, a can of butter, and some stewed fruit had been appropriated, and a coating of blackstrap and sand had been generously distributed over the entire contents of the kitchen. How they managed the latter, we do not pretend to understand.

It would be impossible to picture the conclusion of this midnight scene, as a description of either our appearance or our conduct would not look well in print; suffice it to say, that if we had had another period of devotions before again retiring, it would have been neither out of place, nor the time misspent.

On Monday morning as we were preparing to leave for the south, a prospector from Southern Ontario called on us and proposed that he and his Indian cook, Billy, should accompany us, to which we gave our consent. We were entirely unfamiliar with the channel of Rupert Bay, but succeeded fairly well in picking out a course, although in following the east shore instead of the west, where the channel lies, we ran aground on a large sandbar near the north point of Middleton Island, and as the tide was going out, had considerable difficulty in finding the way off it. Even-

tually a channel was located without crossing to the west side.

About three o'clock the southern end of Middleton Island was reached, where there is a very attractive place for a camp, which we decided to make our headquarters. It is situated at the mouth of the Broadback River, rising abruptly from the water, and on a rocky knoll, amidst very picturesque surroundings. A number of large balm-of-Gileads afforded protection while the ground was literally carpeted with wild roses, then in full bloom.

The first man to land ejaculated "What a delightful site for a summer hotel," as he clambered up the granite slope, and the expression won the approbation of the whole party as they gazed on the quiet waters of the little bay, dotted with islands, at the mouth of the river.

It did not take us long to set up very comfortable quarters and prepare a meal at the fireplace, a natural one formed by a crack in the rock.

On retiring for the night, we lay down with a feeling of the greatest security, now that we were safe from the attacks of the midnight marauders, which of late had caused us so many sleepless nights. But sleep was evidently not to be our portion. Hardly had our candle been extinguished, when a heavy wind was heralded by the beating of branches against the tent, and the roar of thunder and lightning flash warned us of

an approaching storm. Immediately the brands from the now deserted camp-fire were hurled furiously hither and thither, lighting up the tent in a weird manner.

More frequently came the vivid flash of lightning, nearer came the crash of thunder, and the wind increased to such violence that we began to realize the danger of being swept off the rocks into the water. The boat's welfare was giving the greatest anxiety, for it had no protection whatever from the storm or the breakers, which were now dashing high against the rock.

This was the boat's first experience in a storm, and the reliability of the anchor had not yet been proven, but on the other hand, it had been strongly condemned by the people of the Posts, as not being of sufficient weight. In fact, had we listened to the criticisms of both boat and anchor, we would never have undertaken the journey at all, or going, have had any hope of anything but a watery grave. Past experience had taught us not to take the remarks of some of these people seriously, the more so on account of the fact that what one person recommended, the next man spoken to would in all probability condemn.

The wind had now increased to hurricane proportions; the rain was coming down in sheets and being driven against the tents so violently that we expected momentarily to see their collapse and the consequent ruin of the contents.

In our concern about the boat, one groped his way along the rocks to see if it and the canoe were still safe, while the other remained to watch the tent. The former returned shortly and reported them both safe, but the boat being tossed roughly.

It was decided to make an effort to reach the boat, and bring a line ashore as a precaution should the anchor drag. This was done with the help of the other members of the party. We succeeded in drawing a hawser through the willows to a big balm-of-Gilead close to our tent, where we made it fast.

The experience was anything but pleasant in the howling storm, clad as we were in our night attire. This would make a very mild comparison with storms we encountered later on in the season, but it served the purpose of preparing us for future events of a like nature.

The following days were spent in investigating the surrounding country, which we found to be much superior to that near the mouth of the Rupert River. This neighbourhood will undoubtedly develop into a good agricultural community when the railroad is completed and the country opened up for settlement. The soil is a rich clay loam covered with a thick layer of leaf-mould. A fine tribute to its fertility was the length of the grass and timothy on the small open places, which exceeded three feet.

The country is covered with a thick growth of

spruce, balsam, and poplar, the smaller of this being adaptable for pulp wood, and the larger, of which there is a good proportion, suitable for saw-logs and building timber, which would supply the local demand for many years to come.

On the evening of the second day, we were again permitted to witness a green-fly invasion, similar to that which we had previously observed at Rupert House. This time they hung in the air in long vertical columns. These columns moved about from place to place. One of them, lowering a little, enveloped the camp in a cloud, and everything was soon literally alive with the small insects. It was quite a disagreeable experience for we could not keep them out of our eyes, ears, and noses, but we were heartily thankful that they were not viciously inclined, like the mosquitoes, for though they too could sing a lively tune, they made no attempt to bite.

The same evening an accident, due to carelessness, occurred to our canoe by which we nearly lost it, and which ever after served as a lesson to us. Returning from an afternoon trip, one of the men was left to secure the canoe, but instead of tying it, he merely pulled it up on a rock. Consequently, when the tide came in, the canoe was carried out, and it was only by chance that it was seen floating down in the current. Our guest was the only man in the party who could swim, a fact that would have made the situation

serious had he not been present, because of the motor boat being anchored out in deep water. He saved the situation by swimming out and rescuing it.

A month might easily have been spent in investigating the surrounding country in sight of the camp, which commanded a view for many miles in all directions. As a whole, the country was beautiful, and our trip was made specially enjoyable by reason of the fine weather which prevailed, although at times it was uncomfortably warm. The time for our departure northward was fixed for July the eleventh, so we reluctantly began to break camp about noon of that day.

The temptation was strong to linger around the beautiful spot with its profusion of wild roses, so that it was late in the afternoon before we finally raised anchor and started up the Bay against a strong head wind. We now had a fair idea of the location of the channel, and were able to successfully avoid the sandbar, upon which we had trouble on the way southward. The tide being with us, we reached the river mouth in about two hours. Here began our troubles, for the channel into the river is the worst we entered while in the Bay.

On our return to Rupert House, we took the precaution to set up our tent as far as possible away from the Indian camps, and to forestall the dogs in every manner we could think of.

One of the first items of news we heard on landing was of the shooting of three Husky dogs, by members of the Government survey party, who caught them in the act of pillaging their tent. The deed caused considerable agitation among the residents of the place.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Rupert House to Eastmain River



WE were delayed at Rupert House for two days owing to bad weather. On the evening of the second day it blew a gale, and a good part of the night was spent in holding down our tent. The wind completely subsided the next day about eleven o'clock, and we decided at once to leave for the Eastmain River.

The boat was loaded and made ready for the start, and we said good-bye to Rupert House and the South, at noon, on July the fourteenth. Our departure was marked by the usual congregating of the Indians, such as occurred at Moose Factory. However, this time they crowded around the boat, which had been run ashore for loading, making it very difficult to get our dunnage aboard.

The motor boat was a never-ending source of curiosity to the Indians everywhere we went, and at the first chug of the engine, all work would cease in the vicinity and a general rush would be made for the river bank.

The day was a perfect one, clear, calm, and



sunny; in all, a beautiful beginning for our cruise. The tide was high, so we had no difficulty in getting out of the river. We followed the buoys of the Hudson's Bay Company until we were about four miles from the Post, and two miles from the east coast of Rupert Bay. Here we left the ship's course and steered directly for Stag Rock.

All along the shore of Rupert Bay the water is very shallow and it was necessary to take a course two to five miles from land to ensure safe running. As an additional precaution, one of the party stood on the small fore deck, taking frequent soundings, a position that made the duty dangerous during rough weather.

To any person unfamiliar with the waters of Rupert Bay, navigation is risky, especially for small craft, as the shallowness of the water causes high seas in time of storm, and there are few, if any, places that afford shelter and a safe anchorage.

We reached Stag Rock early in the afternoon, and went ashore for a light lunch, afterward climbing to the highest point to take observations and decide on a course. This small island is a landmark, very prominent in Rupert Bay. It is practically a pillar of red granite, rising about seventy feet above the sea and capped with a crown of evergreens. From its highest point a magnificent view of the surroundings was obtained.

To the west lay the low shore of the Cabbage

Willows Bay, the favourite goose-hunting grounds of the Rupert Indians; to the east, the islands which mark the mouth of the Pontax River; to the south, the long sweep of Rupert Bay, with its shore line melting into the horizon; while to the north lay Stag Island with its long, low points, stretching far into the water, and Sherrick Mount, the bold old sentinel, that stands guard over the entrance to Rupert Bay, and which for ages has been the Indian's landmark, around which he has wound his threads of legend, ever unique and interesting, but too lengthy to here relate.

Swinging ourselves down the almost vertical cliff, from the delightful shady nook on top, we came to the little ledge below, where we had partaken of the midday meal, and off which our boat was moored. With reluctance we took our departure from this inviting spot, and followed a course toward Sherrick Mount, where we arrived shortly before sundown. This brought us to Boatswain Bay, the next small bay along the coast, a somewhat dangerous one to cross on account of frequent squalls.

The sea was calm, although a slight head wind was blowing, and we determined to make the run across to McFarlane Island, the first of a group of islands off the opposite point and about six miles distant. Everything went well until we were half-way across, when the wind began to come up, and as we did not know whether the

island we were approaching would afford us anchorage, we naturally began to feel anxious, due more to our inexperience than to the violence of the storm. We were much relieved on reaching the island to find protection on the south-east side.

It was almost dark when the shore was reached, and we were feeling the need of something to supply the inner man. Supper was prepared and eaten before the tents were set up, both being done by the light of the camp-fire. It was on an occasion of this kind that we missed the services of our Indians, who were so expert in setting up camp, quick in finding wood and water and making fire, and who would have relieved us entirely of the preparation of the food.

The camp ground selected was on a beautiful grassy slope, beside the bush, and partly under the shade of a large spruce. Near at hand lay a large cedar log, slain monarch from some distant forest, cast up by the tide, an example of what the Creator provides, on the rocky, treeless islands of the North, for the traveller. What a joy it is at the close of a day, perhaps, of anxious sailing, to take refuge on one of these islands, apparently barren of everything, and find an abundance of wood and water! None but a traveller of these northern waters can appreciate the value of such blessings.

Appropriating this fine, dry cedar wood, we soon had a roaring fire, which might have been

seen for miles around. Not having the delay of hunting for water, as there was a supply in the boat, we were enabled to get the camp set up comfortably and all work completed by nine o'clock, when we turned in, hoping to get a good night's sleep.

In the meantime, the sky had become overcast. A heavy storm came up from the north-east, our least protected quarter, soon after we retired. This was accompanied by little rain, but a heavy sea was raised. Considerable anxiety prevailed in regard to the safety of the boat, as the island afforded it protection no longer. The more so, as one had looked out from the tent, and being unable to see it, made the statement that he feared she had drifted. Hoping that it was only hidden by the darkness and the breaking surf, he determined to make a dash for the beach that he might verify his conjecture.

Not waiting to change to his day attire, he rushed off toward the water, over an old rose-grown path, and as paths of roses have ever been bestrewn with thorns, so it was in this case, and intermingled with them were a few well-developed thistles, traces of which he carried in his feet for many succeeding days.

Reaching the beach he was much relieved to find that he could at intervals detect the white canvas cover of the boat, which, due to the shifting of the wind, had swung on her anchor. This had carried

her a hundred feet farther from the beach, but the sturdy little anchor had not budged an inch.

The storm continued all night, and at frequent intervals trips were made to the beach to satisfy ourselves that the anchor was doing its duty. The following day was stormy, so we were unable to proceed on our journey. Accordingly, we spent the day in making ourselves comfortable in camp and in exploring the island. It was here that we saw the first flocks of wild ducks. They were feeding on the grasses beside a small pond on the lower end of the island, but were so shy that we could not get within gunshot of them. The island was literally covered with a mat of beautiful flowers—wild sweet peas, roses, violets, strawberry blossoms, and many others, the names of which we did not know.

It was now eight days since the other boats had left us, and in that time, several bad winds had occurred. We were naturally beginning to feel anxious, especially about the York boat, as we supposed she had long since left the Eastmain River, and might be picking out her way along the shoaly coast, between there and Fort George. However, our anxiety was considerably less than it would have been had that party, like ourselves, been without a guide. We derived much consolation from the fact that their guide was considered to be one of the most competent on the east coast.

From the island, the north shore of Boatswain

Bay could be seen. It appeared to be somewhat higher than that of Rupert Bay, and the timber longer, and consequently cleaner. There were also other islands lying to the north and west, some of which were quite large and appeared to be thickly timbered. These islands are all unnamed.

The wind continued to blow until the early morning of the second day, and there seemed little sign of it abating then. At seven o'clock, a change for the better took place, and after arousing Mac, the engineman, who had not appeared for breakfast, we at once began to break camp.

We had everything carried to the beach by nine o'clock, but as Mac had only begun to show signs of life, we had to wait until he got his tent and dunnage ready. By this time the tide had gone out, and upon taking the dunnage out to the boat, we found to our dismay that she was aground, causing us a further delay of about two hours.

We raised anchor at half past eleven and passed along the east shore of McFarlane Island, and then steered for Neck-of-Land Point. We attempted to pass between the point and an island that lay off it about a quarter of a mile, but soon got badly mixed up in a maze of shoals which seemed to surround the island as well as to connect it to the mainland and stretch southward to McFarlane Island. We found it impossible to

make our way through and in retracing our course the propeller struck rock several times, but was only bent slightly. Finally we managed by constant sounding to find a channel leading past the island.

By this time the day was clear and warm, and the sea quite calm, which encouraged us to leave the mainland of the next shallow bay well to our right. We had not gone far when the wind began to rise again, a fact that impressed our minds with the uncertainty of the weather in James Bay. We, timid, and still inexperienced seamen, thought best to get nearer shore, and consequently shifted our course, but soon found ourselves in shallow water. A landing could not be effected anywhere, so we had to put out again into deep water, despite the roughness of the sea, as we then termed it.

By the time we were half-way across the bay to the islands at the mouth of Jack River, much to our surprise and gratification the wind again went down and the water became smooth. However to the west a great, heavy, black cloud hung over Charlton Island, the profile of which was dimly outlined against the horizon. This we had watched with suspicion for some time, and it now appeared to be coming closer, so we feared more trouble was brewing.

The islands, with the protection they would afford, were still five miles off, and we were puzzled

to know if we would reach them before the storm reached us. This proved to be one of many instances when miraculous intervention seemed to favour us, although of trifling significance compared with many which followed, as the cloud we so much dreaded passed to our left, and we sailed on to the islands in calm and sunshine, where we arrived about two o'clock.

We landed on one of the small islands, a smooth, circular hump of gneiss, without even a covering of moss to rid it of its barrenness or lend an appearance of hospitality to the passing traveller. Lunch was hastily partaken of, and then the propeller blades, which had been bent on the rocks earlier in the day, causing a marked decrease in our speed, were straightened.

The propeller was fortunately of the Roper reversible type, made of soft, tough bronze, very easily bent and straightened without danger of breaking. It was, in addition, protected by a pin, inserted through the periphery of two plates, on the abutting ends of a break in the driving shaft, which fitted together. In this manner the whole power from the engine was transmitted to the propeller through the small brass pin. In case of the propeller striking a heavy resistance, such as a rock, the pin would be immediately sheared, with little or no damage to the blade.

The boat once more in order, we took a course toward Loon Point, passing several other points,



formed by deep, narrow bays extending into the mainland. Soon after starting, a fair breeze sprang up and we raised our foresail. The breeze freshened to a wind and we were borne along at a high rate of speed.

When coming opposite to Partridge Point, we saw the tops of two hills, blue in the distance. These we recognized to be the Monkey Hills, which form a very prominent landmark for the mouth of the Eastmain River. A course was taken directly across the long bay towards them.

In the meantime the freshened wind had raised a large swell, which gradually broke into white-capped waves. When we drew near to the shore of the bay, opposite the hills, we coasted along until the point beyond was reached. Here we made an effort to run between an island and the mainland, but encountered a sandbar which connected them at low tide and accordingly had to turn sharply around and go outside of the island.

This was the most exciting run of the trip so far, as the boat was running parallel to the waves, now deep in the trough, then lifted high on the crest. Several times it seemed as if we would be completely enveloped by the tumultuous waters around us, but thanks to the canvas boat cover and our manipulation of the wheel, we rounded the point safely and without taking water. We then saw what we recognized to be Governor Island, and before many minutes were alongside

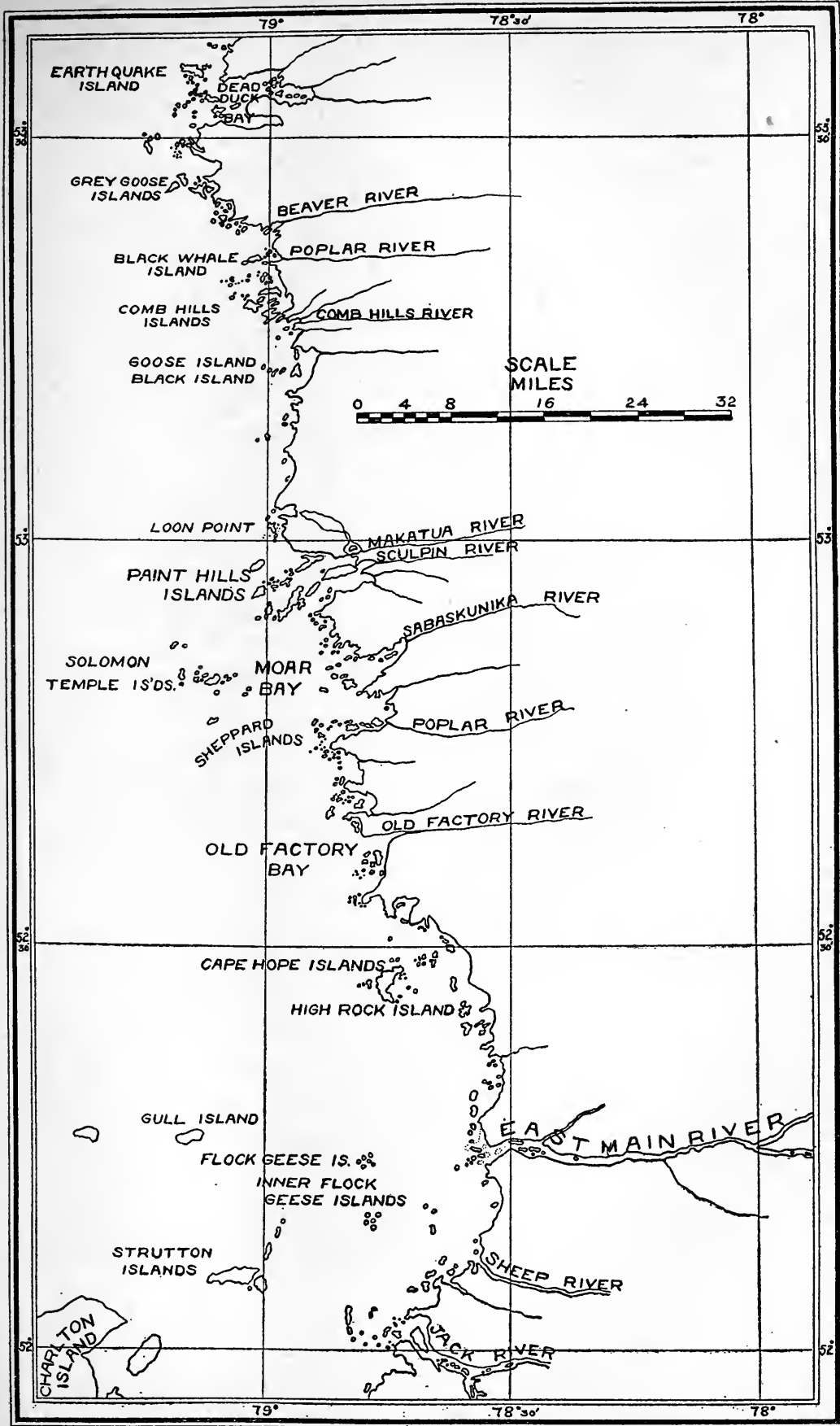
of it and chugging into the mouth of the Eastmain River.

We were agreeably surprised to see several sailboats anchored in the harbour at Governor Island and a group of people watching our approach and waving us a welcome. We were much pleased with our successful entry into the river, as it is not only hard to find, but difficult to approach, the water being shallow and the channels narrow. Of the latter there are three, two south of Governor Island and one north of it. Daylight and high tide are required for the safe entrance of boats that draw four feet of water.

Taking the centre channel, the only one familiar to us, we reached the Post at half past six o'clock in the evening, thus completing the run of seventy-five miles from Rupert House, and having made half of the distance since eleven o'clock in the morning.

On our arrival we set up camp, and as was our usual custom, paid our respects to the officers of both companies. Since our last visit, the Revillon Post had been established and was under the management of Mr. William McLeod, who is a good example of the progressive young men who are becoming the leaders in this district. Mr. McLeod was born, raised, and educated in Moose Factory.

The Hudson's Bay Company's Post was in charge of Mr. C. J. R. Jobson, who is a most





admirable and interesting person, retiring, but ever ready to show kindness in a most unassuming manner. Mr. Jobson is a native of the Orkney Islands and came to the Hudson Bay country in 1865, where he has remained in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company ever since, filling the office of manager at a number of the inland Posts, all the way from Lake St. John to the Eastmain River.

We also met the party of naturalists whom we had met at Rupert House. They had succeeded in engaging a guide to take them as far as Charlton Island, where another was procured to bring them to this Post. They were collecting specimens in the vicinity.

The incidents of the former visit, when the Hudson's Bay Company's Post was in charge of the late Mr. Turner, were often a source of conversation. It was there, on our return from a one hundred and twenty-five mile trip up the river, we ate the first meal that had been partaken of in two days. The many events of the trip came vividly to mind and had to be related to those who were not present on that occasion.

The most interesting feature of that trip was the fact that the distance covered in six days going up the river was done in a little over two coming down. It was an experience that is not likely to be forgotten by the participants.

One of the most amusing incidents of that whole

trip was the anxiety of an old Welsh miner, who happened to be one of the party, over the supposed existence of cannibals on the river, who were likely to be encountered. This information had been communicated to him by a friend (?) in a most confidential manner, previous to starting.

The first night out, when seated around the camp-fire, the matter was discussed openly. By a unanimous vote it was decided that, when the cannibals were met, an agreement should be made whereby one of the party should be handed over, in return for a promise that the others would have their freedom. To ascertain who should be the unfortunate one it was deemed advisable to draw lots.

It can readily be imagined the anxiety pictured in the old man's face as he sat in the glow of the camp-fire, when by a clever manipulation of the straws it of course fell to his lot to be the "Jonah." It seemed as if on each succeeding day of the journey, his face wore a more haggard look, as, no doubt, he supposed it would be the fateful day, and when the time had arrived for the return journey, and he was still uncooked and uneaten, he would have made us travel day and night to get back into safe quarters. Poor old Jones would not have made a good meal for any cannibal at his best, much less when those eight days of anxious waiting were over.

Here, as at the other Posts, we were doomed to

suffer in conflict with the dogs. We had been looking forward with pleasure to our visit to the Eastmain River, but dreaded the encounter with the dogs which we knew to be inevitable.

Practically every day was marked by some of their depredations. The worst experience of the kind occurred on the morning after our arrival. We were housed in a large silk tent, twelve by fourteen feet, which we reserved for special occasions, usually for our stay at the various Posts, where we were likely to entertain.

We were away from the tent, attending to some business at one of the stores, leaving Mac to mind it, as it contained several kettles of freshly cooked food, delicacies in the eyes of the hungry Husky dogs. Great was our indignation when drawing near to the tent on our return, to see dog after dog troop through a large rent in the front of it, evidently having heard the approaching footsteps, and showing unmistakable evidences of guilt in the carriage of their ears and tails.

We were much surprised to find a two-gallon kettle, that we had left in the tent full of boiled beans, sitting outside with but a few beans in the bottom. It looked very much as if someone had carried it out, but Mac, who did not remain to watch the tent and returned after the damage was done, declared that when he first arrived the dogs were inside, and in order to escape, sprang through the end of the tent. One, he said, took

the handle of the bean kettle in his mouth and plunged through the rent with it, determined not to surrender his booty.

We were quite suspicious of this yarn until a similar incident occurred under our own observation. It was on our return visit that a small dog was caught running away with a large basin of stew by grasping the side of it in his mouth, a provoking yet most amusing spectacle, proving that the Eastmain dogs are adepts at tricks of this kind.

We were the recipients of a number of presents of garden products from Mr. Jobson, including, among others, potatoes and rhubarb, also a pail of very choice fresh butter. The potatoes were the previous season's and were firm and white, the former probably due to being kept in a root house. They furnished us an occasional much appreciated meal until the end of August, and were a constant reminder of the thoughtfulness of the giver. As most of our butter was lost on the river and none was obtainable at the Post, that of Mr. Jobson was a great treat.

Only those who have been deprived of the staple articles of food for months, as is often the case in an isolated country like that of the Hudson Bay, can understand how these simple gifts can be worthy of so much appreciation.

The rhubarb was growing in great profusion in the Post garden and as we had *carte blanche* we



paid daily visits thither, and one might have thought, from the armfuls carried away, that there was a dozen in the party instead of three. We knew that it was a very healthful article of food during the extremely hot weather that prevailed.

The Factor had several small fields of potatoes that we thought were looking remarkably well, but he assured us that they were quite backward in comparison with average years.

The soil of the Post clearing is a light, sandy loam, with a subsoil of blue clay. It is not very deep, but showed very good results considering the fact that agriculture receives so little attention from the trading companies. The area of cleared land around the Hudson's Bay Company's Post is very small, probably not exceeding twenty acres. No steps have been taken to drain the lowland which would be equally as good as the higher, now under cultivation, were a little ditching done.

This was the only place on the east coast, to our knowledge, where grain had been raised. Some of the officers in charge have sown test fields of grain with very satisfactory results, but in no practical quantity, owing chiefly to the lack of some means of threshing. That which has been raised was fed to the cattle as fodder.

The timber in the vicinity of the mouth of the river is principally small tamarack of little value.

From observations taken on our former trip we know that it improves as one leaves the coast, but in some localities much fine timber has been destroyed by forest fires, and is replaced by a second growth, most of which is poplar. It was also observed that the quality of the land improved as the river was ascended, the soil being a deep, rich, sandy loam.

## CHAPTER IX

### Eastmain River to Fort George



THE time allotted for our stay at the Eastmain River Post elapsed on July the twentieth, so we planned on an early start for Fort George, that morning. Accordingly, we were up by half past four o'clock and preparing for the start, but, as the fuel tanks on the boat had to be replenished and we had to pay farewell visits to each of the Posts, the anchor was not raised until half past nine.

While calling at the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, we met Mrs. Griffith, wife of the Factor at Fort George, who had arrived by canoe about midnight with her young baby, nurse, and four Indians, en route to Rupert House to visit her father, the Factor, and her mother. They had covered the distance from Fort George to the Eastmain Post, about one hundred and twenty-five miles, in three days.

When all the dunnage was packed and ready, a number of Indians gathered around us, as they did at Rupert House, but unlike the latter, they assisted us in carrying the dunnage to the boat.

It was a warm day and the sky was overcast, but as the wind was offshore we felt little concern.

Our passage down the river was uneventful, save that we took the channel north of Governor Island, and following the instructions given us at the Posts, had no difficulty in reaching the bay. When outside we found that the wind had freshened and had shifted to the north-west, the direction we must take, and hence dead against us. This wind had made the sea quite choppy, and being inexperienced and without either a guide or a knowledge of this part of the coast, we were quite undecided what to do.

Eighteen miles to the north-west stood the blue humps of Cape Hope Islands, a prominent landmark for perhaps fifty miles of the coast and second only in prominence to Sherrick Mount. They lie midway across a long, deep bay extending into the mainland. The shores of this bay are low and the water shallow for several miles out, necessitating a course from the mouth of the Eastmain River out toward the islands.

In the course lay High Rock and its companion islands, twelve miles distant, while between lay several shoaly islands and reefs which were being lashed by breakers. Behind us lay the snug harbour of Governor Island, wherein the Company boats anchor and await fair wind and weather and where a good camping place was available.

It was a great temptation for us to return and

wait for a change of weather, but the knowledge that the season was rapidly passing proved too strong an argument against doing so. We made a safe run until we drew near to High Rock Island. By that time the sea was running high and an occasional wave was breaking over our bow. Accordingly we decided to anchor in the lee of the island and await calmer weather.

The island is well named, being a high, rounded hump of reddish granite, absolutely devoid of vegetation, except a few patches of moss. We lunched on a ledge of rock at the south side of the island, protected from the chilling winds, and where a crevice in the rock formed a fine natural fire-place. It was a cozy nook, warmed by the fire and the rays of the noonday sun, which then shone from a beautiful, clear sky.

After lunch we went up to the top of the island and found the wind stronger and the sea rougher than before. We accordingly decided to camp, and pitched our tent on a beautiful, soft bed of moss, in the lee of a large rock. Returning to the "cookery" on the ledge we offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the absence of dogs, and once more prepared a supply of food, sufficient for several days.

On occasions like this, we always took advantage of our stay to do the cooking for future days, or the washing and mending of clothes. It seemed as if we never could accomplish all that

was necessary of such work, no matter how long the delay.

The island seemed a barren place for a camp, on our first landing, but the finding of an abundance of good wood and water and a soft protected spot for a bed caused us to change our opinion.

The wind went down with the sun and the night was clear and starlit. This was now the twenty-first day of July, one month past the longest day, and it was an interesting fact that owing to our travelling northward, the length of day was still about the same as it was at Conjuring House on the Missinaibi River, where we spent the twenty-first of June. This phenomenon was noticed until we were far into the North.

With the prospect of a good day of sailing, we arose early next morning and while one prepared the breakfast, the other did the packing. Although ready to leave by seven o'clock, we were baffled in our expectations of an early start by Mac, who had slept on the boat and could not be aroused. We finally succeeded and raised anchor at half past eight o'clock and crossed to the Cape Hope Islands, coasting along the east shore of the larger island.

The island is of irregular shape, about six miles long and three miles at its widest. It is a high, rounded mountain of diabase, in most places thickly wooded. It has several harbours, owing to the irregularity of its coast line, and is bordered

by deep water. These harbours are used by the companies' sailboats, en route to Charlton and Strutton Islands, and its wooded slopes give excellent protection to the dog teams during the winter storms. On the north-east point of the larger island there are what at first appeared to be some large quartz veins, but investigation has proven them to be feldspathic dykes.

From here we kept a course from point to point, crossing the mouths of the bays and avoiding any detours, reaching the Shepherd Islands about noon. We went ashore at an old camping place on one of these islands, where we found an abundance of wood and water, the former already cut, and had our lunch.

Looking northward from the summit of the island, we were delighted to see the first sign of the next prominent landmark, along the coast, Paint Hills Islands. For some time after starting again we were unable to see these islands, as they were still below the horizon, consequently we took a course parallel to the shore. When the group of islands came plainly into view, stretching for several miles out to sea like a great arm of the mainland, we were undecided whether to take a course inside or outside of them, the latter being a roundabout of several miles.

It was our desire to revisit the deposit of iron pyrites, which is mentioned in the report of the Geological Survey, but could not recollect whether

it was on the hill of the mainland, or on that of Walrus Island, the outside one of the group, both hills being identical in shape. We decided on the latter and took a course for it.

The weather was fine all day, consequently we did not hesitate to go well out to sea. We reached Walrus Island about five o'clock and anchored off it, going ashore to look for the mineral. The island proved to be bare of trees, and remembering that the deposit was close to a spruce bush, it was evident that the wrong hill had been chosen.

We climbed to the top of the conical hill, which rises from the centre of the island. It is formed entirely of dark trap, bearing crystals of iron pyrites. From this elevation we had an excellent view of the coast in all directions. On landing the hilltop seemed quite near, but before reaching it, we had completely changed our minds, as the ascent required nearly an hour of hard climbing.

The day was fast drawing to a close when the boat was again reached, so we only rounded the island and anchored in a snug little harbour formed by a group of small, rocky islands. There was no vegetation on them, but we found a soft (?) gravel beach and made the camp thereon. A large quantity of drift cedar made a fine fire possible, and having had a most enjoyable and successful day of travelling, and possessing large appetites, we decided to mark the occasion by a special feast.



The meal might not have been an attractive one at the Waldorf-Astoria, as the menu only consisted of boiled potatoes, macaroni and tomatoes, cold Australian boiled beef, flapjacks, and tea, but to us, a crew of hungry voyageurs, it was a banquet to which we would have had no hesitancy in inviting the King.

The following morning found us up at half past four and ready to start at seven o'clock. However, we were delayed some time examining some quartz veins which proved to be but slightly mineralized.

This proved to be one of the most trying days we had yet experienced; the wind was from the sea and the water quite rough, and naturally under these conditions we endeavoured to stay as close to the islands as possible, where shelter might be had, were it required.

We soon found that this course caused greater anxiety than the waves of the open sea had done, as everywhere for miles we encountered shoals. Some, submerged or partly so, gave warning of their presence by the splashing of the breakers upon them, while others, more deeply submerged, gave no warning whatever until we were close enough to see them beneath us. It was decidedly hard on the nerves to find ourselves passing swiftly over great boulders, which, however, owing to the clearness of the water, looked much nearer than they really were.

We succeeded in reaching Comb Hills Islands in time to lunch on the outer one of the group. A conspicuous feature of this island is a dark trap dyke, about six feet wide, which cuts completely across it in a north and south direction.

Immediately off the island lies White Bear Island, a small hump of white weathered gneiss, which, owing to its peculiar form, strongly resembles a reclining bear with outstretched paws and uplifted head.

Fairly good protection from the south and west may be had at several small harbours on the north side of these islands.

The experiences of the morning were repeated throughout the afternoon, and the currents between the islands, rushing over the shoals, reminded us very much of the rapids of the Missinaibi River.

The conditions for sailing improved as the afternoon advanced, the wind going down, while the currents weakened and the water deepened as it neared the flood of the tide. Toward evening the atmosphere became hazy, and it was impossible to check our position by the map. We felt sure that Dead Duck Bay had been passed and that Aquatuk Bay had been entered about three o'clock in the afternoon. If this were so, it was evident Fort George could be reached by six o'clock that evening.

After running through a maze of islands for

some time, one was finally approached which resembled Loon Island, the landmark for which we had been eagerly looking, as it lies directly off the mouth of Big River. It was on Loon Island that the Revillon Frères' wholesale house was originally located, and on its highest point a beacon for the guidance of ships was erected. We looked for the beacon on the top of several islands in the distance, as well as on this one, and as it was nowhere to be seen, concluded that it must have been removed when the Company went to Strutton, and that it was Loon Island we were then approaching. What appeared to be the mouth of the river on the mainland, opposite the island, helped to confirm our opinion.

It was somewhat late in the evening, so to avoid the depredations of the Husky dogs at the Post, we decided to camp on the island. After landing, a close inspection of the island was made, and it was discovered to our disappointment that, however near we might be to it, we were not on Loon Island. It was somewhat comforting to find a cairn, set up on the highest point, which was an indication that it was a regular camping place in the course of the companies' sailing boats.

It is a custom of the native sailors of the country, both Indian and Eskimo, to mark, either with a cairn or a pole, such islands as they have found along the coast to offer good protection, wood, and water. The island proved to be a good camping

place, and from its highest point we watched the sun sink slowly into the western sea, bathing it with a radiance indescribable.

The recollection of a night spent outside of Eastmain River on the last trip, when a large camp-fire had attracted the attention of the people at the Post, and they, supposing it was someone in distress, had sent out a party of Indians to us at daybreak the next morning, caused us to extinguish the camp-fire as the darkness drew on, that there might not be a similar occurrence. We intended to slip quietly into Fort George, the next morning, without giving any warning of our approach.

It was with feelings of pleasure we retired that night, knowing that it could only be a short distance to Fort George, one of the most picturesque and interesting places on the Bay, and where we would meet some of the friends of five years ago.

The next morning found us up bright and early and taking advantage of every means at our disposal to make ourselves presentable, brushing our hair and greasing our boots as if it were Sunday at home (?). These preparations delayed us somewhat, but the novelty of being "dressed up" amply repaid us.

The morning was a delightful one, bright and warm. Leaving the island, we steered straight for the mainland, but the nearer we got, the more apparent it became that we were not approaching the mouth of Big River, on which Fort George

is situated, although, at a distance, it resembled it to a remarkable degree. We turned our boat northward again and, after going a short distance, discovered that the shore was the north side of Aquatuk Bay. Clearing this by a westward course we soon got into another maze of islands, seemingly interconnected by shoals. Much time was wasted in retracing our course, when it was found impossible to effect a passage between certain of the islands. It would have been risky to have taken a course in the open sea, as a heavy bank of fog was hanging over it to the west, which with the rising of the wind might have blown in on us any minute, so we decided to take a chance among the islands.

About eleven o'clock we anchored off one of the larger islands, and, landing, proceeded to the highest point to look for the mainland. While ashore we came to the conclusion that it would be at least a couple of hours before our destination was reached, and decided to have lunch. Both observations and lunch were unsatisfactory, for, unable to see the mainland, we were still mystified as to our location, and as there was not a drop of fresh water to be found anywhere, had to make the best of a dry meal.

From this island, we again steered for the mainland, but after running for half an hour sighted a white patch on an island ahead, which we thought might be a tent. This was made the objective

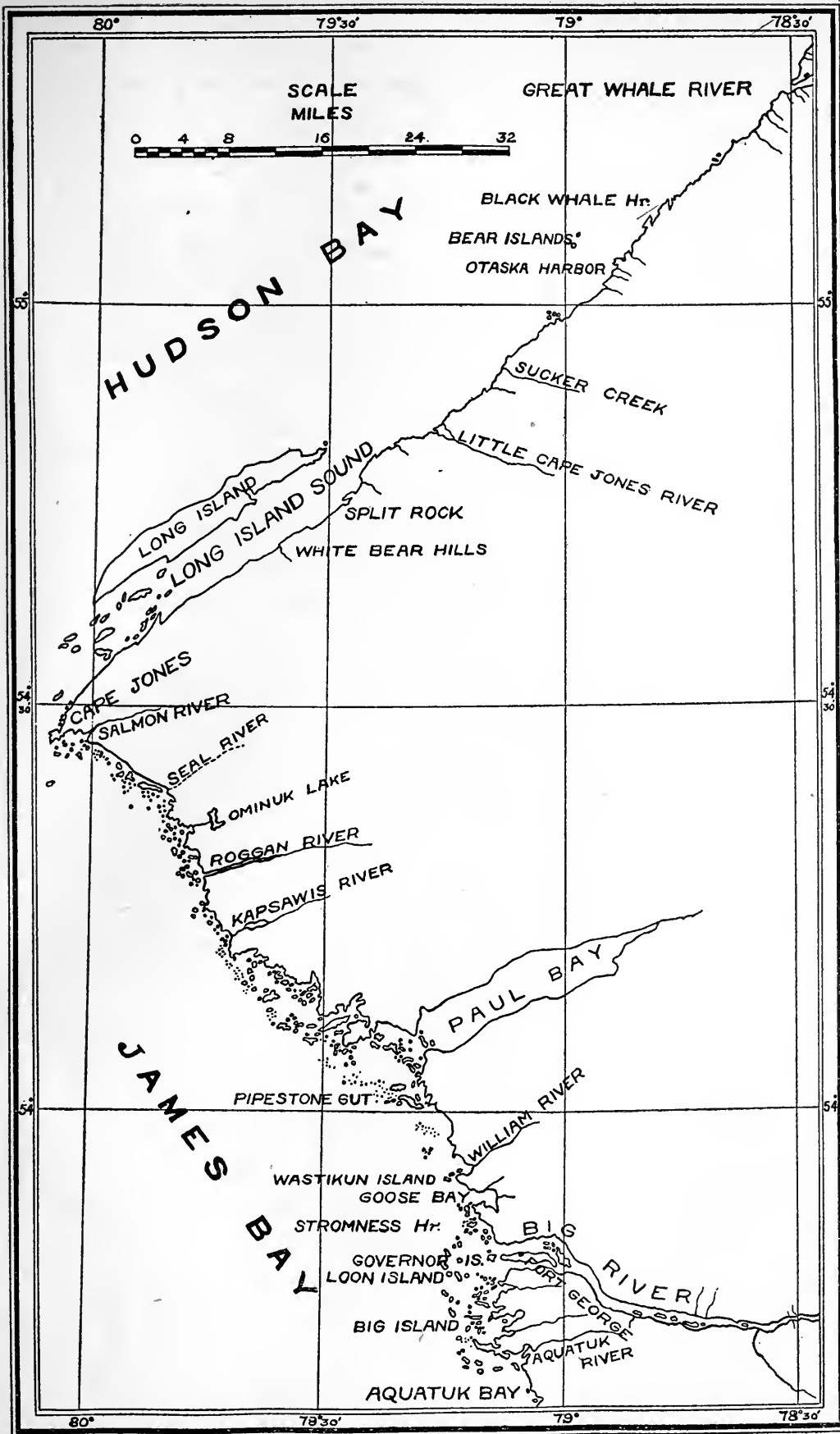
point, but owing to the haze, it was difficult to keep it in sight. In fact it was lost to view a couple of times, and we feared a mirage had misled us, as had often been the case before.

Drawing nearer, we could distinguish figures moving about, and eventually a stovepipe, protruding from a tent, was discovered by means of our glasses. By careful manœuvring the island was approached, being shoaly on that side. On landing there were none of the inmates of the tent to be seen, evidently having been frightened by the approach of the "fire boat," as the Indians termed it.

As we came up to the tent, a short, heavy-set, bearded, swarthy man emerged from it followed by other members of his family. The usual handshaking performance began, although the greetings exchanged were hardly intelligible to either party. We pointed to what appeared to be the mouth of Big River, and said "Fort George?" The man smiled and nodded assent and endeavoured by gestures to show us the location of the channel by which to enter the river.

As is customary in that country, these Indians offered us a present, some dried fish, which we declined with thanks and departed.

The channel, we knew by former experience, is deep, but changes its position from year to year, owing to the shifting of the sandbar at the river's mouth. Consequently, special precau-







tions were taken by placing a man at the bow of the boat with a sounding pole, and thus the entrance into the river was made successfully.

Once in the river the going was easy, as the channel is deep and wide and lies wholly along the north bank for a distance of three miles, until nearly opposite the Post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Post is located on the north side of an island, which is about six miles long and divides the river at its mouth. From here the channel swings directly across the river and follows the bank until the Post is reached.

Shortly after entering the river the chug of the motor boat apparently began to attract attention, and soon many forms could be seen hurrying along the pier, so that by the time we were opposite the Post it was crowded with dusky men in their blue capot coats, and women in their gaudy print dresses and shawls.

When we drew up alongside the pier we were about as much interested in the crowd thereon as they were in us, and our first impulse was to secure a photograph of this unique assembly. As we stepped on to the landing, the crowd at the top parted and Mr. Griffith, the Factor, passed through and down to meet us. A moment or two later came the Rev. Mr. Walton, whose acquaintance we had made on our last trip, and who, with the lapse of five years of northern missionary life, looked scarcely a day older.

The usual salutations being exchanged, our first question was regarding the York boat and its party. We were pleased to find that although their guide from Rupert House had deserted them, they had been able to secure the services of Husky Bill, an Eskimo who trades at Fort George, and whose reputation as a sailor and guide is known all over the Bay.

It was now the twenty-fourth of July, and as Mr. Strong and his party had left on the eighteenth we satisfied ourselves with the belief that they were either at Clark Island or else very close to it.

## CHAPTER X

### Fort George



AFTER a short conversation with our friends, we were invited to set up our camp adjacent to the Post buildings and to dine with Mr. Griffith that evening at the Factory.

As soon as we could get the camp in order and don our town clothes, we repaired to the Factory to partake of a sumptuous repast in real civilized fashion, the first for nearly a month. What a pleasant experience it was to sit on a chair and eat appetizing food from china dishes, with silver cutlery, on a real table covered with snow-white linen.

As before mentioned, Mrs. Griffith had gone to Rupert House, but although her husband missed the company of his wife and little daughter, he did not fare so badly, having a number of servants to attend to his needs. He was particularly fortunate in having a good Indian cook, who had been practising the art under the direction of Mrs. Griffith.

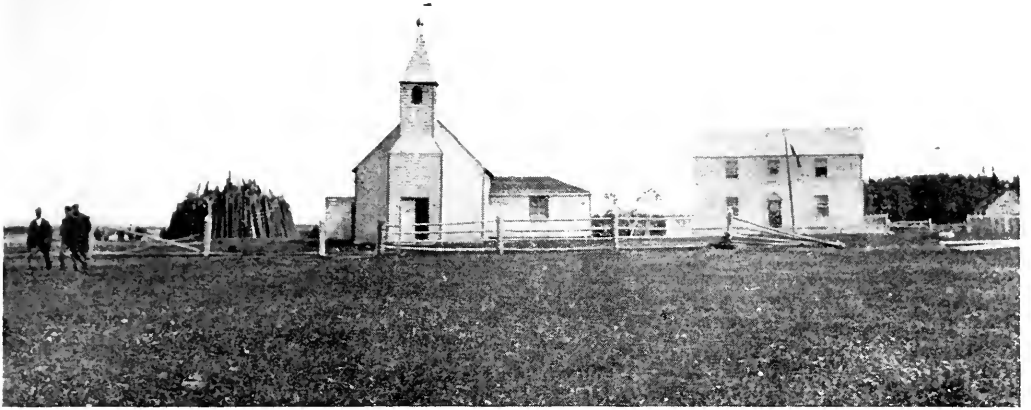
On entering the house, we were strongly re-

mind of our former visit. Mr. Gillies was the Factor at that time, and during the intervening five years we had never thought of Fort George without having recollections of him and his fine vegetable garden. It had been a great surprise to find so large a collection of vegetables in such a well kept garden. He was by all odds the First Prize gardener of the Hudson Bay country at that time, and we are told that he still maintains his former reputation.

We would have asked the Factor concerning the garden, but on second consideration, decided to wait and see for ourselves. Mr. Griffith was a young Englishman and not so likely to be advanced in the art of the spade and the hoe and our prognostications proved correct. That fine garden of 1907 had vanished with the season, for when Mr. Gillies was transferred to Albany Post, the following year, the garden was entirely neglected.

Later in the evening, we accepted an invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. Waltor at the Mission house. The Mission is allotted a block of land adjoining the Post to the east, on which there is built the church, the Mission house, a servants' house, and a barn.

The Mission house is a fine roomy structure, built of logs, well clapboarded and painted, two and a half stories high, and with a sheet metal roof, which looks strangely modern for the place. The interior of the house is most homelike. The



**The Mission Buildings, Fort George**



**The Mission Garden, Fort George**



large living room with its piano, library table, bookcases, easy chairs, oil paintings, fur rugs, etc., was well calculated to make one feel that life, even on Hudson Bay, could be made attractive and pleasant and was really not shorn of all the comforts of the outside world.

Mr. Walton has spent twenty years on the Bay, and the evening was made very entertaining and instructive by the relating of his experiences, which led to many discussions on the features of his work and the methods he employs. He is eminently fitted for the work, having a thorough knowledge of the Indian and Eskimo languages. He has published a large number of tracts and, also, has arranged a great many hymns in these languages. He has made a number of records of these hymns and distributed them among those of his helpers who possess phonographs. We were privileged to hear some of the records, while at the Post on Great Whale River.

Beside conducting all the services, week-day and Sunday, he is constantly attending to the sick, for he is the sole physician of the place.

In addition to Mr. Walton's work at Fort George, he has charge of the Mission at Great Whale River Post, which he maintains with the assistance of Nero, an Eskimo lay reader. While he may make other trips to Great Whale River during the year, it is Mr. Walton's custom to spend one month of the early summer with his

Eskimo people there. The work has been much facilitated by the able assistance of Mrs. Walton, who comes from a family long in the official service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who has been familiar with the Indian language since childhood. Of their family, two of the children are now being educated in England.

Mr. Walton has had many thrilling experiences during his career on the Bay. Noteworthy amongst these was one that occurred on the day of his marriage and while on his wedding tour, which consisted of a dog-team trip from Fort George to Great Whale River and return. It was while trying to make a record run at night that they broke through an air hole in the ice, narrowly escaping death.

Mr. Walton recounted his many experiences in a very matter-of-fact manner, as though they were mere incidents that might be expected as part of his every-day work.

The time passed quickly in the congenial surroundings of the Mission house, but we were forced to return to the tent early as we had left a young Indian lad to guard against the ravages of the dogs. We departed, more than ever impressed with the self-sacrifice and success of the Missionary and his work, for Mr. Walton's influence has been felt throughout the entire Bay, more than any other individual's, and so greatly has it affected the people under his charge, that



they repose the greatest confidence in him, and, in fact, seem to look upon him as almost infallible.

We were soon to have a strong evidence of the preacher's influence, for when we returned to the tent, and found the lad patiently awaiting us, we decided to reward him with that which is dearest to the Indian's heart—something to eat and drink. We made him a cup of cocoa and gave him some biscuits, and when handing him the former said jestingly, *eskootow wapooi* (firewater). The lad jumped as if he had been hit with a club and attempted a hasty exit from the tent. After much coaxing, he was persuaded to return, and we finally induced him to take the cocoa, assuring him that Mr. Walton would drink it and that it was not whisky.

The next day was spent in examining the channels and the harbour of the Big River at Fort George. Mr. A. P. Low has said that the harbour at that place is the finest on the coast, and our observations were quite in accord with his.

In our opinion, Fort George is destined to be one of the most important places on the Bay, when the east coast has been opened up and the country developed, which will undoubtedly follow the completion of the railway to the southern end of the Bay. The depth of channel and the abundant protection for small and large craft, together with the possibilities of agriculture, pulp, and timber industries, to say nothing about its natural

attractiveness, will undoubtedly give it precedence over other ports.

There is little doubt that, if the Government were to establish experimental farms, say at Rupert House, Eastmain River, and at Fort George, they would achieve surprising results. These would be a strong factor in the opening up of two hundred and fifty miles of the most southern part of the Bay, and in transforming what is now an almost trackless forest into thriving rural communities.

The advance of civilization at the present time to the frontiers of this country will no doubt cause the rise of serious questions which the country must face sooner or later.

As has ever been the case where Indian people have encountered the advances of the white man's civilization, the result has been either their annihilation or their assimilation. If the former is not to be the case, two preventive measures should be taken.

Firstly, educative: Industrial schools like those of Western Canada should be established, for as the white man crowds the Indian from his natural means of livelihood, it certainly becomes the white man's duty to educate and fit him for the farm and the workshop, to the end that he may in turn be qualified to earn a livelihood for himself, and do his share in the development of his country.

Since the Indian always adopts the white man's mode of attire and dwelling, he should be taught the white man's knowledge of health preservation and sanitary arrangements, for the latter have been but little required in his wigwam, and very naturally he knows little of them. Close, dark, unventilated houses, often steeped in filth and rubbish, the accumulation from years of use without cleaning, are, without doubt, some of the fundamental causes of the prevalence of tuberculosis and divers loathsome diseases among them.

Secondly, there should be means provided so that the inhabitants and travellers in that country, so far removed from a source of medical aid, may have proper attention in time of injury or disease, and that sanitary precautions, such as the isolation of those having contagious diseases, may be taken. The latter is particularly necessary as was shown by the measles epidemic of a few years ago. During that period the east coast Indians died by scores, owing purely to the lack of medical supervision and authoritative control.

There is no doubt but these thousands of Indians and Eskimos in the Hudson Bay country should have medical attention at short intervals; and at some central place, say Fort George, an established hospital, where the more serious cases might enjoy the advantages of doctor, nurse, and comfortable quarters.

Late in the day we were destined to witness a

most pathetic scene in Indian life. We had been attempting an examination of the upper end of the island and were returning, having been defeated by swarms of black flies and mosquitoes, for the day was exceedingly hot and murky, excellent weather for the operations of these little black devils, when we were met by Mr. Walton. He informed us that a death had just occurred, the deceased being a little cripple boy, and that the burial was to take place shortly before sundown.

It is customary in the north country to bury quickly during the summer months, as the heat is intense and they have no means of preserving the body. Although most of their superstition has been given up, they still regard the dead body with an awe and dread, which it seems impossible to overcome. An Indian will rarely remain with a person, no matter how closely related, if he feels certain that death will soon occur. It is very seldom, also, that a tent will be used in which any member of the family has died. After death, all the belongings of the deceased are bundled up and hidden in some out-of-the-way place, never to be used, and are seldom ever seen again.

We were told that one of the Indians, who died the previous summer, had been so fearful of a visit from the spirit of his wife, who had died a short time before, that he guarded his tent



The Family of "The Rat," Fort George



An Indian Burial at Fort George



carefully every night by enclosing it with a fence, consisting of four posts and a fishing net, through which he believed the spirit would not pass.

To show our sympathy, we attended the funeral services at the church and at the grave. At the conclusion of the church service, the body was carried in the little coffin, made of plain boards and painted black, on a bier made of two poles and half a dozen barrel staves. Over the coffin and bier was thrown a black cloth.

The procession wended its way slowly and solemnly across the meadow to the cemetery, preceded by Mr. Walton in his clerical robes. Leaving the meadow, they passed down a short path through the trees and carried the body to the newly-made grave in the little cemetery, where lie many of the natives in graves unmarked and forgotten.

In the rays of the setting sun, the little coffin was lowered into the grave, and the burial service read. No show of emotion stirred the stolid faces of the onlookers, with the exception of the father and mother, who, strangely contrary to Indian tradition, wept bitterly as the grave was being refilled.

When the service was over, the men and women stole quietly away, leaving the bereaved parents alone with the minister. Finally, Mr. Walton took his departure, after speaking some words of comfort, and then, side by side, strange to

relate, with bowed heads, the father and mother went silently back to their own tent.

On the following day, the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner the *Pride* arrived from Charlton Island, and aboard of her came Bishop Anderson. In the evening we repaired to the Mission house and paid our respects to the Bishop, as did also the Factors of the two trading posts.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Mission house, and while there we learned it was the intention of the Bishop to visit Great Whale River. We offered to carry him in our motor boat if he were willing to run the risk of travelling in so small a craft. Mr. Walton informed us that he would be glad to have the Bishop accompany us if we would carry, in addition, a special guide whom he would provide. This we assured them was quite unnecessary with sailors of a whole month's experience, but the Bishop was naturally a man of much importance, and as Mr. Walton had little faith in the white man's ability to find harbours of which he had never heard, should he need them in time of storm, we finally agreed to take Joseph, the guide.

On the next morning (Sunday) we attended services conducted by the Bishop in the pretty little church. This visit of the Bishop, the first in two years, was of course an occasion of importance at Fort George, and in consequence, everybody in the place, attired in their best, attended the various services of the day.





Rev. W. G. Walton

At Fort George

Bishop Anderson



The church has been built almost entirely by the minister and his assistant, they having added a much needed wing that summer. It is of wood throughout, very prettily stencilled in various designs and appropriate texts of scripture in Indian characters.

In the afternoon the retiring manager of the Revillon Post and the one now in charge came and accompanied us to their residence, where we were hospitably entertained. The former was being transferred to Port Harrison, the most northerly trading post on the east coast, and about three hundred miles north of Fort George. Mr. Aldridge, the retiring manager, did not look upon this as a pleasant change, for he and another would be the only white men at the place, except when the steamer made its annual call.

Port Harrison Post has been established but four years, and in that time has become one of the most important Revillon posts on the Bay. The trading is entirely with the Eskimos, whose catch is mainly the white fox, seals, walrus, porpoise products; and polar bears also contribute to their revenue.

Monday and Tuesday were spent in completing the investigations and in getting supplies for the continuance of the trip to Great Whale Post.

## CHAPTER XI

### Fort George to Great Whale River



OUR arrangements were all completed by Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning we were to make the start for Great Whale River Post. For several days there had been wind and fog on the Bay. On rising at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the weather although foggy showed signs of improvement, so we decided to break camp and load the boat. One was dispatched to the Mission house to notify the Bishop of our intended departure and of the necessity of having his guide ready and the baggage at the boat.

The news that the Bishop was about to leave was noised around the place, causing quite a commotion, and soon the people began to gather at the pier until, at the time of our departure, there were several hundred men, women, and children assembled to say farewell and to bid the Bishop and ourselves "Godspeed."

Joseph, the guide, was duly installed in the pilot's seat and we started down the river toward the Bay. No sooner had we reached it, than we

found a stiff wind blowing from the north, and the sea too rough to travel on, especially on account of our having to cross Goose Bay, which, even in good weather, is likely to be rough. Consequently, after going about five miles we were very glad to take advantage of the shelter offered by Stromness Harbour.

Hoping that the wind might go down, we made ready our dinner before putting up the tents. There was no such luck awaiting us, for the elements seemed determined to thwart our plans, and for several days we were held in this harbour. We could scarcely have found a place with better camping facilities, as there was an abundance of wood and water and good shelter from the wind by the side of a large clump of willows and fir trees.

The water at this place introduced us to a new problem. It was alive with millions of small red insects, about the shape of a shrimp and varying in size from that of a small black fly to that of the point of a pin. By straining the water through a cloth, we were able to remove all that could be seen of these, but in addition, as an added precaution, we boiled the water before using it.

As the culinary department was about the only one that demanded our attention at the time and having as our guest the Bishop, a man apparently possessed of fine digestive powers, we decided that he was a fit subject on which to test some of our experiments in the line of cookery.

Having previously been successful in the concoction of rhubarb puddings boiled in a canvas sample bag, we determined to try our hand that day on a boiled date pudding. Luckily the pudding was voted a success, although the side of the bag in which it was boiled was scorched out. The best proof of this was the fact that it was entirely demolished, and even Joseph smiled broadly, as he was asked to have a third helping. In fact, from this time on we always knew when Joseph liked the dessert, for, whereas two helpings were quite sufficient if it were ordinary, a third was none too many if it suited his fancy.

The second day was wet and windy so we made ourselves as comfortable as the cold, damp weather would permit, and stayed in camp. About noon a sailboat entered the harbour from the north, and when the crew were told of the presence of the Bishop, they came ashore to meet him, bringing a fine duck as a present. After they had partaken liberally of a lunch, which was prepared for them, they departed in order to take advantage of the north wind, which was a fair one for them. They were from Fort George, having been delivering supplies at various camps along the coast for the Hudson's Bay Company. How strange it seemed to see such up-to-date methods of business—delivery of groceries without charge, in such a remote portion of the country.

In the evening, the duck was made into stew



Fisher Women at Fort George



Watching our Departure from Fort George





in which were cooked huge dumplings, the thought of which makes us hungry even now.

This was the first of August, the summer was half over, and we were but half way to our northern objective, a very serious thought as the evening came without any change in the weather conditions.

On the morrow we were destined to a pleasant surprise, for although the weather was still cloudy and a fog was hanging over the Bay, the water was calm enough to permit of our travelling. We were on board and ready to start at half past four o'clock. When once outside of the harbour's protection, we found conditions were about as bad as they had been when we entered it, but it was too much like quitting for us to turn back, so we decided to risk it and go ahead. How Joseph found the course without a compass was a mystery to us, for only in a few spots could the outlines of the land be seen.

At last, the third prominent landmark of the Bay hove in sight. It was Wastikon, a bare, treeless rock, which rises from the water near the northern point of Goose Bay, about fifteen miles from Fort George. It is very high, although not so high as either Sherrick Mount or Cape Hope Islands, nevertheless it can be seen on a clear day for many miles.

Here there was an Eskimo camp, and as we drew near, one of the men launched his kyak and paddled toward us. We stopped and awaited his

approach, which he made with amazing rapidity. After the usual greetings, he produced some fine salmon trout, which he presented to us, receiving some sugar in return.

Leaving our visitor we crossed to a group of islands to the north of Wastikon and there stopped for breakfast. In the meantime the fog had lifted slightly, so when the meal was finished, the journey was resumed until the first group of islands, which forms the southern part of the Pipestone gutway, was reached. By that time, the wind, which was dismissing the fog, was raising a heavy sea, consequently we decided to camp for dinner and await weather developments.

No improvement took place during the afternoon, so camp was prepared for the night. This was one of the pleasantest camps of the journey. It was pitched on a fine, mossy spot, with plenty of wood and water at hand. It seemed as though we were either travelling in a portion of the country that abounded in good camping places, or else that we were guided by fortune to where the existing ones were.

During the afternoon, one of the party had an experience which created a great deal of excitement for some time, but from which he escaped without mishap. He had never managed a canoe by himself, to any extent, until he left Moose Factory on the trip, and although at this time he could control one fairly well if accompanied by

another in quiet water, he was hardly qualified to go alone in a strong wind. However, some provisions were required from the boat and he volunteered to go for them alone.

Nobody thought of there being any danger, so he put off unaccompanied. The wind, now quite a gale, was with him on the way out, so that all went well until he tried to turn up to the side of the boat. As he turned his canoe, its bow, high out of the water, caught the full force of the wind, and although he paddled his hardest, he was swept swiftly past the boat. Now came the tug of war, as he turned around completely and tried again, but with the same result. The seriousness of the situation dawned upon all, and was manifested in those on the beach by much shouting of advice to the one in the canoe, although it was quite unintelligible at such a distance, owing to the high wind.

There being only one canoe it was impossible to go to his assistance, a fact that made the situation all the more grave. After several attempts, he managed to reach the boat with the bow of his canoe, but being unable to bring the stern, in which he was seated, around to the side, was blown away again and again. The excitement and exertion were beginning to show their effects on him. The onlookers tried to advise him by signals from the shore, which eventually proved more effective than their shouting had done, for chang-

ing his position to the centre of the canoe, as they had been trying to direct him, he was immediately in control and reached the boat, and later the shore, a wearied but a much wiser man.

The island was absolutely without any protection for a camp. Our tents were pitched on really the highest point of the island, as it was the only dry, soft, grassy place to be found. Elsewhere it was almost entirely composed of smooth, bare rock.

The night was damp and foggy, so a huge camp-fire of drift cedar stumps was built in front of our tent. With the tent flaps thrown back, we seated ourselves comfortably in the warmth of the fire, and by its light the Bishop conducted the usual evening devotions.

As the next morning proved too stormy to permit of our striking out to sea, Joseph proposed that we should follow the sinuous route of the gutway. The channel, although not very deep, is sufficiently so for the passage of the Companies' sailboats, when piloted by experienced men. As Joseph was a regular pilot, he knew the course perfectly, and felt sure that he could take us through without difficulty. We accordingly embarked about eleven o'clock. Shortly after starting, the wind rose even higher, but we were protected from the heavy seas by the multitude of islands through which we passed.

The experience of the morning certainly served

to impress us with the nature of a gutway. Its winding way led us to all points of the compass, and its many shoals were a source of constant anxiety to the man at the helm.

During the morning we passed the low-lying shores at the entrance to Paul Bay, and stopped for dinner about three o'clock on an island which proved to be devoid of any, except rotten, wood. On landing everybody started on a hunt for wood, and it was fully half an hour before enough was found to boil the tea water. Search was also made for water, without avail, until the camping place was again reached, where a spring was discovered within a hundred feet of the spot. The island, unlike most we had visited, was covered with a thick growth of Arctic moss, but here and there its surface was dotted with beds of the most beautiful varicoloured flowers, specimens of which were added to our collection, which every day was becoming larger and more interesting.

Considerable time had been lost in the search for fuel, but as the day was now calm and bright and there were prospects of another good long run, much haste was made with the meal, and before long we had it finished, the kitchen packed, and were aboard the boat again.

Scarcely had we been out half an hour, when huge clouds appeared in the west, and as they came rolling on toward us, told of the approach of a dangerous storm. Joseph began to look for

a harbour, but before we could reach one, a furious driving rainstorm settled down and almost hid the island for which we were steering. A place of protection from the storm was found in a harbour which lay between two islands, but we were still doomed to mishap, for the tide was exceedingly low and the water consequently shallow. The propeller was soon clogged with seaweed, leaving the boat uncontrollable with the rudder. We were immediately blown ashore, and it was with considerable difficulty that the boat was polled against the wind into a safe anchoring place.

It was Saturday evening and accordingly the camp was destined to be a Sunday one. To find a suitable place to erect our tents, it was necessary to go about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, so that by the time the camp was made and the supper cooked it was dark.

Sunday proved to be a beautiful, bright, sunny day, but with high winds, so it was spent quietly. A good long sleep in the morning and an early retirement in the evening, with morning and evening devotions by the Bishop, gave little time for aught else save the preparing and eating of two meals.

At three o'clock on Monday morning Joseph called us, announcing a clear day and no sea. We prepared a hasty breakfast and were ready to sail by six o'clock. We had gone only a short

distance when the wind freshened considerably, but keeping well in the shelter of the islands which bordered the coast we encountered but few rough places. The sea was very rough beyond the islands, as in the short, unprotected openings it would dash high over our front deck and probably would have swamped us had it not been for the canvas boat cover which rendered good service.

We had been travelling but an hour, when ice cakes were sighted seaward, probably two miles out. The ice appeared in larger quantities as the morning advanced, and about five miles off Cape Jones it had grown to be an immense field, closely packed. Between this and the shore the ice was scattered, piled up in great heaps over the shoals, but sufficiently open for us to dodge in and out through it, right up to the harbour on the south side of Cape Jones.

This point is the dividing one between James and Hudson Bays, and we had been looking forward to seeing it, with not only much interest, but with considerable anxiety, as it is one of the most dangerous localities for navigation on the east coast. This danger is due to the shoaly character of the water, huge boulders often coming nearly to the surface; to the swift, adverse, tidal currents, and to the winds which are nearly always blowing at the Cape.

The vicinity of Cape Jones has been a favourite

camping place of the Eskimos for many years, there being specially good salmon rivers and lakes a short distance back in the interior. The expectation of visiting these camps again and securing some of the fish, had grown from day to day, and as we came near the harbour at Cape Jones, one of our chief concerns was whether our old friends would be found there or not.

As we entered the Bay to the south of Cape Jones, on that beautiful sunny afternoon of August the fifth, the sight was a most impressive one. Directly ahead of us, extending far out into the sea, lay the Cape as though it were a great hand, the points reaching out like fingers, beginning as shoals and sloping gently upwards and back to form the high hills which border the main coast.

Piled high upon the shoals and outlying reefs and in the deeper water as a closely packed field, stretching far out to sea, the ice made a dazzling sight as it glittered in the bright sunshine. Around us floated countless ice cakes, detached from the field by the winds and tidal currents, some but a few cubic feet in volume, while others were as large as a cottage above the water, their total size being, as is always the rule, nine times as large. These big cakes were often like huge pieces of statuary, worn by the sun into shapes, sometimes exceedingly lifelike, at others into grotesque figures, which readily suggested to our imagination those depicted in ancient mythology. On



one side would be seen a perfect statue of a sleeping polar bear, and on another a giant grotto with imps and elves in the most exaggerated exhibitions of contortion.

To our delight we soon spied the Eskimo camp. Its location was at once picturesque, and yet bare of that appearance of hospitality that green fields and forests lend to the dwelling places of their more southern neighbours. The camp was pitched at the base of the steep rocky hill which rises abruptly from the water's edge, leaving but a narrow beach. There were three marquees in sight and figures could be seen moving about them, proving to our satisfaction that they saw us and soon would be out with their fish.

By dint of careful manœuvring amongst the shoals that border the deep but tortuous channel, we finally arrived in a snug little harbour on the south side of the Cape and anchored there. Having had nothing to eat since breakfast (it was long past noon), we took our "grub" ashore and, after eating, went to reconnoitre the ice situation on the other side of the Cape, from the top of the hill.

The view from the hilltop showed that any attempt to round the Cape would not only be futile at this time, but very dangerous. The late north winds had packed the ice amongst the numerous islands, which lie between the Cape and Long Island, very tightly, and that through

which we might be able to wind our way was moving swiftly with the tidal currents, with the consequent danger of crushing the small craft.

As far as we could see up Long Island Sound, the ice was closely packed, except for narrow lanes which began and terminated abruptly. To the south and west the field stretched for miles, growing gradually narrower and more open as its distance from the Cape increased.

As there was no hope of proceeding, we returned to the boat for the camping outfit and prepared a comfortable camp for an indefinite stay. We felt sure that a change of wind would break up the field and enable us to proceed.

The spot offered an ideal place for a camp. A high cliff protected it from the cold north wind; a fine grassy spot contributed a soft bed in the absence of boughs; smooth, flat rocks a short distance from the tent contained pools of fine, fresh water; and along the beach, plenty of driftwood offered us fuel without much labour.

We had been at work getting up the tents but a few minutes, when a group of Eskimos appeared on the cliffs above and began descending to the level of the camp. They came shyly up to us and one by one offered to shake hands, saying *hoyk* and smiling broadly. There was one man who was nearly blind, being led by two bright little boys who looked much like twins, about twelve years of age, and who could speak a little

English, having lived at the Rupert House Post for a while.

There were two women in the party, one young and apparently the blind man's wife, the other a very old woman whose bent form, shrivelled countenance, and scraggly, white hair, hanging partly over her face, reminded one strongly of the pictures of witches that in our infant days adorned the pages of our picture books, but whose genial smile could not help but inspire confidence and respect to which her age was entitled. The man and the boys were dressed in the typical capot shirts of duck bagging with trousers to match, tucked into the tops of their sealskin boots. The former are devoid of buttons, have a hood, are pulled over the head, and hang loosely about the body. The women were in English print dresses and wore shawls over their heads. These articles of clothing are obtained at the trading posts. On the man's back was a bag which he took off after the salutations were over and presented to us. It contained about a dozen salmon trout and whitefish, which would average nearly two pounds apiece.

Not content to come without some gift, the old lady brought an armful of dry cedar for starting the fire. The kindness and generosity of these people of the North has always aroused our admiration for them, but the simple act of this old woman impressed us more than anything else of the kind.

Joseph understood a little of the Eskimo language and managed to gain some information from them, viz., that the ice which composed the field had formed in the vicinity during the previous winter, and after breaking up had not moved northward and out of the Hudson Straits, as was usual, but had been held there by the adverse winds, for the first time in the memory of these people. The ice field was much diminished in size by this time, owing to the rapid evaporation during the late warm weather.

The recent winds had been very heavy ones from the north, with the result that the ice was jammed tighter than ever amongst the islands and in the sound. We also learned that the other party, in the York boat, had passed through before the recent tightening of the ice, and were probably a long distance ahead.

We were much disappointed at the delay, but Joseph was at the height of his ambition, for he and the Bishop could have service with the Eskimos every day as long as we remained, which they proceeded to do that very evening, much to the delight of these natives, who only hear a minister a few times each year and the Bishop only once in two or more years.

Two more days were spent at this camp. Each morning, early, we would proceed to the hilltop in order to observe the condition of the ice field, only to return to the camp with the disappointing

news that the outlook was no better. The days were spent in cooking, sewing, and such other jobs as can best be done in a settled camp.

We had many visits from our Husky friends in the meantime. Coming up quietly, they would squat down, Turk fashion, a few yards away, there to watch our every movement, often passing quiet remarks among themselves and smiling broadly, as we thought, at our outlandish methods of doing things.

On the occasion of one of these visits, we were busily engaged in baking a deep rhubarb pie from the remains of some preserves we had made at Fort George, when several of them came up and stood in a group, watching the operation with much curiosity. The men had just returned from Fort George, having arrived at that place on the night previous to our departure, and had told of the ice conditions at the Cape, but too late for the information to reach us.

The women, who were evidently the wives of the men, were very plump, short, and, above all, pleasant creatures, not at all bad-looking for people of their type. One of them had a child. It was laced tightly in a sort of bag of black plush, with only its head free. This interesting package was carried on the mother's back, in a shawl folded V-shape, tied at the ends, and hung around her neck. We tried to separate her from the rest to take her photograph with the baby on

her back, but she evidently misunderstood, for before the camera could be focussed, she lifted the youngster out of the shawl, sat down on the ground, and commenced nursing it.

These women, like the former ones, were clad in print dresses, but had added a touch of native colour to their costumes in the form of a broad U-shaped scarf or apron, hung from the waist at the back. This was made of heavy black or white cloth and was roughly embroidered in many colours of silk. Joseph informed us that these scarfs are worn by most all of the Eskimo women and vary in length according to the age of the wearer. These visits were replete with interesting and instructive experiences, and helped to keep up the spirits of the party in the face of the discouraging conditions, for the weather was the finest for travelling since the day of our departure from Rupert House and we were unable to make use of it.

On the evening of the third day we walked over the high hills and across a valley to a second range, the ranges running back at right angles to the coastline, a distance of about three miles, to get a better look at the ice in the sound. We found that it had opened up considerably, although not enough to let us pass the islands. However, a south wind was blowing, and it seemed that chances were good for open water in the morning.



An Eskimo Salmon Spear



An Eskimo Mother at Cape Jones





The walk in both directions across the valley was a trying one. Millions of mosquitoes swarmed about our heads, getting into our mouths, ears, noses, and eyes, and biting us until we were compelled to cover our heads with large handkerchiefs and run for the hilltop where the breeze would blow the tormentors away.

We were up on the following morning at a quarter to three and ascended the hill again to see the condition of the ice. The sun had not yet risen, but it was quite light, and we could see that the sound beyond was fairly clear. The ice seemed to be tightly jammed between the Cape and the islands. There was practically no wind when we arose and the day gave promise of being an ideal one for travelling, but at sunrise a stiff breeze sprang up from the north-east.

Everything being packed ready for starting, it seemed hard to abandon the idea of resuming the journey. Mac and Joseph vigorously opposed such an attempt, asserting that it would be too great a risk to venture out among the ice cakes, moving rapidly under the influence of wind and tide, any of which would have been sufficient to crush our small craft like an egg shell. At their suggestion it was decided to await further developments.

About six o'clock the wind fell and it was determined to attempt the passage through the ice field. With feelings somewhat akin to excitement

we started down a lane of open water scarcely fifteen feet wide, bordered on either side by long lines of closely-packed ice blocks, moving out with the tide.

Such a clear way was not to be our portion for long, as was early discovered, the course necessitating a passage through one of the lines of ice blocks, at right angles to its direction of motion. Approaching it slowly, Joseph watched his opportunity to make a dash through an opening which was sufficiently wide to admit the boat. That this was risky business was soon emphasized, for no sooner had the boat gotten through, than the blocks came swiftly together, catching the canoe amidships. Fortunately it rose out of the water as the ice came together, and although it nearly dumped the cargo, the canoe was undamaged. From this time on for nearly an hour, we dodged between great blocks of ice which moved aimlessly about, or ran the gauntlet through lanes of moving ice. There were many narrow escapes, but fortunately no more collisions.

When the Cape was finally rounded, much more open water was found although there were still many ice cakes, some of them of huge dimensions. It was with feelings of great relief at having passed another danger point, Cape Jones, that we made our way up Long Island Sound, twenty-five miles long and six miles wide.

From Fort George to the Cape, the shores are

low and the scenery is of little interest, showing a constant sameness which is tiring to the eye. At Cape Jones a decided change takes place, the low shores giving way to high, rocky hills. The former are characteristic of James Bay, and the latter of Hudson Bay.

The scenery in the sound was of the most rugged nature, the shores of the mainland rising in steep, rocky slopes, to an elevation of several hundred feet, a short distance back from the water, bare of all vegetation, save Arctic moss and a few patches of scrubby spruce.

Here and there a valley opens as a portal to the inland country, and in these sheltered places sometimes a gentle slope would be seen in the distance, covered with short grass, giving it an appearance of pasture land. This was in fact more particularly noticeable on the long slopes at the southern side of Cape Jones. At other places these valleys were thickly wooded with scrubby spruce. On the island side of the sound, high cliffs of limestone, sometimes capped with a growth of evergreens, were to be seen.

The sound, with the exception of its southern entrance, is devoid of islands, but prominent hills, easily distinguishable by their peculiar forms, indicated by such names as the Indians have given them, occur at intervals along the mainland. Of these, White Bear Hills and Split Rock are the most prominent and stand out as landmarks for fully

twenty miles. The latter consists of two bold peaks, which rise but a short distance from each other, while the former are rounded hills of white weathered rock, suggestive to the Indians of crouching white bears.

All the way up the sound, the monotony of the tortuous course through the ice was relieved by the interesting scenery on either side, and the wonderfully realistic forms depicted by the action of the sun on the ice cakes. On one side would be seen a miniature castle with its battlements, on the other a hideous sea dragon, with uplifted head, while near by would be a pair of huge birds with outstretched wings, or a lady's head on which would be poised a most fantastic hat.

The ice so occupied our attention one way or another that unconsciously little heed was given to the mainland, a fact which later caused us regret, for on the return trip we failed to recognize it sufficiently well to locate our position, at a time when it was of the utmost importance.

Late in the morning we saw a mist ahead and came to the conclusion that another ice pack was the cause of it. About twelve o'clock Little Cape Jones was sighted several miles ahead, and nearing the north end of Long Island Sound, we found similar conditions of ice to those encountered at Cape Jones. At first sight it appeared impossible to proceed farther, but drawing nearer and entering the outskirts of the field, it was discovered

that by careful manœuvring we would be able to pick a course through it.

As at Cape Jones proper, the Little Cape is conspicuous for its high hills. The resemblance of one to the other is undoubtedly responsible for the similarity of names.

About two o'clock we rounded the Cape and began to look eagerly for Little Cape Jones River, where it was expected another Eskimo camp would be found. Shortly after, our attention was attracted by the sound of gunshots, and looking off in the direction from which the sound had come, several Eskimos in their *kyaks* were seen coming towards us. As they drew up alongside of the boat we were quite surprised to hear one of them address us in very good English, and a few minutes later, to find that it was Husky Bill, who had been Mr. Strong's guide from Fort George.

While the first salute was unexpected, the information which followed came as a pleasant surprise. Husky Bill had left the York boat party but a day or two previous at Great Whale River, and it was quite certain that all were well and that the parties at the most were only a few days apart. Naturally the presence of the Bishop with us caused considerable excitement in the little camp when we entered on the invitation of Husky Bill.

While the luncheon was being prepared, the Bishop and Joseph were surrounded by the people

of the camp. The former gave them a short talk, which was interpreted by Husky Bill. While this was going on, the mosquitoes made a general onslaught on the party. This was what we considered to be our introduction to real Ungava mosquitoes. The air was fairly thick with them, and one of the party, who was of a mathematical turn of mind, made the more or less approximate estimate that there were fifteen millions of them per cubic yard of free air. This condition of things necessitated a hasty closing of the meeting and the bolting of a half prepared meal. In fact, the pancakes which were mixed up and fried at this place might more accurately have been called mosquito fritters.

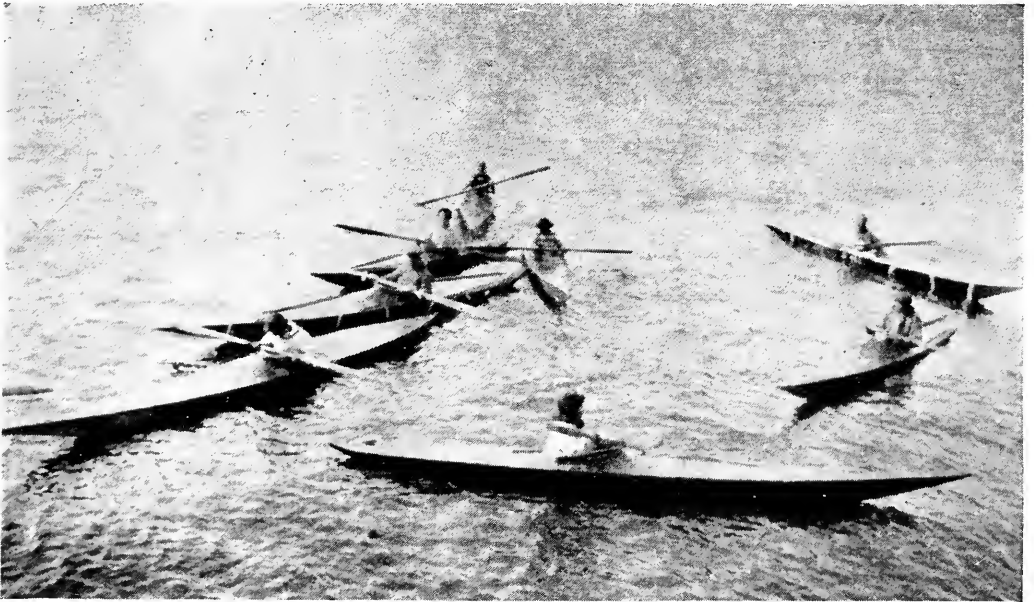
As we were preparing to return to the boat and proceed on the journey, the Eskimos brought the Bishop presents, consisting of two large salted geese and some fine salmon trout.

After a general handshaking we embarked, heartily thankful to escape from our tormentors, the mosquitoes, although many followed the boat for some time. The ice field was as closely packed as ever, but although progress was necessarily slow, a passage was effected through it. It was tiresome work at the wheel, but throughout the day each took his turn, and thus materially relieved the strain on the individual.

About five o'clock we arrived off the harbour at Sucker Creek. As this was the last one that



Drifting Ice in Long Island Sound



Kyaks at Little Cape Jones





could be reached before dark we decided to enter it and camp. The shores in this vicinity are much lower than those between the two capes and, from a distance, resemble beautiful green pasture land. They are covered with a growth of coarse grass and are entirely devoid of trees or shrubs.

The harbour at Sucker Creek is formed by a tongue of land extending out from the mainland. It offers good shelter and fresh water from the creek, but wood is scarce. Good or bad as the harbour might be, it cannot be said that its inhabitants were of the most genial nature, for once inside of it, we were visited by an advance guard of mosquitoes and informed, through the medium of many savage bites, that it was dangerous to enter their sacred precincts. By the time we were anchored, they were about us in incredible quantities.

We have seen mosquitoes in many places and in great numbers but never have we encountered such as these. They fairly swarmed about our heads and hands, eager to reach the places where the skin was unprotected. Our clothes, also, were covered with them, so that the rubbing of a hand across the back of our sweaters would leave a streak of mashed remains thereon.

We threw our equipment into the canoe as quickly as possible and made for the shore. The constant filling of our nostrils, eyes, ears, and

mouths, if we were so foolish as to open the latter, soon had us all in a fever of excitement.

We rushed up the bank with the tents and dunnage, stumbling blindly over the boulder-covered beach. Throwing our arms about us like crazy men, we endeavoured to drive the fiendish pests away while setting up the tents. As each was erected, its owner would disappear, to lie under the protection of his canopy and nurse his swollen face and hands.

The strain of the combat, combined with the intense heat of the evening, soon caused a general thirst, and one volunteered to go with Joseph in search of fresh water. The party returned shortly with the water, but had been so harassed by the mosquitoes that they had not even stopped to take a drink.

No vote was taken as to whether or not we should prepare supper, but as well as we can now recall it, no one seemed to recollect that they were in the habit of taking food in the evening, and supper was not even referred to that night.

To make matters worse, two of the party found that a bottle of a greasy, medicinal fluid, which they had been carrying with their bedding in a dunnage bag, had been broken, evidently in the wild scramble on the shore, and the liquid had thoroughly saturated the blankets and canopy. An almost fruitless attempt to wash it out with cold salt water followed, but the unfortunates

finally gave it up, and retired to rest, using the blankets as they were, and thankful for a protected spot in which to lie down, even though it were in wet blankets.

If ever mortals appreciated a cheesecloth canopy, we did that night, for, although the constant striking of the tent by the millions of mosquitoes inside of it made a sound like the patter of gentle rain, they were unable to get through to the weary occupants. Thus fortified, we lay musing on the incidents of the day, which had truly been an eventful one, and it was only then that we recollected that the usual evening devotions by the Bishop had been quite overlooked. It was very evident that the mosquitoes had caused neglect of the spiritual as well as the physical needs of the party.

The next morning, Friday, August the ninth, was a beautiful one, and the party was up at four o'clock, being anxious to reach Great Whale River Post as speedily as possible. The Bishop had planned to return from Great Whale River on the Hudson's Bay Company's boat, the *Inenew*, and he began to fear it might have passed on the outside of Long Island while we were being held at Cape Jones, and having made its trip north might be waiting for him, or possibly have returned to Charlton without him.

Breakfast was hastily prepared and an attempt made to eat it amid the clouds of mosquitoes

that were still enforcing their presence, halo like, around each person. Finally, the attempt was given up in disgust and we were compelled to break camp and get everything into the boat as speedily as possible. The enemy was not to be baffled for while we were loading the boat from the canoe, the sails and boat covers changed from white to black, and when we pulled out of the harbour, it was with our greatest number of passengers. We supposed that our pursuers would soon be left behind, but for fully two hours our lives were made miserable by them.

Considerable ice was encountered until within about fifteen miles of Great Whale River where the sea gradually became freer of it. About ten miles from the river, two black spots were seen on a large cake of moving ice. At first they appeared to be either bears or seals, but when nearer, proved to be two Eskimos. Joseph was anxious to enquire about the *Inenew* and to inform the Huskies that the Bishop was with us on his way to the Post, but as this would have entailed a considerable loss of time, we did not go out of our course to hold an interview with them.

Before reaching the mouth of the river, another party of Eskimos in *kyaks* was met. Since no information had been obtained from the previous group, a stop was made to speak with these. From them it was learned that the *Inenew* had not yet reached the Great Whale River Post.

The Bishop then began to fear that her trip had been entirely abandoned owing to the presence of so much ice. About this he was not to be long in doubt, for a couple of hours later, when we were leaving Great Whale River, the *Inenew* was already in sight of the Post, although we did not see it.

The shores, which had lowered after Little Cape Jones was passed, gradually rose again north of Sucker Creek, and as Great Whale River was approached the hills assumed mountainous proportions.

About one o'clock we came actually into the waters of the Great Whale River. The tide was going out and the wind was against us, so that our progress was somewhat slow. The scenery from the mouth of the river is of such a character that one could well afford to delay. The blue hills inland, towering several hundred feet high, and the high ridges running parallel to the sea, with the Post houses nestled far up at the top of a high bank, to the left, made a most beautiful and interesting picture.

We were in high spirits at having accomplished this part of the journey, from Cape Jones to Great Whale River, the harbours being few and far between, with the consequent danger for small craft in the event of a storm. If the weather conditions were favourable for three days more, we would be practically at our destination, and in

the meantime were likely to overtake the York boat.

As we approached the Post, the noise of the motor boat attracted the attention of the Indians and Eskimos, who were there in full force, awaiting the arrival of the *Inenew* with supplies, and they began to gather on the river bank.

Drawing near, we could not help admiring the neat appearance of the buildings in their coats of red and white paint, against the background of the hillside, with its growth of long luxuriant grass. Nowhere had we seen the equal of this grass.

When about two hundred feet from the shore, the boat was anchored and Joseph, jumping up on one of the seats, proclaimed in loud, stentorian tones, the arrival of the Bishop, first in Cree and then in Eskimo. By this time the crowd had increased to one of several hundred who were eagerly awaiting our landing.

The Bishop and Joseph were hastily taken ashore and with ourselves were met at the landing by Harold Undgarten, the Factor's assistant. The Factor, Mr. Mavor, was away on a porpoise hunt. Much to our surprise Harold recognized us, although it had been five years since our previous visit. On our landing a general handshaking ensued. Every man, woman, boy, and girl in the place was apparently determined to welcome the Bishop, and we came in for the same treatment.

We found everybody bright and happy, despite



Hudson's Bay Company's Post, Great Whale River



Eskimo Women, Great Whale River





the fact that there was little or no food in the place, owing to the non-appearance of the *Inenew* with the spring supplies. We had been expecting to purchase some provisions there ourselves, but found we would have to depend entirely on our own supplies, which were in the York boat, preceding us. In fact, we were so nearly out of food that it was impossible for us to leave any for the Bishop and Joseph, which we otherwise would have done, knowing that food was so scarce at the Post.

We felt certain that as long as there was any food at the place, the Bishop and Joseph would get their share. Their reception was significant of the esteem in which they were held. Poor Joseph was nearly mobbed by the crowd, who eagerly pressed forward to greet him, an embrace and a kiss on each cheek being received from both men and women alike.

During the brief stay of an hour, it was ascertained that an Eskimo, who had arrived that day from the North, brought the news that he had passed the York boat about twenty miles distant from Great Whale River.

## CHAPTER XII

### Great Whale River to Little Whale River



SAYING farewell to the Bishop and Joseph and returning to the boat, we ate a cold lunch in haste, hoping to overtake the York boat before camping time. Although Mac had plenty of time while the others were ashore to replenish the gasoline tank, which he might have suspected would be empty after the long run, he failed to take advantage of the opportunity.

When but a few hundred feet down the river the engine stopped short. Investigation showed the fuel tank to be entirely empty, and the nearest available supply was in a case on the bottom of the boat under a stack of dunnage. To fill the tank required about thirty minutes, which to us, in our haste to overtake the other party, seemed fully an hour.

We were again without a guide, although, to tell the truth, we did not feel the loss of him severely. For two days before our arrival at Great Whale River, Joseph had been somewhat neglect-

ful of his duties at the wheel, and while we took turns at the steering he enjoyed many long naps. We took it for granted at the time that he considered us good assistants, and he evidently feared little for the safety of the craft while in our hands.

It was somewhat difficult to find the channel when leaving the mouth of the river, but the big sandbar was rounded and the entrance to Manitounuk Sound reached without mishap. Coasting along the mainland of the sound, some shoals among the small islands near the entrance were encountered, so a course was taken well out toward the middle to avoid them.

Had it been earlier in the day, we would have immediately crossed to the island side of the sound, but there were two or three good harbours on the mainland side, and as the day was rapidly advancing, it was useless to attempt overtaking the other party, so that a harbour with a camping place would soon be necessary. Hence we stayed on the mainland side.

As camping time approached, we very naturally began to turn our thoughts to the experiences of the night before and wonder if they were to be duplicated that night.

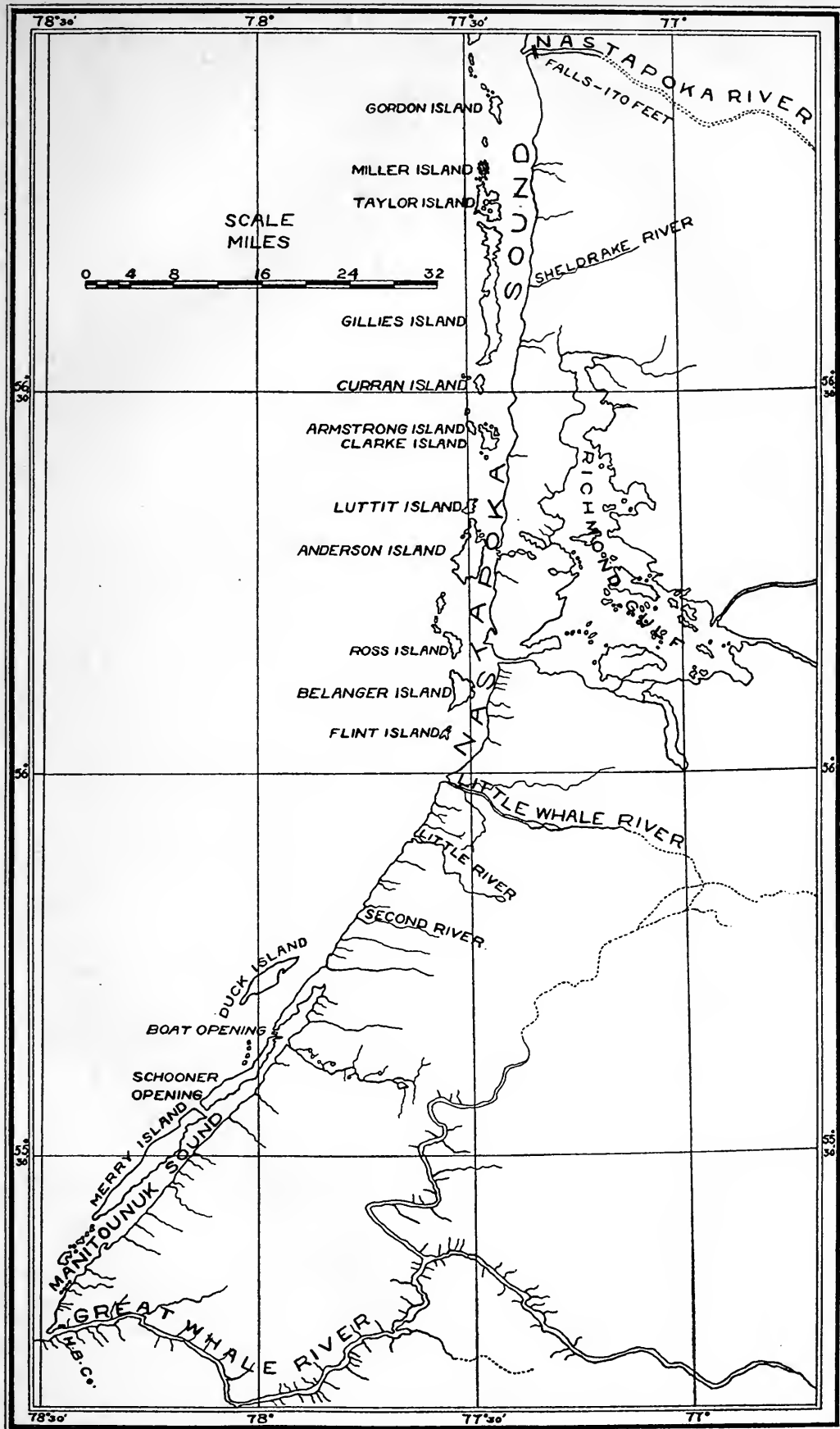
A long bay with a fine sandy beach came in sight and here it was decided to anchor. A more ideal place for camping could not be conceived of than that was, had it not been for the mosquitoes.

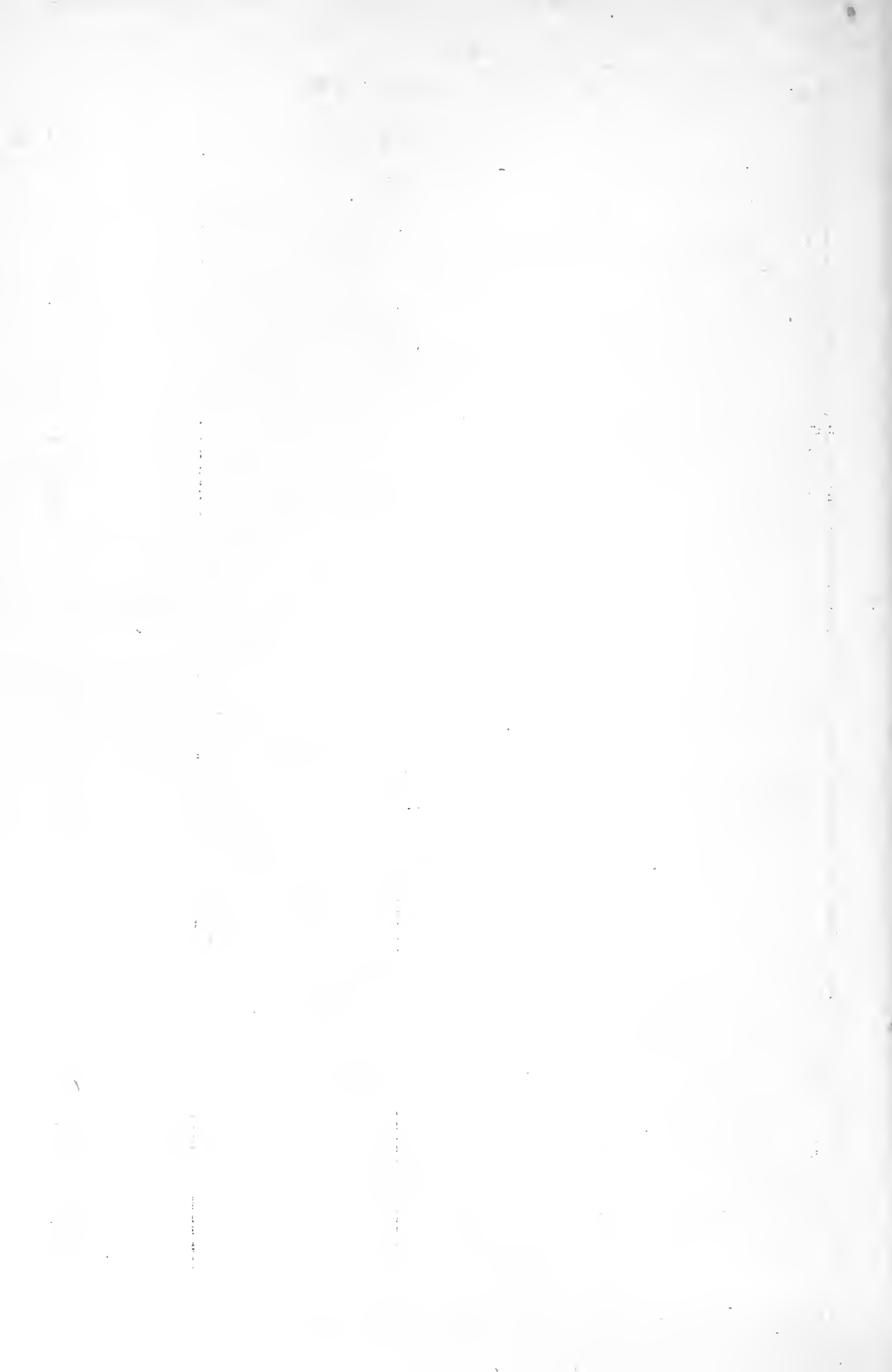
On landing we set up the tents and suspended the canopies in the usual manner. Mac said "good-night" and vanished into his tent, not to be seen again until morning. Up to this time, we had eaten practically nothing that day with the exception of a very scanty lunch on the boat at Great Whale River. Our appetites prompted us, in spite of the conflicting circumstances, to make a fire and attempt the cooking of some kind of food. The supplies being low, and ordinary cooking out of the question, we decided to make a kettle of boiled flour. We partook of this delicacy, with sugar and milk added, under the safe seclusion of the canopy.

The next morning, Saturday, August the tenth, was cloudless and without a breeze. We were up shortly after sunrise, while it was still a little cool and the mosquitoes somewhat dopish, so were able to get a comfortable breakfast.

Across from the camping place was a picturesque island, known as the Bill of Portland. The varicoloured strata of this island, in the bright, morning sunlight, made a most beautiful picture. We photographed it, but owing to the distance, the camera did not do it justice.

In all our travelling on the Bay, this half day spent in the Manitounuk Sound was the most pleasant and enjoyable. The high hills of the mainland rise in a gentle slope from the water's edge, reaching their maximum elevation at a





distance of two or three miles back from the sound. On the other side of the sound, a couple of miles distant, the almost continuous chain of islands stretches northward for twenty-five miles, presenting bold and rugged cliffs, towering hundreds of feet above us as we passed along almost at their base. The whole formed a sight indescribably grand and beautiful.

By twelve o'clock, we had reached Schooner Opening. This is situated between two of the largest islands and is sufficiently deep and wide to allow a schooner to pass out to sea.

Two hours later Boat Opening was reached near the northern end of the sound. In fact, there are two openings at this place, separated by a small but high island. We chose the first, thinking it the proper one, and got through safely, but the transparent water showed the rocks to be very close to the surface and that a passage at any other stage than high tide would be impossible.

These openings are very dangerous to navigate when the full rush of the tide, incoming or outgoing, is in progress. They are so narrow that, at such times, the water rushes through with great violence, so that it is practically impossible to propel a boat against it, and if going with the current, the countless eddies and cross currents make steering a rather hazardous undertaking.

We had enjoyed the sail so much throughout the morning in the perfect protection of the sound,

that we were loath to meet the dangers of the Opening and the open sea beyond. It was with a feeling of thankfulness that we found ourselves safely through and in smooth water on the outside.

From this point to the Little Whale River, there are but few islands, and protection when required must be sought in the mouths of several small rivers which enter the Bay. The most prominent island between the Manitounuk Sound and the Nastapoka Sound is called Duck Island. It is a long, low island of drift, and lies about six miles offshore to the north-west of Boat Opening.

To avoid passing the camp unobserved, we kept close to the shore and finally sighted tents at the mouth of Second River. When opposite these and still a mile out, we saw several men on the shore watching us and signalled them. Receiving no reply, we decided they must be Eskimos and proceeded on our course. Another look through the glass convinced us that the tents were ours, despite the fact that we did not recognize the men. Turning our boat towards the camp, the York boat anchored in the mouth of the river soon came in sight and established the identity of the party beyond doubt. In a few minutes, we entered the little harbour, well within the protection of the surrounding hills, and anchored there.

The Eskimo guide, who with his wife was



accompanying the York boat, appeared at the top of the cliff, and with excited shouts and gesticulations tried to direct us to the proper channel. These we later found to be natives who were camped at the Nastapoka River during our visit to that place in 1907, the photograph of the man being used to illustrate the cover of the book which described that trip.

We immediately went ashore and visited Mr. Strong at his camp, where the experiences of both parties were related and a council held to decide on the further procedure.

It was expected that the York boat party would reach Clark Island by the middle of July, but the season had been so unfavourable, with storms, ice, and almost continuous head winds, that now, nearly a month later, the party was still sixty-five miles from its northern destination.

It was finally arranged to take Mr. Strong and his assistant, Bennet, with us and proceed at once to Clark Island. It had been originally intended to break up the York boat party, leaving four of them at one of the rivers, and taking the rest to the island. It was then decided that the full force should go to Clark Island as soon as fair weather would permit.

After having supper with Mr. Strong, we returned to the mouth of the river and pitched our tent on the sandy beach. To our delight, the mosquitoes were held in check by a fairly stiff

breeze blowing from the sea, and the camp was set up without much inconvenience.

It was on this evening that one of the most annoying incidents, now considered a laughable one, took place. We had indulged freely in pork and beans for our supper, and as they were quite salty, soon became very thirsty. With probably an hour's hard work setting up the tent and getting our bedding and other paraphernalia ashore, on that very hot evening, our thirst was considerably intensified, so that by the time all was completed, we were quite ready to undertake a search for fresh water.

The water at the mouth of the river, in the vicinity of the camp, was salt. The hunt was all in vain for nowhere was there a pool or spring of fresh water to be found on our side of the river.

We were too thirsty to think of going to bed without quenching our thirst, and so decided to take the canoe and visit the other camp, hoping that they would have a supply of fresh water, or that they could, at least, tell us where to get some.

Arriving there and finding everybody in bed and not a sound to be heard, we had to examine the kettles and buckets around the camp where the fresh water supply would likely be kept.

On the stove was a large covered bucket, almost full of water. From this we filled our tea kettle and made a quick, but quiet, retreat to the canoe.

Returning to the camp and drawing the canoe up the long, low beach and securing it there, we carried our much-prized kettle of water to the tent. Closing the flap and arranging the canopy, that our work might be completed before taking the much-needed drink, we grabbed cups, filled, raised them, and drank, but only one mouthful—it was sea water.

Had we been children, no doubt we would have cried, the disappointment was so great. We were almost worn out, cheated out of our regular meals by the mosquitoes for several days, sleeping little at night (rising shortly after daylight on those long summer days and travelling until late), and now our thirst was so intense that to retire was impossible until a good long cold drink was obtained, no matter where the water was to be found.

All that could be done was to take our canoe back down to the river and make a second trip to the other camp. This was done in total darkness. Arriving there, we searched in the dark for a vessel of fresh water, feeling certain that there must be one in the camp. We eventually got our hands on a pail of water, and after making sure this time that it was fresh, again filled our kettle and made our way back to the canoe. Soon the camp was reached with the booty, which meant more to us than if it had been a pot of gold.

Next morning, the extra passengers were taken

aboard with their dunnage, increasing the load considerably. By eight o'clock a start was made facing a good stiff wind. The morning was bright, but seaward the sky was foggy, and we were in constant dread of it settling down around us, as there were but a couple of harbours between Second River and Little Whale River, and we would not have risked travelling along the coast in a fog.

As Little Whale River was approached the long sloping hills, that extend several miles back from the sea, came in sight. Over some of these hills, on our former visit, we had one of the most tiresome walking experiences of our lives. On that occasion, leaving the camp at the foot of the big hill at the mouth of the river, in the early morning, we scaled the cliffs of two of the adjoining hills to the south, and tramped through the intervening valleys, reaching our destination, the vertical cliff at the east side of the third hill, about two o'clock in the afternoon, two hours later than was expected.

Not daring to prolong our stay beyond half an hour, we began the return journey by way of the Little Whale River valley, hoping to find easier travelling than over the rugged hills. The valley proved rough, full of gulches, and overgrown with underbrush. The experience was a most trying one, growing worse as the darkness overtook us. The dread of spending the night on the trail in

such a dreary country, without food or bed, spurred us on and helped to keep up our courage. At last we saw a light approaching us. It proved to be that of a lantern carried by a search party who met us while still about half a mile out. We eventually reached camp in an almost exhausted condition.

The hills over which that memorable tramp was made begin with a gentle slope at the sea, and run back to a height of a thousand feet, ending in an almost perpendicular cliff, facing inland.

By eleven o'clock, we had reached the mouth of the Little Whale River, and the fog seemed to be settling down a short distance ahead of us. As we wished to cross to the island side of the sound, which begins but a few miles north of this river, it was decided to enter the river and await the passing of the fog. The Bay for a wide area in the vicinity of the river mouth is very shallow, so that navigation in a fog would be a rather serious undertaking.

Owing to the breeze from the west opposing the combined river current and tide, there was a rough sea over the bar. However, we got safely across it and anchored opposite the site of the now deserted Hudson's Bay Company's Post.

After dinner, the fog still continued, and in consequence it was decided to wait over until the next day. A little later in the afternoon, the sun came out, so we crossed the river and scaled the

cliffs on the north side. When the top of the first cliff was reached the sky had cleared, and the sea was sparkling in the warm sunlight, far out to where the fast retreating bank of fog obscured the horizon.

We were then at the top of the cliff bordering the river opposite the camp. To the north, was an unobstructed view of the Nastapoka Islands and sound, and the high, rugged hills of Richmond Gulf. To the east, and towering several hundred feet above us, were the peaks of the hills we were then ascending and which present a perpendicular cliff eastward from the highest point to the river below.

These hills are formed by a giant tilting of the strata, the cliff face being a line of faulting. The lower strata, once horizontal, now tilted at an acute angle, dipping toward the sea, are of a light limestone, while the upper one is a flow of dark green columnal trap many feet in thickness.

Pursuing our course upward, after making many detours, the highest point of the eastward cliff was eventually reached and before us lay the greatest panorama we had ever beheld. The scene was majestic. At our feet lay a plain, stretching for miles in all directions, surrounded by huge cliffs to the north, south, and west, and to the east by the great rounded granite hills of the Laurentian protaxis, worn smooth by the erosion of centuries, forming a great natural arena,

whose grandeur was well calculated to excite the awe and admiration of those who were so fortunate as to gaze upon it.

From this point, to the right, our little craft could be seen, like a dot on the river below, the mast hardly discernible, the river flowing westward and winding like a silver thread amongst the evergreens of the plain. Here and there short stretches of rapids could be seen, while the descent of the river from the inland hills to the plain was marked by two falls, over which rose clouds of spray that vanished phantom like in the sunlight.

Much as we had admired the view of the sound from the lower level, it seemed insignificant as we gazed on it from this higher elevation. We lingered long on this spot, from which, no matter in what direction one chose to turn, he could feast his eyes on scenes perhaps unsurpassed anywhere in Canada, outside of the Rockies.

When privileged to view such scenery as that, no traveller can but feel amply repaid for any hardships he may have suffered in attaining that end.

The entire afternoon was spent in going from peak to peak on the eastern end of these cliffs. As the sun was nearing the horizon, we returned to the cliff on the riverside opposite the camp, and began to make the last descent, when on the top of the hill, between us and the sea, a small party of Eskimos was seen, grouped together, looking

down on us without any signs whatever of salutation. Their unusual behaviour excited our suspicion, the more so because we had been warned by one of the Factors, on our previous trip, to beware of unfriendly Eskimos in this vicinity. Some of these who were at that time camping by the Little Whale River had a reputation, it was said, that would have put them beyond the pale of the law had they been living in civilized parts.

As these people made no advances such as are common to the Eskimos, we made no attempt to converse with them, and proceeded down to the riverside and our canoe, all the while keeping our eyes on the group above. When camp was reached, the Huskies were still gazing on us, and to show them we could defend ourselves, if it were necessary, some of the firearms were discharged. That night we slept with our guns close beside us.

As soon as supper was over it was decided to shift our quarters and to do so we had to carry the outfit through a long stretch of scrub willow. The task was an arduous one, and as the wind and sun had gone down, the mosquitoes again became active.

All hands turned in to help. Bennet volunteered to take part of the stuff in the canoe in preference to carrying it through the willows. Among other articles, he undertook to move the kitchen, which, by the way, had been thoroughly cleaned out and everything put back in apple-pie



order that day. Knowing that there were articles of food which would come to grief should they be upset, the young man was cautioned to keep the box right side up with care. That he did not adhere strictly to our caution was abundantly proven afterward by a jumbled mass of cutlery, food, and graniteware, all firmly adhering together through the agency of golden syrup, a can of which had been completely upturned.

The labour of restoring order in the kitchen was discouraging enough in itself, but when it was found that the only salt in the camp had been thoroughly saturated with the sweet liquid, it was with difficulty we refrained from giving the lad a ducking in the river.

On the same spot and with the same pegs that were used five years before, we put up our tent, the rest of the party preferring to use a portion of one of the old buildings, rather than take the trouble of putting up their tent. Before they got the place mosquito proof, it had cost them a great deal more effort than it would have, had they set up camp in the usual manner.

It was the understanding that night that we would rise specially early the next morning. Consequently, we were alert at an early hour, but the kitchen had to be cleaned before breakfast was prepared, and this, as any good housewife would know, caused quite a delay.

## CHAPTER XIII

### Clark Island



HE day was beautiful and bright, and in the early morning there was not even a breeze blowing. By the time we had the extra work completed and everything in the boat, it was nearly eight o'clock. The tide had started to go out, so we had the full force of the current with us. As we approached the mouth of the river and could get a good view of the sea, it was apparent that the effect of the wind of the day before was still in evidence by enormous swells which were outlined against the sky line.

When the bar at the mouth of the river was reached and we came into contact with the swells, the experience almost paralyzed us, for it seemed impossible to escape being completely overwhelmed by the huge rollers that constantly beset us. We soon found that, by proper quartering, the boat could safely ride them, and gradually began to enjoy the sensation.

Despite the troubled condition of the water, we put right out toward Flint Island, the first of the Nastapoka group, situated about five or

six miles from the mainland. When about half-way across, the condition of the weather being unchanged, it seemed safe to direct our course from Flint to Ross Island, the second of the group. By the time the opening between the two islands was reached, the wind had risen and a heavy sea was running. It was not long, however, until we had gotten into the protection of the high cliffs of Ross Island, and as the sound was then crossed and the rest of the journey would lie principally in the shelter of high islands with good harbours, there was little or nothing to fear.

The general physical characteristics of the islands of the sound are of the same nature as those of the Manitounuk group. They present a bold face to the sound and dip gently westward toward the sea, while the mainland presents the same appearance as that in the vicinity of the Little Whale River, but gradually becomes higher as Richmond Gulf is approached.

Geologically, the islands are very different from those of Manitounuk Sound, the strata of the former consisting of silicious iron ore and jasper beds instead of the trap flow and limestone of the latter.

We had contemplated calling at Flint and Belanger Islands on the way up, but the travelling in the lee of the islands was temptingly fine and the experience of sailing along the shores of these picturesque islands was so enticing, that we en-

tirely ignored our former plans and pushed ahead.

Anderson Island, the fourth of the group and probably the highest, was passed. Next came Luttit, a small, low island, and then, after an open stretch of five miles, we at last entered the protection of our northern objective, Clark Island.

As we approached the northern end of Clark Island, the old camp ground back of Teresa Island appeared, and swinging around its northern end, the safe little harbour came into view. Proceeding into it, we came up alongside the great ledges of iron ore and jasper, stopped the engine, and announced to our passengers that this was Clark Island and that they were at the end of their northward journey.

Mr. Strong's party left Rupert House on the fifth of July, and on this day, the twelfth of August, but two of them had arrived at Clark Island. In all, he had spent thirty-eight days on the journey over a course which, in the weather of ordinary seasons, would have required only from twelve to fourteen days with a similar boat.

All hands were soon busy unloading the equipment into the canoe and preparing to land. After several trips had been made back and forth to shore, the boat was taken out to deep water and anchored.

A place for the tents was selected after we had prepared our midday meal. There was no possi-



The Cliff Face, East Side, Clark Island



bility of using tent pegs here, for we were practically on the bare rock, there being but a thin covering of white Arctic moss. It was therefore necessary to use the largest boulders that could be rolled over to the tents, around which to tie the guy ropes. In addition to these, other boulders were placed inside around the wall of the tent, which had been drawn down for the purpose. We had never taken as much trouble to put the tents up securely as on this day, for in its unprotected position, the camp would be exposed to the full violence of the wind blowing up and down the sound, the best place in which to be in mosquito weather, but very precarious in time of storm.

An examination of the south end of the island was made on the first afternoon, and on the following day the remaining portions were visited. As on the other islands, the strata are more or less silicious. The beds are nearly parallel, and dip gently toward the sea on the west, while to the east and south they present bold step-like cliffs. Between great beds of jaspilyte rich in iron, lie the hematite beds, which contain a vast quantity of ore. The area of the island is approximately three thousand acres.

We were destined again to be tormented by the mosquitoes. On our previous visit they were a thing practically unknown to us, and it did not seem possible on an island so far removed from the mainland, and on which there was practically

no vegetation, to find such vast swarms of them. We were compelled again to eat under the canopy.

On the afternoon of the second day the sky became overcast and the wind rose. As our cooking was still done over an open fire, supper was hastily prepared so that an early retreat might be made to the kindly protection of the canvas domiciles in case the storm grew violent.

By midnight the storm had reached large proportions and the flapping of the tent in the wind as well as the booming of the surf against the foot of the cliffs made it impossible to sleep. We arose, dressed partially, and went out to see if the boat was still safe at her moorings, and to further secure the tent, which it seemed might be carried into the sea at any moment. The boat was found to be riding the waves buoyantly and the anchor holding staunchly. We again retired to get such sleep as might be possible amid the noise of the storm.

Shortly after our return to bed, the dining tent, which was well stocked with food, kettles, and dishes, was carried from its position and landed with a crash against the end of our tent, one of the occupants escaping by only a few inches from being struck by the falling ridgepole. This was followed by a general distribution of the cooking utensils, plates, cups, and cutlery over the surrounding rocks, down the cliff nearby, and some of them into the sea.



By this time matters began to look somewhat serious. A fresh supply of stones was laid on the sides of our tent, as it was beginning to loosen, and it was feared that it also might soon collapse. One of us dressed fully and, going out, made a search for the dishes over the rocks. It was raining hard and the first traces of daylight were noticeable. All that could be found of the scattered dishes were collected and placed under the fallen tent and the latter weighted down with stones. While this was being done, the other took advantage of the security offered by the man outside, and had a nap.

Everything again put in order, the man on the outside returned to the tent, and unheeding the advice of the other to return to bed, stretched himself on the canvas floor cloth without undressing, hoping to get a nap also. As will be seen by what followed, he had no cause whatever to regret having refused his friend's advice.

Suddenly, without even a moment's notice, the wind with pent-up force struck the tent. Snap went the ropes and down came the ridge-pole on the unhappy occupant of the bed. The other man hastily crawled out, raised the pole, and held the tent up a couple of feet so that the latter might have a chance to get into his clothes.

This was not the most pleasant experience we ever had. It was pouring down rain on the man

outside, and the other, inside, was getting the full benefit of the wet canvas tent, as he strove to get from his night into his day clothes. As he remarked at the time, "things are never so bad but they might be worse," and in the spirit of this adage the troubles of the moment were forgotten and, spreading the fallen tent carefully over our belongings, we set to work and piled stones around the edges to prevent it and all that was underneath from being carried into the sea.

While our spirits were not at all dampened, there was no doubt at all about our clothing, and we must have presented a sorry picture in the dim morning light, darker by reason of the heavy, low, storm clouds, as we strove to save our few earthly possessions.

The rain was coming down in sheets and, driven by the force of the wind, stung our faces and hands as if they were being hit by peas from a blower. We were not often found unprotected from the elements, for as a rule due precautions were taken to keep ourselves warm and dry, but on this occasion our oilskins had unfortunately been left in the boat and we had to suffer accordingly. We recognized the fact that, as a punishment for our carelessness, the drenching was well deserved.

We were not the only ones to suffer from the fury of the storm for, although they succeeded

in preventing the entire collapse of their tent, Strong and Bennet were up and down the most of the night attaining that end. Mac's tent had stayed up thus far, seemingly by a miraculous Providence, for he had apparently slept soundly through it all.

The climax of our affairs must have occurred about three o'clock in the morning, but, in the excitement of the moment, the passing of time was not taken into account, and as a result we only remember it was a long time before broad daylight came. For some time we wandered about like lost sheep, looking for a place sufficiently sheltered to enable us to raise the tent, or even get protection for ourselves, but neither could be found.

Finally, about ten o'clock, it was decided to try setting up the small cook tent in the lee of Strong's tent, as a last resort. By dint of hard work, we managed to get it up firmly and then began to bring the valuables from under the fallen tent into the safety of the new one.

While thus moving under difficulties, another incident occurred to relieve the monotony of life. One of us was stooping over the fallen tent, removing some of the stuff, when a sudden puff of wind lifted Mac's tent, poles and all, from its moorings and carried it nearly a hundred feet away, over the head of the man at the fallen tent, and almost over the cliff and into the sea. The

shock which he got was no greater than that received by the sleeping Mac, who sat bolt-upright in his blankets and looked around him, seemingly bewildered and unable to comprehend the exact meaning of the disturbance.

When all our belongings had been brought into the tent, we wrapped up in our blankets and lay down for a short nap. We were not to rest quietly for long, as Bennet rushed up soon after and informed us that the boat had dragged its anchor, and was now adrift and heading for the rocks on the other side of the harbour. We hastily turned out and after some difficulty succeeded in arousing Mac. He was sleeping again under his tent, which he had spread out over some short sticks and weighted down with stones.

All hands got into the canoe and finally managed to reach the boat, which by this time was in shallow water on the opposite side of the harbour. Starting up the engine, we faced the wind, and when in deep water again anchored the boat, and returned to the shore in the canoe by dint of hard paddling. We had only been a couple of minutes in camp, when the boat again began to drift. The difficulty was now clear; the tide was so high, because of the north winds, that the water was too deep for the length of anchor rope which we had provided, and consequently the anchor could not take hold. Again capturing the truant,

we beached her on a gravelly spot, where we knew she would be safe.

By this time the rain had ceased, but the wind, if changed at all, was stronger. The view of the sea from the cliffs was certainly awe inspiring. Great waves were furiously lashing the foot of the cliffs, while off the shallower points, huge breakers dashed over the rocks and hurled spray high in the air. That these breakers were very large was shown from the fact that we could see them quite distinctly as they broke over the point of Gillies Island, five miles away. The high winds served us well in drying out the blankets that had been wet during the rainstorm.

As it was impossible to do any cooking outside, we put up the stove late in the afternoon and prepared a big supper of pancakes. This was the first food we had partaken of that day, and, needless to say, it was heartily appreciated, as was the coziness of the warm, dry tent, and an opportunity to discuss the events of the storm under favourable circumstances. The wind lasted three days, and during that time our work was accomplished under many difficulties.

On the following Saturday, the rest of Strong's party arrived in the York boat. The cook, while attending to his duties, noticed the boat approaching the island and steering straight toward a reef, which connects Teresa to Clark Island, thus forming the harbour. The tide was high at the

time and the reef was not visible, consequently the man at the helm was not to blame. By signals, they were made to understand that they were sailing into dangerous waters, and by the same means were shown the proper way to enter the harbour.

It was quite a village of tents when the men were finally settled in camp, there being seven in all. Remembering the experiences of a few days before, we warned the men to set up their tents securely, and they had reason to be thankful for the precautions taken.

On the following day, we were awakened at an early hour by the sound of driving rain, sleet, and snow on the tent. On looking out, we saw, for the first time in our experience, the ground covered with a blanket of heavy, wet snow on an August morning. To add to the dismal picture, the snow was clinging to the tents in a manner that made them look almost like Eskimo igloos.

Toward noon, the storm shifted from a southerly to an easterly direction and the snow changed to rain. For a few minutes, during the afternoon, the sun came out and gave us a magnificent view of the high hilltops around Richmond Gulf, snow-capped and glistening in the evening sunlight, against a background of angry, leaden clouds, which overhung the gulf. This proved but a passing picture, for soon the clouds lowered and again gave it the appearance of a wintry clime.

The view from our tent was a wild one, as the

great waves ended in huge breakers, hurling spray high into the air at the end of Teresa Island. The sky cleared about sunset, leaving only the wind and the angry sea outside to remind us of the storm.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Nastapoka River



ON Tuesday afternoon it was decided that if the day following were a good one, our own little party would start northward for the Nastapoka River. Consequently the boat had to be gotten off the beach and into the water. As the sea at high tide, in the prevailing calm, did not reach the boat, it was necessary to assemble all the men to get it launched. Once in the water and anchored, the boat was loaded with the supplies, many of which had to be replenished from the stores on the York boat.

When we arose the next morning, the sound was so thick with fog it was impossible to see the mainland, but when breakfast was over the mist showed signs of lifting. On the improvement of the weather the dunnage was immediately packed and taken to the boat, and at a quarter to eleven o'clock we pulled out of the harbour despite the fact that the fog was still thick and there was a stiff head wind. It was pretty certain that the wind would make continued serious fog conditions impossible.



Despite the unfavourable outlook, we felt quite secure in undertaking the journey, knowing there were many safe harbours along our course on the island side of the sound. The run from Clark to Gillies Island and that across the sound from Miller Island to the mouth of the Nastapoka River were the only exposed portions of the route.

We had heard tales at the Posts of dangers encountered the year previous by another party going over the same course, but having been over it before and knowing the locations of the harbours, feared but little the consequences of a storm. The course lay along the shores of Gillies and Taylor islands, which resemble Clark in form and structure, but the cliffs of which are not so high, while the area of Gillies is much greater. The islands between Taylor and the Nastapoka River are small, but bear the same general characteristics as those already described.

When Miller Island was reached the sound was crossed in the direction of the Nastapoka River. When opposite Gordon Island and about six miles from the mouth of the river, the first view of the falls was obtained. Only the crest was showing in a notch high up amongst the old granite hills, resembling a snowbank on the hillside, but over it hung a cloud of mist, which at first sight appeared to be smoke.

At the mouth of the river there is a sandbar which extends out for a mile or more and it is

necessary to enter the channel of the river out beyond this point. This fact was remembered from the last visit, and no difficulty was experienced in getting into the river. Ascending it for about half a mile, the boat was beached on the sandy shore at the foot of the hill, a little to the south of the falls. Here we camped in the entrance of a large ravine extending into the plateau, which borders the river.

This, aside from that at Conjuring House, was the most picturesque camping place of the entire trip. The tents were pitched on the sand at the foot of a steep hill of clay, gravel, and sand, and beside an outcrop of rock about twenty feet high. To the east lay the ravine, the hillsides continually moistened by the spray from the falls and clothed in a garb of the most beautiful green grass, the like of which could hardly be found but on the shores of the Emerald Isle. To the north was the Nastapoka Falls with its drop of, approximately, one hundred and seventy feet, one of the most beautiful in Canada, whose never-ceasing roar, softened by the distance, lulled us to sleep at the close of the day, and welcomed us on our awakening at the coming of the morn.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the foot of the falls, and by the time the camp was set up and the supper cooked and eaten, it was time to retire.

It was impossible to have an open fire as the



The Nastapoka Falls



wood appeared to be very scarce, and it could be made to last much longer by using it in the stove. All that was to be seen were a few small scraps of driftwood, chiefly willows. These were broken into pieces about a foot long and ranged from a quarter of an inch, to an inch in thickness. Before retiring for the night, we gathered several bucketfuls for the morning fire, intending to make a thorough search for wood the next day.

The following day was a perfect one; the sun shone brightly and there was but a gentle breeze. We were up early, anxious to see the falls in the morning sunlight.

As soon as we were out of bed, before waiting to do anything towards preparing breakfast, we hastened off to the foot of the falls. The wind, which on the previous afternoon had driven the spray back into the gorge, making it impossible to see the falls from below, had now changed. We found, however, that the volume of spray was so great as to completely fill the narrow chasm and hide the foot of the falls, no matter in what direction the wind blew.

Having had information of a supposed deposit of ore on the mainland at this point, the morning was spent in prospecting the neighbourhood, but without success, for nowhere was there any exposure of rock except granite or gneiss.

As the afternoon was bright and sunny, it was spent in examining and photographing the power

site. The total fall, according to Mr. A. P. Low, is about one hundred and seventy feet, and is made up of three chutes and intermediate rapids and a direct fall of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Flowing smoothly but swiftly, the river emerges from its valley amongst the granite hills into a quiet basin, bordered on the north side by steep hills and on the other by a level sandy plateau, at an elevation of about twenty-five feet above the water, extending to the south-east for several miles, following the base of a range of smooth, rocky hills, running in that direction.

From the north end of the basin, the water plunges over a chute with a drop of about fifteen feet. This is followed by a rapid of about two hundred and fifty feet in length, terminating in a chute with a fall of twenty feet. The river then turns westward and runs smoothly for five hundred feet, then plunges over a chute with a fall of ten feet, continuing from thence a distance of one thousand feet in a heavy rapid to the last fall.

The main or last fall drops into a narrow, vertical walled cañon, which echoes and re-echoes the thundering of the water, until it reaches mighty proportions. Through the cañon the water rushes in a tumultuous rapid until it loses its force in the quiet of the little tidal bay near the mouth of the river, which formed the harbour for our craft.

From the cliffs on the north side of the river, a magnificent view of the falls and the camp was obtained. The white tents snugly nestling at the foot of the beautiful, green hills, with the little boat in the foreground, completed a picture of peaceful security well worthy to be classed with the vales of Switzerland or the fjords of Norway.

We had not seen the moon, owing to the persistence of cloudy weather during its periods, since leaving the Missinaibi River, until the second night of our stay at the Nastapoka River. Seeing its light through the tent, that night, we rushed out to see it and welcomed it as an old friend.

The fine weather was not to last long, for we were awakened early the next morning by the wind and the patter of rain on the tent. The camp watch was out of order, as we found later, so arising at six o'clock, as we supposed, that morning, it was really eight. We did as much of our work as could be done indoors and retired early, for the cold, damp day required the keeping of a fire as long as we stayed up, and the driftwood that had been collected, being so light and inflammable, was nearly depleted as well as the nearby source of supply.

The weather continued stormy for the rest of the week and did not clear up until the evening of the following Monday. This necessitated the prolonging of our stay at Nastapoka far longer than

we had anticipated, but we had plenty of work to occupy our time.

By Saturday morning there was only enough wood left to cook the breakfast, that on the neighbouring beach being exhausted. There was now no other hope of supply save from the beach along the sea, about half a mile down the river. The wind, blowing hard directly up the river, was causing a heavy sea, which, in addition to the force of the water from the rapids above, made it a difficult undertaking to reach the mouth of the river by canoe. However, the canoe was the only means of getting the wood to camp, for the riverside was bordered by high hills, over which it would be impossible to carry a load.

As it was absolutely necessary that wood should be found, it was decided to make an attempt to reach the river mouth by canoe. To avoid crossing the river the south shore was followed. The trip was made safely by dint of hard work and careful manœuvring, but proved disappointing after all, for the Eskimos, the remains of whose many camps were seen in the neighbourhood, had left the place practically devoid of driftwood. What was gotten was very little good, but there was sufficient to last until the next day.

On Sunday the wind moderated, making it possible to cross the river. We did so, and after scouting the beach for nearly two miles, obtained sufficient wood to last until the camp was broken up.





“ . . . a picture of peaceful security. . . . ”



Chutes above the Nastapoka Falls



During the gale on Friday, the boat, which had been beached, bow on, was driven side on to the beach. In endeavouring to pull it around and make it fast, the anchor, which was made of cast iron, was broken.

On Monday afternoon, in preparation for our return to Clark Island, we launched the boat and anchored it with a large stone. The stone was carried out on a board placed across the end of the canoe, from which position it was dumped into the water, fortunately without upsetting the unsteady craft.

A farewell visit to the top of the falls was made. We lingered long, enjoying the magnificent view from the crest looking out toward the large expanse of water and the islands of the Nastapoka Sound.

For a time we sat at the very edge of the precipice, where we could put our hands into the foaming water as it made the plunge into the chasm below. At other times we were showered with spray, as a large wave was hurled with extra force against the rock at the brink of the falls from the surging rapid above.

Again we climbed still higher up and took a last view of the great sand plain beyond. From this lofty position, we hastily retraced our steps to the camp, for as the breeze had died down, the mosquitoes appeared in full force, for the first time since our arrival.

Being tired of the diet of pancakes and Australian beef, it was suggested that an attempt be made to procure some fresh fish. From previous experience, it was known that there were salmon trout in plenty in the rapids at the foot of the falls. It was then late in the afternoon, so no time was lost in procuring our fishing tackle from the tent and trying our luck from the stern of the boat and an adjacent rock.

Almost immediately one landed a fine salmon trout large enough to make a fair meal for the party. The other drew out a good specimen later, but unfortunately it dropped from the hook to a slippery rock and flopped back into the water, a great disappointment indeed to the angler.

Much of the outfit was carried to the boat that night, so that there would be less to do in the morning.

According to our timekeeper, we were up at a quarter to four the next morning, and ready to leave at seven o'clock. The shore of the little bay on which the camp was located was ankle deep with sand, and it had gotten into the food, clothing, bedding, and other equipment. It took a long time to get everything free of it and hence our delay.

The sky was overcast and there was a light breeze blowing from the west, but having been delayed so long, it was thought best to make a start, even though a harbour only across the

sound was reached. Having started, we were anxious to reach our destination that day, for being without an anchor, it would be necessary to beach the boat if a stop were made. This was one of the things that it was most necessary to avoid, as there was always the danger of getting the boat carried too high on the beach by the storm tide, and our crew, so few in number, being unable to launch it in calm weather.

We had barely crossed the sound and gotten partially into the shelter of the islands, when the wind veered to the north and stiffened considerably, but it was behind us, so we were able to make use of one of the sails, and went along at a high rate of speed. The sea became very rough after we passed the south end of Gillies Island, and entered the unprotected opening between that and Clark. There we had one of our most exciting experiences. The waves had grown very boisterous and the canoe was being tossed roughly, rushing ahead in the trough of the wave, then halting as it rose to the crest. Since its motion was not in harmony with that of the boat towing it, a great strain on the tow line was the result. Finally the rope snapped and the canoe, with its load of bedding, kitchen, stove, and tents, was adrift and being tossed helplessly about.

Now came the exciting moment. If the canoe was to be rescued it was necessary to retrace our course in the face of the gale. This was decided

on quickly, the sail was released, and around the boat was turned, during which movement it seemed as though every time we went into the trough of the waves the little boat would be engulfed. Turn after turn had to be made before the truant canoe could be approached and captured. After a very trying and dangerous experience she was made fast and we continued on our course.

We had not gone far when the tow line broke again and the canoe was carried high over the tossing waves. Again we turned in our course, and after much difficult manœuvring secured and made it fast with a much larger and stronger rope.

Still, at least, two or three miles off Clark Island, we began to wonder if a place of safety could be reached before the sea grew heavy enough to swamp us. Steadily the little boat rode the waves and each moment we were getting nearer safety. Presently we got into the lee of Armstrong Island, a small one north of Clark. The effect on the sea was quite noticeable and was a source of much relief to the anxious crew.

The harbour of Clark Island was reached about three o'clock in the afternoon, and after the boat was unloaded, she was beached. Camp was set up near the water, so that it would be convenient for preparing the boat and supplies for the return trip.

There was still some work to be done on Clark

and the two smaller islands between it and Gillies, Armstrong, and Curran. We attended to this as soon as possible in order that the return journey might not be delayed.

Much of the weather, meantime, was damp, and a drizzling rain fell almost every day. However, it was not cool enough to subdue the mosquitoes, which were still very active. They were so bad, in fact, that one day the drill men had to cease work and take refuge in the protection of their canopies.

One thing was observed particularly in regard to the weather conditions. Most of the "dirty" storms (drizzling rain and fog) seemed to emanate from clouds that constantly hung over Richmond Gulf, which, when driven by the offshore winds out over the Bay, discharged their moisture there. This we think was largely due to the contact between the warm water from the inland rivers, which is concentrated in the gulf, and the cooler air from over the Bay, thus causing the formation of vapour.

## CHAPTER XV

### Clark Island to Great Whale River



OUR work was completed, as we anticipated, on the evening of Saturday, August the thirty-first. In the meantime, Mac had completely overhauled the boat and engine and the blacksmith had devised an anchor from the only available material, viz., two pick mat-tocks placed at right angles to each other on one handle. This was thoroughly tested on some of our trips in the neighbourhood, and its holding power proved equal to, if not greater than, that of our former anchor.

On Monday morning, September the second, we were up at half past three, and preparing to start on our homeward journey. It was still dark outside, save for the pale light of the moon, which at times shone through the thin vapoury clouds that were scudding across the sky.

Without awakening the camp, we loaded our last canoeful of outfit, and slipping silently out to the boat, transferred the load into it, weighed anchor, and sailed quietly out of the harbour.

By this time there was a slight wind blowing





**The Main Hematite Bed, Clark Island**



**The Cliffs and Flats, Clark Island**



from the south-east, and as was our usual luck, it freshened almost immediately and a heavy sea was soon rolling. The direction from which this wind was blowing made it nearly dead against us, and in consequence we were soon taking large quantities of water as spray from the waves which were constantly breaking over our bow. In fact, several large waves struck the man at the wheel with such force as to knock him off his feet.

We had planned so eagerly to make a quick return trip, it seemed hard to go into shelter so soon, but we realized that despite the efficient protection of the canvas boat cover, the water then being shipped would soon ruin the provisions, of which there was now only a very limited supply. Still more serious was the danger of losing the canoe, so we concluded the proper thing to do was to cross to the mainland side and seek protection in Salmon Fisher's Cove. This necessitated a cut of about ten miles across open water.

To swing the boat around toward the cove was to bring it dead into the wind, and in order to quarter the waves as they came rolling up toward us, it was necessary at times to throw the boat out of her course, consequently slow progress was made toward the cove. The storm gradually grew in violence and we were very fortunate in getting into the protection of the harbour as soon as we did, shortly after eight o'clock.

It was not without considerable disappointment that we were compelled to anchor so soon. Having gotten such an early start, it had been hoped to make the day's run a record one, but the circumstances which followed amply compensated us for our disappointment.

Barely had we finished setting up camp on a grassy spot, in the protection of some high rocks, when a heavy rain set in and continued with but slight intermission throughout the day.

The boat was anchored in just enough water to keep her afloat at low tide, but since the wind was offshore, the sea was quite calm in the cove. That such quietude did not prevail outside was amply verified from the crest of a high granite hill which lay between the camp and the sea. In fact, it was but a repetition of the storm that had occurred after our arrival at Clark Island.

On awakening the next morning, it was found that the wind had veered to the south-west, the least protected quarter of the cove, and huge breakers were rolling up the beach. The boat was tossing heavily and many of the large waves broke over her, the water being too shallow to admit of her riding them.

After breakfast, two of the party launched the canoe in the surf and paddled out to the boat. It was a novel experience, for the breakers were large and many boulders were scattered over the beach, promising disaster if control of the craft

was lost, but they managed to reach the boat without mishap, save a drenching.

Boarding the boat was not so easy, for it seemed never to be on the crest of a wave at the same time as the canoe. Finally as one, crouching low in the bow of the canoe, clung tenaciously to the boat, the other watched for a favourable opportunity and then sprang to the side of it, luckily obtaining a secure footing.

A foot of water, which they found in the stern, was bucketed and pumped out until it was lower than the floor boards, when the craft was on an even keel, a condition which could only be imagined and not actually seen.

The cash, films, and valuable papers were procured and a start made for the shore. The sea was so rough, it was impossible to bring the heavy foodstuffs with them. The return trip was certainly not lacking in excitement and they barely escaped disaster. Running the surf before the stiff wind, a big wave caught and carried them forward, almost dropping them on top of a large boulder. It all occurred so quickly that they found themselves high up on the beach before fully realizing what had happened.

The storm continued all day, and about four o'clock the boat was again visited. The breakers had been particularly heavy all afternoon, especially at low tide, and so many had broken over her that the iron hoop, supporting the boat cover

at the bow, was completely battered down and a large opening left into which the water had been pouring. The stern was again found to be full of water and was pumped out. The provisions in camp were running low so it was necessary to bring some ashore, if at all possible, and also clothing to provide a dry change when they returned to camp.

One got into the bow of the canoe and held it close alongside the boat while the other watched for the opportune moment at which to drop the various parcels into it. It really seemed as if this was the signal for renewed activity of the sea, for half a dozen or more waves broke successively over the bow of the canoe, drenching its unlucky occupant and nearly swamping it. Like drowned rats, they reached the shore and the balance of the day was spent in drying out the clothes and food they had brought with them.

Before dark, the boat turned completely around, grounded as the tide went down, and began to take the waves stern on, in which position she would soon have swamped. A large coil of rope was procured and attached to the bow, the other end being carried over the high rock that bordered the cove, to a point facing the sea, and there by dint of hard pulling the boat was hauled around and made fast in safer water. This was really a nasty job, as we stumbled over the rocks in the

pitchy darkness of the night, and there was more than one bruised and barked shin exhibited upon the return to the camp.

The next morning was beautifully bright and clear, and the wind, although still from the same quarter, was much diminished, but the sea was far too rough for travelling. As this was the third day of the storm, it was hoped that conditions would improve and that it would be possible to leave in the afternoon. Preparations were made accordingly, but the sea continued too boisterous for travelling, making it necessary to wait over until the next morning.

This gave us an excellent opportunity to visit the Richmond Gulf, which we believed to be not more than eight or ten miles inland. We prepared anyway for a good long walk, and went just as light as possible. We had noticed that the gentle grassy slope which began at the beach of Salmon Fisher's Cove extended in a north-easterly direction between two parallel ranges of trap hills, the cliffs of which rose high on either side. It was decided to follow this pass as far as possible. The walking proved very good, for the slope was gradual and the sandy soil was carpeted with short grass and moss.

Here and there along the way were small clumps of gnarled spruce, scarcely twelve feet in height and five to six inches at the butt. Their twisted forms told of the struggle for existence in the

northern clime, for this is virtually the tree limit on the East Coast. The farther inland one goes, the farther northward the tree limit is found to extend, until it emerges on the southern shore of Ungava Bay.

The summit of the slope we were traversing was attained about two miles from the sea. As it was approached, a well-marked trail was found leading in the same direction as we were going, undoubtedly made by the Eskimos who inhabit the country surrounding the gulf.

At this summit, a sight met our eyes which was not only picturesque, but grand. Beyond us about a mile, the gentle slope ended on the shores of a most charming lake, bordered on all sides by high hills, those to the south and east, of trap, rising with steep slopes, those to the north and west rising as vertical cliffs, a continuation of the range to the north of the pass through which the trail led.

The hills and cliffs were undoubtedly from five to seven hundred feet high, and down them rushed many little torrents, winding like silver threads against the dark background of trap.

The trail led down through the valley to the lake and then turned to the north for some distance, following the foot of the cliffs, between the talus slope and the lake.

The lake, which was beautifully clear, had a sandy beach and bottom, upon which there was





An Eskimo Family, Nastapoka Sound



At the Tree Limit



no growth of vegetation, and was from four to five miles long and about three quarters of a mile wide, narrowing to points at the ends. At its eastern extremity, the lake empties into a small stream which follows an easterly course through the opening between the hills. At this point, the talus slopes at the foot of the cliff extend to the water and thus force the trail to mount them, a rather rough place since they are made up chiefly of large, angular blocks of trap.

The cliffs at the end of the lake made a grand picture. The dark, columnal trap, in a layer of great thickness, surmounting vari-coloured strata of limestone, and the talus slopes, covered with a scrubby growth of green, at their feet, gave a brilliant play of colour in the sunlight.

A short distance ahead we descended to the level of the stream, and while doing so noticed what appeared to be the remains of an old sea beach, the rounded boulders piled high up on the edge of the cliff fully three hundred feet above the present level of the sea.

The trail led along the bank of the stream and soon traces of the inhabitants of the locality were seen in the form of several salmon spears, cached on a large rock. These spears were a marvel of ingenuity, with the shaft of driftwood, carefully squared up, the forks of seal ribs, and the curved points of nails, evidently obtained at the Posts. Unlike the Indian, whose handicraft though ser-

viceable is distinctly crude, the Eskimo is by nature an artisan of high order.

Rounding a projecting point of the cliff, we were confronted by a huge, pyramid-shaped mountain, rising from seven hundred to a thousand feet above the level of the stream. This we named Table Mountain because of its flat top. It stood seemingly in the middle of the valley, dividing it. The pass on the northern side was the deeper and through it flowed the stream, along the shore of which the trail continued to the gulf, as was found later.

Beyond Table Mountain the valley narrowed until it became practically nothing more than a gorge. The arm of the gulf, into which the stream emptied, soon appeared and it was apparent that our walk of eight miles was nearly completed.

As the mouth of the stream was approached, more evidences of the Eskimo camps appeared, and several water casks and many traps, as well as rows of small stones, which marked the locations of their tents, were to be seen.

But little of the gulf proper could be seen, for the arm of it, on the shore of which the trail ended, extended for some distance behind a point of the mainland, although a small portion of the high hills on the opposite side was visible past the end of the arm.

Only remaining for a few minutes, as it was growing late, we turned our faces homeward, with



**The Coliseum Cliff, Salmon Fisher's Trail**



**Table Mountain, Salmon Fisher's Trail**



a feeling of the greatest satisfaction at having completed that which had been long planned and finally given up as an impossibility on that trip.

The walk back through the valley, lighted by the rays of the lowering sun, along the hard-beaten Eskimo trail, was an experience long to be remembered. Reaching the crest of the hill, dividing the valley from the sea, we were privileged to see another beautiful panorama. The waters of the Bay extended to the horizon like a sheet of gold, as it reflected the rays of the setting sun, while the Nastapoka Islands seemed as a setting of precious stones.

The camp was reached about seven o'clock, the entire walk of about sixteen miles being made in four and one half hours.

The following morning, Thursday, we arose at four o'clock, but owing to the boat being aground did not get away until seven. The travelling was quite good, although the air was cold and damp and at times there was a thick fog. We managed to stay well in sight of the shore and still keep in safe water. Only once did we lose our position. This was during a particularly heavy period of fog, when the end of a long point of the mainland was mistaken for that of Belanger Island. When the fog lifted we were steering directly into a deep bay above the point.

At the entrance to Richmond Gulf, a York boat was seen anchored in a little harbour, and

as we came nearer, the marquees of an Eskimo camp came into view. It was certain that these Eskimos had come from the Great Whale River Post, and the fact that they were on the way to their hunting grounds was an evidence that the *Inenew* had arrived with the supplies. If this were the case, undoubtedly the Bishop had left for home.

The sun shone out as we came directly opposite to the entrance of the gulf, and gave us a glimpse of the gorge; and the falls of the Wiachuan River in the hills beyond were dimly visible. The current was very swift through the entrance, as the tide was coming in, and the water was quite rough. As the direction of the current was inward, the course was taken at a good distance from the mainland.

Little Whale River was reached about eleven o'clock, but no attempt was made to enter, although we would have done so had the season been less advanced. The chief object now was to reach Moose Factory as speedily as possible, although it was our intention not to leave Fort George until the other party had caught up with us.

Throughout the return journey it was the purpose to give strict attention to the mainland so as to locate any safe harbours which might be there, in case they should at any time in the future be needed.

About two o'clock Second River was reached,



where the York boat had been overtaken on our way northward. It was planned to visit Duck Island, had we returned earlier in the season, but it was too late now for this, so we passed on to the upper Boat Opening, at the north end of the Manitounuk Sound, reaching it about five o'clock. The tide was going out and we had to face a very strong current, but succeeded in passing through safely.

Once in the sound, we began to look for the old camping place of five years before, but without success. Eventually, a very inviting harbour was found at the north side of Castle Rock, amid a clump of beautiful spruce trees. It was a real pleasure to be able to camp in the shelter of the trees, and where we could again make ourselves a bed of boughs.

As may be imagined, the soft, springy bed, the first since we left Fort George, proved very comfortable and enticing. As it was our intention not to go beyond Great Whale River that day, we slept later than usual and consequently did not weigh anchor until ten o'clock. The day was dull most of the time, although the sun shone at intervals. The sea was calm and we sailed along under the most enjoyable conditions.

We were delayed somewhat in getting into the Great Whale River as something went wrong with the engine while just outside of the mouth. We reached the Post at five o'clock and were met by

Harold Undgarten, the Factor being absent, having gone to Charlton Island to meet the steamer from Montreal.

A site for the camp was selected on the slope between the Factor's house and the bank of the river. The Post is situated on the side of a hill which runs east and west and is thus protected from the north and west sea breezes. The slope was covered with a growth of grass fully two feet high.

The Eskimos were most friendly, assisting us in transferring our dunnage from the boat to the tent and in securing a supply of firewood.

To visit the various buildings of the Post again, in which a number of days had been spent on our previous trip, was most interesting. Harold Undgarten's house was visited the first evening. He had much to tell of events that had transpired since we had been there, five years before. Naturally, the most important to him were the changing of Factors, Mr. McKenzie being replaced by Mr. Mavor, and the improvements in the Company's buildings.

Our attention was attracted by a large pile of squared timber lying in the Post yard. Harold informed us that he was going to have a new house and that the timber was for the frame. The posts and beams were about six by eight inches, very much larger than seemed necessary. The logs had been procured from the valley of the

Great Whale River, and had evidently been cut pretty well out in the open, as they were quite knotty.

On our inquiry as to the condition of trade, Harold stated that there had been nothing done yet that year, and that the catch of the last season, which had just been shipped, was hardly up to the standard. The season previous to that had been a record one. Eighty thousand dollars' worth of skins, chiefly of the Arctic fox, had been secured at this Post.

The Post formerly shipped large quantities of seal and whale oil, but of late years comparatively little has been produced. We had noticed the scarcity of whales on this trip in comparison to the great numbers that were to be seen in 1907. For this almost every native had an explanation of his own, the unusual weather conditions being the chief reason given for their absence.

On the other hand, the seals were unusually plentiful. They were about us on every hand, no matter where we were sailing. Some were seen even in the rivers, up which they had gone to get a meal of fancy fresh-water fish, no doubt by way of a change. The flesh and blubber of the seal are much prized by the Eskimos, both as food for themselves and their dogs. The eating of blubber is probably accountable for the former's plump forms and greasy appearance. The skin, too, forms one of their most valuable assets. From

it they make their boots, cover their *kyaks*, manufacture their dog harness and harpoon lines, and they probably have a dozen other uses for it, in fact their entire winter costume is made from seal, polar bear, caribou, and other skins.

Before leaving Harold's house that night he promised us assistance in getting our boat ready to be repaired the next morning. Consequently several of the neighbouring Eskimos came to help us haul it up on the beach and raise it into position for repairs. On the whole, it had stood the journey well, but the rudder had become displaced from the protecting shoe, during the storm at Salmon Fisher's Cove.

Our helpers were good-natured, smiling fellows, with ideas of their own as to how the work should be done. There was a marked difference between them and the average Indians, who, no doubt, would have looked on carelessly, wondering more than anything else if they were going to receive something to eat or tobacco to smoke in return for their services.

We hoped to leave as soon as the boat was repaired, but when the work was completed, the hour was so late it would have been impossible for us to have reached another harbour by night-fall. The days were shortening very perceptibly, so it was impossible to start before seven o'clock in the morning, or run later than five in the evening. In fact, the day was just about half the length of

what it would have been in the middle of June at that latitude. It might be interesting to note that in the Hudson Straits, during the early summer, there is practically no night whatever, and it is because of this long day of sunshine that vegetation is so rapid and grains and vegetables mature so quickly in the far North.

The next day, Sunday, was a foggy, stormy day, consequently it was impossible for us to leave. The day was spent very quietly as Sunday is strictly observed at Great Whale River. In fact the Eskimos cut our Sunday wood on Saturday with the expectation that we might remain over, and Harold was very particular in ascertaining if we had everything that would be required from the store, as he could not open it on Sunday.

We had patronized the store extensively, being almost entirely out of provisions when the Post was reached, and a supply of the ordinary articles of food was obtained and eaten with as much relish as if they had been real delicacies.

In the afternoon, we attended service in the little church on the top of the hill overlooking the Post, on one side, and the sea, on the other. In the absence of Nero, the lay preacher, who had just been ordained a deacon by the Bishop and was on a missionary tour as far south as Rupert House, the service was led by Peter, another native evangelist.

The service was conducted entirely in the

Eskimo tongue, but although unintelligible to us, the earnestness of the preacher and his hearers was a fitting lesson for any one professing Christianity. The eloquence with which Peter delivered his discourse would have been an inspiration to many a half-hearted minister. The heartiness of the singing, in which everyone joined, would have been a revelation to the congregation of many a modern church. Another noticeable fact was the attendance of whole families, the old grandfather as well as the baby grandchild.

The occasion was interesting as well as surprising. Although not a word from the beginning to the close of the service could be understood, it was our duty to be present and show these people that we were heartily in sympathy with them. The missionaries say that they are placed in a most embarrassing position when white men visit the Posts and entirely ignore the church. The natives suppose the Church to be a universal institution of the white man, and the missionaries have been plied with many questions regarding the fact that some of the visitors had failed to attend the services. These questions they have found very difficult to answer. In fact, the Eskimo is, generally speaking, a thinking man, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the missionary to be hard-pressed for an answer to his critical questions regarding the creation and other Biblical stories with which he is familiar.



Castle Rock, Manitounuk Sound



Eskimos at Service, Great Whale River





At the close of the service, as is the usual custom when white men attend, the natives sat still and waited for the visitors to leave. As soon as we reached the door, the congregation rose and started to disperse.

In the evening, we again visited the home of Harold Undgarten, and were entertained with a sacred concert on the Victor gramophone. This machine is playing a very prominent part in the civilization and education of the Indians and Eskimos of the Bay. At the various Posts, we had been entertained with the gramophone, and while many of the records were of a sacred nature, others were of the better class of secular music, and had evidently been carefully selected. On this occasion we listened to some records of well-known singers, amongst whom were the Hayden quartette in their widely known renditions of *Nearer my God to Thee*, *Rock of Ages*, and *Jesus Lover of my Soul*. It was very enjoyable to hear these old selections, in fact, it was like meeting old friends, after an absence of several months from the realms of good music.

The Eskimos have a great love for music and whenever a talking machine is within hearing distance they are certain to be attracted by it. A very amusing story is told by one of the missionaries. An Eskimo hearing a gramophone, for the first time, delivering a discourse in his own language, dropped his chin in amazement and

said to the missionary, "Is that a canned missionary?" The other replied in the affirmative, and then the query came, "Why don't you take off the lid and let him out?"

When the concert was over, Harold informed us that he also had a phonograph, and producing it, said that it was out of order. Mac at once undertook to look it over with the intention of repairing it, but was quietly rebuked with the remark, "It is Sunday and we will wait until tomorrow for any repairing that is necessary."

Harold was in a good talking mood, and after some encouragement, told of many incidents in the religious life of the people. He informed us that since our last visit, the Eskimos and Indians connected with the Post had become deeply religious, due entirely to the teaching of Mr. Walton. Every year, the latter makes two trips to Great Whale River Post and on one of them remains for a month with the people. These all assemble at the time planned the previous year for the next annual visit.

Mr. Walton's fame has been carried by visiting Eskimos from place to place until it has finally reached the Labrador coast, from which many came the previous spring. This meant a journey of at least a thousand miles overland, going and returning. The visiting Eskimos were so pleased with their experience at the Great Whale River Post that they had succeeded in getting Mr.

Walton to promise to meet them there the following July, agreeing to return at that time with double their number.

One can imagine the earnestness of these Eskimos by their willingness to undertake such a long journey for the sake of the missionary's teaching and preaching. They possess a great desire to know the full contents of the Bible, and are endeavouring to live strictly in accordance with its teachings, so far as they know them.

We said farewell to Harold and his wife, expecting to leave the Post the next morning. We were baffled again in our purpose, for when everything was packed in the boat ready for the start, a fog settled down, compelling us to wait for it to lift. It was not until the afternoon that it was found to be impossible to leave that day, and we were compelled to bring the tents and other dunnage ashore and prepare to spend another night at the Post.

Late in the afternoon it became quite bright and clear and advantage was taken of the opportunity to get some more photographs. The Eskimo people are always good natured about posing for a photo. On that afternoon several excellent photos of the Eskimo women and children were secured.

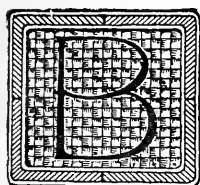
After this a visit was paid to the oil house, one of the many buildings of the Post that is likely to be of interest to an outsider. It is a large

frame structure, which, due to the odour diffused therefrom, might easily be found by any one not possessing the sense of sight. The animal oil obtained from the blubber has a very offensive odour, before refining, to those not accustomed to it.

One end of the building was occupied by two large cauldrons, about which was built a brick furnace. The whole was surmounted by a huge chimney and ventilator, through which the smoke and fumes from the boiling fat could pass. In the other end was a large table of planks upon which the slabs of blubber were laid to be cut into small pieces. Around the room were huge scales for weighing the blubber, the Eskimos being paid after this reckoning. Upon the rafters above were reposing many *kyaks*, harpoons, and other paraphernalia which their nomad owners did not require at the time, and with which they would not be encumbered.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Great Whale River to Fort George



Y six o'clock on Tuesday morning we were ready to weigh anchor, but Mac could not get the engine started until an hour later, and even then, it did not run properly.

When several miles out from the shore of the Bay the engine stopped entirely. It seemed for a time as though the boat would have to be rowed ashore, for there was no breeze with which to sail, and a thick fog began to settle around us. It was certainly a dangerous predicament for there was no marine compass aboard which was reliable enough to steer by. This condition of affairs seemed all the more aggravating, as we had been assured several days before starting that the boat and engine were in perfect order.

Again Providence favoured us. The fog soon lifted and by that time the engine had been put in order so we started forward immediately. The travelling continued good until an island, about eight miles from Sucker Creek, was reached. Here a thick fog again settled down accompanied by drizzling rain. To proceed was impossible,

so we anchored in a small harbour on the east side of the island, but remained aboard, hoping that the fog might lift.

Late in the afternoon the fog began to clear, and a start was made with the intention of going as far as Sucker Creek, but the stiff wind that was driving away the mist raised such a heavy sea, it was impossible for us to weather it, so we returned to the harbour and set up camp on the island.

As we had been living principally on pancakes for nearly a month and a half, they were becoming rather a monotonous article of diet, so the camp being pitched early, one of the party made an oven, to fit the top of the stove, in which to bake biscuits. It was made entirely from a five-gallon square gasoline can, and showed the extent of man's ingenuity when in a country devoid of the conveniences of civilization. This was a time when the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," asserted itself very strongly.

We were detained on the island for a day by the storm. It was evidently a much-used camping place, for a supply of wood was already collected and many bones of fish and fowl were lying about. Our tents were set up in a cozy nook on the side of a hill, and, although the wind blew very strongly, it was hardly perceptible until we went out into the open.

The second morning after our arrival, we were

able to continue our journey after a seven o'clock change of weather, which was a very favourable one.

When in the vicinity of Sucker Creek, we noticed two *kyaks* some distance ahead of us and well out to sea. The Eskimos had already seen us and were paddling hard toward the shore, so as to intercept us. They proved to be some of the men from Husky Bill's camp. We felt it incumbent upon us to stop and engage in the usual salutations. Neither of the men could speak a word of English, so we could not exchange news with them. Wishing them to have pleasant recollections of the meeting, we gave them some tea and a few biscuits. When we said "good-bye" and proceeded on our way, they went ashore to enjoy the "good things" with which they had been presented.

We passed Husky Bill's camp at Little Cape Jones River, but were too far out to recognize any people there. About two o'clock we rounded Little Cape Jones and entered the Long Island Sound. The sun shone brightly and it was an ideal day for travelling, but no sooner had we entered the sound than the wind began to rise. Only those who have travelled in these northern waters realize how quickly the weather can change and how soon a craft may pass from a condition of safety to one of great danger.

We went ahead, knowing that there was a

harbour somewhere near Split Rock, a few miles south of Little Cape Jones, in which shelter could be had. Beyond this there are no harbours until the islands at the southern end of the sound are reached. Even with good weather, the islands could hardly be reached by sunset, consequently it was highly important that we should find the nearby harbour and wait there for quiet weather in which to round the Cape. We sought for it diligently for an hour or more, but, failing to locate it in that time, realized to our regret that it must have been passed.

It was impossible to turn back, for the sea, which was safe enough when going with the wind, was too heavy to face. There was nothing we could do but proceed as quickly as possible and endeavour to reach the islands before night. It was then that the disadvantage of having had a guide over this course on the way northward was realized for, trusting in his ability, we had not watched the shores as carefully as at other times, when alone.

The sky had been cloudless all day, but as the sun neared the setting, dark clouds rose and covered it and a fog began to blow in from the sea. Thus the darkness came much earlier than was anticipated and we realized that a favourable place must be found where the boat could be anchored for the night and the camp set up. Such a place was very difficult to obtain. The



water bordering the mainland was very shallow for quite a distance out from the shore, making it quite impossible to get protection behind any of the small points. It soon became so dark that it was impossible to pick out a course and we often found ourselves in the breakers over the shoals that extended outward from the mainland at short intervals.

At last, driven to immediate action, we anchored to the south of one of the points where, just by chance, we had found deeper water than had been encountered so near the shore elsewhere—about six feet at half tide.

Once more on shore, we felt deeply grateful to Providence for our escape from such a serious predicament, with, after all, but a slight inconvenience. It was no easy job to set up camp in the almost total darkness. Luckily, we had emergency firewood and water in the boat, and thus were able to prepare a much-needed meal.

The wind blew strongly throughout the night, and in the morning was higher than ever. Although anxious to move to a really safe anchorage we were compelled to stay in camp as the sea was very rough despite the fact that the day was beautifully bright and clear.

With the exception of the anchorage, which was entirely unprotected, it seemed as though we were guided by fate to a good camping place, for

there was plenty of fresh water and some drift-wood close at hand.

A glance from the top of a hill behind the camp showed that the islands we had been endeavouring to reach were about two miles to the south, and if we had had daylight for a few minutes more, they would have been reached.

Little could be done during the day save minor repairs on our clothing, so we retired early, planning to watch the boat during the night. Our lot seemed hard, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that as this was Friday the thirteenth, nothing better could be expected, and that following days would bring better luck.

The wind dropped during the night, but veered in the morning from the north-east to the south-west and blew a gale. This caused a great increase in the roughness of the sea, and huge breakers began to roll up the beach. The change in the direction of the wind drove the boat nearer the shore during the high tide, and at low tide she was aground. During the lower stages of the tide, while she was yet afloat, the boat would be lifted up on the crest of a wave, and dashed with a heart-rending bump on the boulder-strewn beach when in the trough.

In the morning two of the party tried to reach the boat in the canoe, but after three trials, in each of which they were swamped by the combers and thrown back on the beach, they gave it up as an impossibility. At low tide they again made

the attempt and this time were successful. The boat was found to contain a large quantity of water and was bailed out. Removing some of the valuables, they returned to shore, and as it was impossible to do anything for the boat itself, left her in the hands of fate, rather expecting to collect her remains from the beach in the morning.

The storm continued throughout the night. The next morning it was suggested that the boat be moved to a little bay, about a mile southward. We recognized this bay to be one in which our yacht had been anchored on the previous trip and thought that the water might be deeper there than where the boat was lying. We went along the beach to the bay to ascertain if such were the case and, also, to procure some good logs for firewood, which had been observed on a former walk. The water proved to be no deeper, so it was decided to move the boat farther from the shore, but to leave her opposite the camp.

The engine being cold and wet, considerable time would be required to start it, consequently Mac decided to pole her out into deeper water, although there was but one other man in the boat to assist him. The anchor was no sooner up than the wind began to drive the boat toward the shore, despite the best efforts of the pair to combat the force of the wind and the waves. Finally she drifted among the breakers and it was evident that the only way to save her was to haul her hard up

on to the beach. To leave her in the breakers amongst the rocks, meant sure destruction. She was taken opposite a sandy place on the beach, where there were but a few scattered boulders, and pulled up as far as the water would permit.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the boat was moved, and as the tide was going out, there would not be deep enough water to permit of her being drawn up any farther for about six hours. This meant that we would have a midnight séance on the beach, and even if the weather were favourable the next day it would not be possible to take advantage of it until twelve o'clock, when the tide would be high again.

It seemed as if all the elements of nature had conspired to give us a rough time that night, for not only was it blowing hard but was as dark as Egypt, and finally wound up with a driving rain and snow storm. We worked from eight o'clock until half past twelve getting the boat pulled up on to the beach.

The experience was one of the worst of the whole trip. The supply of firewood had become very small, in fact there was only enough for cooking the food, the last secured having been carried for about two miles on our shoulders, consequently we could not even have a fire to warm our cold, wet hands and feet, when resting. The work had to be done in almost total darkness, for the lantern would not burn properly in the wind,

and finally a piece was knocked out of the globe, entirely incapacitating it for further use.

In the midst of it all we kept up our courage by singing and trying to imagine we were having a good time. The surf was very heavy and we were drenched by the spray from the breakers as they struck the boat. When all was over a fire was kindled and a kettle of tea made to refresh the tired party. The experiences of the night on that distant and dreary shore, so far removed from any other white men, will not soon be forgotten by the members of the party. Retiring with a feeling that our craft was out of danger, we once more had visions of landing safely in Moose Factory.

The next morning was dull-grey, heavy rain clouds being present, but the breeze was offshore and light so that the sea was calm. The boat proved to be in much better condition than was expected, a broken tiller rope being the most serious damage she had sustained. All repairs were made in time to launch her at high tide. We were off at half past one. A fog began to settle just before the start, but it did not get thick enough to prevent travelling.

After passing the islands at the southern end of the sound, there are no other landmarks or harbours until Cape Jones is passed, and before long it was impossible to identify our position on the map. We could not help feeling a little anx-

ious about rounding the Cape, but hoped that on account of the late subsidence of the wind the water would be quiet. Our prognostications were not to prove correct, for as the Cape was approached leaving the shelter of the sound, the waters were found to be much disturbed, the swells rolling high.

Before long we reached a perfect cordon of shoals extending far out to sea, but were always warned by the surf, and were thus able to avoid them. Point after point would come into view and back of them all we could see the high hills of Cape Jones, which never seemed to get any closer.

Finally we encountered a very swift current, fortunately in the right direction, and it was evident that before long the Cape would be passed. One of the points that had been looming up ahead proved to be an island, and as it was approached, the opening between it and the mainland proved to be so wide that we knew the Cape was actually rounded, for there are no large islands after those of Long Island Sound, until those south of the Cape are reached. We proceeded along amongst a perfect network of shoals, and finally entered the little harbour in which we had anchored on the way north. The day was concluded most happily by a beautiful, clear sunset, an omen of fair weather, we hoped, for the next day.

While setting up the camp we were visited by

our old friends, the Huskies, who brought us some fine salmon trout and whitefish. Our supper of trout that night was one of the greatest feasts we had during our travels. No fish we had ever tasted were quite as good as these. Not only was the flavour delicious but, it seemed to us, the meat was firmer than any we had ever eaten.

It was with a feeling of great satisfaction and perfect safety we retired that night. Many days had passed since we had had an uninterrupted night's sleep, so this respite was enjoyed to the fullest extent. In fact we did not rise the next morning at the usual early hour and it must have been nine o'clock before the anchor was weighed. The sky was overcast and the morning somewhat chilly.

The inside course was taken, the one Joseph had followed, and as the tide was higher than when we passed over it with him, it was not as difficult to keep off the shoals.

Drawing near to Seal River we began to make a short cut across some unprotected water, but as the wind started to rise, the course was changed to the lee side of an island, opposite the mouth of the river. From the end of this island a course was taken out to another a couple of miles distant, and, being chilly and hungry, we decided to land on the latter and have a warm dinner. It proved to be an old camping place with plenty of wood and water, and in one hour we had made our-

selves a good hot meal, eaten it, and were off again.

After going about an hour, a camp was sighted on a long, low island, immediately off the mainland. It was thought for a time that it might be our own men, who, having passed us, were camped there awaiting a fair sailing wind. At a distance the tents strongly resembled theirs, but on approaching them it was found that the number was larger than was required by the party, and Indian men and women could be seen moving about excitedly, no doubt in anticipation of a visit from us. These Indians, it was afterwards learned, were from the Revillon Post at Fort George and were on their way to winter quarters at Sucker Creek.

We had quite a long hunt that night for a suitable harbour and camping place, and the best that could be found was a grassy spot on the top of a long, high shoal off the entrance to Paul Bay. It was nearly dark when this was located and to our regret there was no water anywhere on the elevated spot. It was low tide at the time and therefore possible to walk across to another of these shoal islands. Mac undertook to go over there and look for water and returned in about half an hour with two kettlefuls.

Before the tents were quite up, it started to rain. A supply of fuel was near, for on the top of the shoal there was a pile of driftwood, con-



taining probably fifty cords. It rained hard all night, and the tent, which was now beginning to be the worse for wear, leaked over the bed and robbed us of our night's rest.

The tide being low the next morning, considerable difficulty was experienced in getting out of the harbour, which was full of long seaweed. The engine was not in very good running condition, so, in order to take advantage of the wind, which was a fair one, we spread the sail, and going southward, passed the mouth of Paul Bay.

The wind rose gradually as the morning advanced and the shallow sea became so boisterous we thought it unsafe for travelling and ran into a protected spot between two islands. Here we remained for a short time in consultation as to whether a course should be taken through the Pipestone Gutway, or to proceed and take chances on the outside. It was finally decided that if we travelled at all it was safer to keep out to sea. After a short halt, the wind lowered somewhat, so we weighed anchor, raised the sail, and started out again. The course was still very shoaly although it was at a considerable distance from the mainland.

At midday it was decided to take an hour for luncheon and accordingly an effort was made to effect a landing on one of the islands. It was quite impossible to approach it nearer than a mile or so owing to the shallows. The engine was

beginning to give trouble, and as we were passing over a very shallow area in a swift current, it made us feel somewhat anxious. Suddenly, when running amongst huge boulders, it stopped completely. Immediately the poles were brought into requisition to prevent a collision with the rocks. The sail propelled the boat at sufficient speed to give it steerageway and an accident was thus averted. Soon after, the engine was gotten into order and gave no further trouble throughout the afternoon.

We were then within a couple of miles of a high, red granite island, so it was determined that if it were possible, a landing would be made there for luncheon, as it was long past midday. It was surrounded with deep water and we were able to run the bow up on a ledge and land without the use of the canoe. The place chosen for the meal was a delightful spot on a rocky slope, sheltered from the wind and facing the sea and the sun. There was an abundance of wood and fresh water close at hand, and it was but a short time before a most enjoyable repast was prepared. The meal over, we were off again within our usual allotted time, one hour.

We were considerably relieved on coming around the island to see Wastikon looming up in the distance, probably twelve or fifteen miles off. We steered for this high landmark and kept it as our objective point until within about three

miles of it, when the course was changed to cross the mouth of Goose Bay.

While making this long cut from land to land, the wind was gradually freshening, but very fortunately was directly behind us. This was the roughest sea we had travelled in during our whole trip. The boat was often carried ten feet high on the waves, but by careful steering, we were able to ride them without any serious consequences. Although becoming well used to such experiences, we certainly felt more comfortable when travelling on a less boisterous sea. It would have been quite impossible to have weathered this gale had we been going in the opposite direction.

An unsuccessful effort was made to find Stromness Harbour, the place where so many days had been spent when going northward. Two islands were passed, on one of which were camped about twenty Indians, who were on their way north to their hunting grounds. Joseph, the Bishop's guide, was one of the party.

We were strongly impelled to drop the anchor and go ashore on one of the islands, but being only four or five miles from Fort George, the prospect of camping again on this old favourite spot was an impetus for us to push forward, despite the roughness of the water.

We expected to reach the mouth of the river by six o'clock, sunset, and kept up to schedule time. The sun was setting as the river was

entered. The tide was going out and the current was very strong. There was a slight wind behind us so we took advantage of it by spreading the second sail. With all the motive power brought into action, it took us fully an hour to cover the distance between the mouth of the river and the Post.

The noise of the engine had attracted the attention of the people, and when we came within seeing distance the Indians were gathering on the banks. By the time the pier was reached all the Post officers and Indians had assembled to give us a welcome. The boat was run on to the sandy beach and the Indians and officers gathered around us, anxious to get the particulars of our trip.

We were not allowed to do anything. All the dunnage was carried up to the Post ground, the tents and stoves set up, and wood sufficient for a couple of days was cut. The cordial reception by the people was appreciated, as were their expressions of anxiety for our welfare, owing to our long delay in returning. One of the retired Indian servants told us afterward, in a very confidential way, that he was "very dubious" about our return.

To our regret, Mr. Griffith was away, but Mr. Alec. Luttit was in charge of the Post, with instructions to assist us in every manner possible. The Factor had gone to Charlton shortly after our

departure to await the arrival of the steamer from Montreal. Mr. Walton had also left with his family, en route for England, by way of the Moose and Abitibi rivers.

An addition had been made to the personnel of the Revillon Post, in the person of Mrs. Blais, who had come from Montreal, on the *Adventure*, the Revillon steamer, which arrived at Strutton early in August, where she was met by her husband.

As our food supply was almost exhausted, we had hoped to replenish it immediately on our arrival, but the Hudson's Bay Company was entirely out of provisions, and as it was a mile to the Revillon store, it was decided to put up with another scrap meal and get to bed as soon as possible.

We had to await the departure of our many callers, who were all very kind in giving us such news as they had received from the lower part of the Bay, and were equally interested in the details of our trip to the North.

When at last we retired it was with feelings of thankfulness to Providence, whose many mercies had brought us this far south in safety, through such dangerous experiences.

## CHAPTER XVII

### Fort George



WHEN leaving Clark Island, we expected to take a one-hundred-mile trip up the Big River, and promised Mr. Strong not to leave Fort George for the South until he arrived there. On reaching that Post, owing to the many delays met with, it was found too late to undertake a trip up the river.

The boat engine had to be completely overhauled, and while that was being done, the hull was to be painted. When the repairs and the painting were finished, we hoped to start for the South, providing Mr. Strong and his party had arrived, otherwise, we must await their coming.

The days passed swiftly by and soon our boat was ready, but the York boat had not appeared. Although impatient at so long a delay, we determined to make the best of it, and get as much enjoyment out of our stay as possible. It seemed that in consideration of all we had undergone in the way of bad weather and rough, slow travelling, no comfort or pleasure was too great for us.

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The weather was delightful, the most beautiful of all our trip. On the night of the twenty-first of September, the first frost of the season occurred, and the ground was white the next morning. Up to this time the weather had been so bright and warm that we preferred to eat our meals out on the grass rather than stay inside and be exposed to the heat of the stove.

Every day Mr. Griffith was expected back, and it was no infrequent sight to see some of the Indians on top of the Factor's house, telescope in hand, looking for a first glimpse of his boat, *The Pride*.

It was also on the twenty-first of September, the day of the fall equinox, that a boat was seen entering the river which was at first thought to be our Yorkboat, but it proved to be one of the Company's boats returning from Charlton. It was not *The Pride*, so it was quite evident that the steamer from Montreal had not arrived. The returned boat with its crew had been awaiting the coming of the ship with provisions for over a month, and had come back with some that they had gotten from one of the other Posts in the south of the Bay, where larger stocks are always kept, since it was feared the ship had met with some mishap.

The crew were welcomed with all the enthusiasm that had been noticed on previous occasions among these people, but the joy of the home-coming was turned to dismay, for they brought news of a

scarcity of provisions at all the Posts, and worst of all, a famine of ammunition.

The situation was a serious one. The time for the return of the hunters to the hunting grounds, with their winter's provisions, was long past. Not an ounce of ammunition could be bought at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and yet many families, whose food for the coming winter depended on it, had been anxiously waiting a whole month for a supply. The men, women, and children gathered in little groups about the members of the boat crew, asking questions and gravely discussing the situation.

Judging from past experiences, we had anticipated some fine sunsets during our stay at Fort George, and were not disappointed. The location of the Post at a point on the river, giving an uninterrupted view of the sea to the west, offered the best conditions for viewing a sunset at this time of the year.

In the evening after the excitement attending the arrival of the boat had quieted down, our expectations were fully realized in the sunset. As the blazing orb sank into the western sea, to quench its fiery radiance in the glittering water, banks of fluffy, white clouds, hovering above, were lit up with a gorgeous glow, and by their forms, so realistic, one was drawn into the realm of Greek mythology and pictured Dawn being led forth to earth by the gods of Olympus.



The green of the spruce-lined river banks, mingled with the brilliant autumnal colours of the other foliage, was brightened by the soft rays. The old post buildings with their weather beaten coatings of paint were imbued with an air of warmth and comfort. The sombre wigwam, with the smoke lazily curling upward, gave a sense of remoteness from modern architectural achievement, while the Indian women, paddling quietly in their canoes toward camp, returning with the reward of their afternoon visit to the nets, added life to the impressive picture.

Another day had passed and our men had not yet arrived, but we believed they must be somewhere near at hand awaiting a favourable wind, for it had blown in a contrary direction throughout the day.

As the following day would be Sunday, it was decided to set up the large silk tent, it having been fully repaired at the Post. Sunday brought a warm, driving rain from the south, and we were thankful that all our provisions and clothing had been brought into a clean, roomy shelter, which with the help of a canvas fly was reasonably waterproof.

We had been troubled by our old enemies, the Husky dogs, ever since our arrival but during the first night in the big tent were not molested by them, having taken the utmost precaution against them, knowing that they were hungry and likely

to eat anything. In fact, they had already eaten a pair of sealskin boots and about fifty feet of sealskin line that we had innocently left unguarded in the tent.

One box of provisions had been left in the old tent, a case of tinned meats, without suspicion that the dogs would molest it. We were soon to learn our mistake for on the following night a crash followed by howls and other sounds of battle announced the fact that the canned goods was a prize in a tooth and claw tournament. The box was removed by one of the party and a few stones hurled at the canine adventurers, who slunk off into the darkness to await a better opportunity for pillage.

We had just gotten comfortably settled in our blankets, when behold! a tear in the corner of the tent, caused by its flapping in the wind, was suddenly enlarged and admitted a dog. We were on him in an instant, beating him with boots and clubs, but like his kind, he only lay down flat and voiced that weird, wolflike howl, until our ears were well-nigh deafened, and we let him out through the tent flap.

This was but the beginning of an all-night séance. The next dog entered through the same hole, but was too quick for us and jumped through the other side of the tent. We filled up the new hole with flour bags, boxes, etc., but were unable to keep out the intruders, who maintained a steady

invasion throughout the night, and practically ruined the tent.

The following three days were without incident. The weather was warm but cloudy, and the wind continued to blow from the south, a most disheartening fact, for there was no possible chance of the York boat making progress. The Post people were most kind, and hardly a day passed without at least one gift of some dainty being received. Fine rich milk and even thick cream, from the Post dairy, added flavour to pails of beautiful raspberries and blueberries, which the children brought us. Fresh butter was also given us, enough and to spare, and presents of fish and wild fowl were frequently received from the Indians.

A good example of the gratitude of these natives occurred during our stay at Fort George. An Indian baby had been bitten by a dog. Since the departure of the Factor and the Missionary, there had been no one at the Post who knew anything about medicine, but believing that all white men had such knowledge, they begged us to come and see the child. Gathering the medicine kit, some soap, a wash basin, and a clean towel together, we proceeded to make our first professional call.

It was in a large wigwam, full twenty feet in diameter and connected with a similar one by a passage made of an A-tent with the ends removed. The floor was beautifully clean and covered with

freshly cut boughs. In the centre was an open fire, over which a kettle of water was boiling. Grouped around the fire were about twenty men, women, and children, some languidly smoking their pipes, while others were busy at their sewing or other handicrafts.

The injury to the child proved not to be serious, and after carefully washing and dressing the wound, through which painful operation the child, scarcely three years old, never whimpered, we returned to our tent.

During our absence a dog entered the tent, and although pursued by some of the Indians, escaped with a freshly roasted duck, which had been cooked for the dinner. The father of the child, upon hearing this, brought us a fine wavy (a species of goose) and insisted that we take it, despite the fact that we realized how low his supply of provisions really was. The half-breeds advised us to take the gift, for to refuse, they said, would be an insult to the giver, so we acquiesced reluctantly, much impressed with the gratitude of the poor fellow.

On the morning of Tuesday, September the twenty-seventh, we were awakened by a fearful flapping of the tent, the howling of the wind in the nearby bush, and the swish of breakers as they rolled up on the beach behind us. The latter was an unmistakable sign that a strong west wind was blowing in from the Bay. Our fears

for the safety of the boat were immediately aroused. Hastily dressing and calling to Mac to do the same, we rushed down to the beach.

The Company's sailboats had been removed soon after the wind arose, and anchored in safety around the bend of the river. Our little boat was pitching and tossing about on the waves, but the anchor was holding well. It was evident that it would be necessary to move her for the swift current was forcing her to meet the waves stern on, and she was in danger of taking water if the storm increased.

At the last minute before starting out to the boat, we found that the dogs had eaten the leather tow-line of the canoe. There was only a short piece of old rope near at hand, but time being precious we decided to trust to it.

The trip out to the boat was accomplished safely, and, on Mac's recommendation, we spread the sail, lifted the anchor, and tried to sail up the river. The wind drove the canoe faster than the boat, and then turned it side-on to the waves. It was immediately swamped, and breaking away from the boat, drifted down the river. It was too late to turn back, and in the meantime the engine was started, so we proceeded to the anchoring place. Fortunately, there was a jollyboat, which was used for moving hay on the beach, so we ran ashore and launched it as a tender, anchored our boat, and returned to the beach in it. There we

were met by an excited group of women, who had tramped half a mile from the Post through the wet bushes to see if we were safe and to tell us the canoe had been rescued.

No one saw us leave the Post, but some had seen the swamped canoe floating down the river and feared we had been in it when the accident had occurred. Hastily gathering twelve men together, they launched one of the huge freighting canoes, and carrying out a line, attached it to the derelict and towed her to shore. It was just such acts as these that showed the kindly interest that these people have in the welfare of their brother-man, an attribute that the people of our great cities might well acquire to their credit.

It was with a feeling of relief that we sighted a square-rigged boat entering the river on the morning of Saturday, September the twenty-eighth, and realized that it could be none other than our own York boat. The fresh, west breeze brought it slowly but surely up the river, and about eleven o'clock the parties were once more united.

The York boat had left Clark Island on September the eighth, one week after our departure, and since then the party had had many exciting experiences. They were all well but uneasy, owing to the continued delays, due to heavy, unfavourable winds, and the rapidly approaching winter.

The crew of the York boat were very anxious that we should accompany them on the balance

of the journey. This we considered unwise, for it would be necessary to remain at the Eastmain River for some time, while the other motor boat was being put in order. Hence we planned to start for the South the following morning, should the weather permit, and that the others should follow at the first opportunity.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### Fort George to Eastmain River



UNDAY morning, September the twenty-ninth, was dark and cloudy. The breeze, although light, blew from the south and was accompanied by snow flurries. We were determined to start, so, after all arrangements with the other party had been completed, our journey was resumed about eleven o'clock, in the face of a driving snow flurry.

As the Bay was approached the storm grew so bad it was impossible to find the course, so we had to put into a little harbour close to the mouth of the river.

From a high rocky knoll we watched the sea and finally decided to make a dash for Loon Island during a lull in the storm. This island was the location of the original wholesale house of the Revillon Frères, and offered good protection for the boat, wood and water in plenty. From it, the weather conditions on the Bay could be better observed than in the protected river mouth.

The most direct route to Loon Island lay between the islands off the river mouth and over a



very shoaly area, but time being precious it was decided to attempt that course.

One of the party took a position on the fore-deck with a twelve-foot pole in hand, to sound for the channel and ward off from any rocks should collision be threatened. It was a tortuous channel, but was followed without mishap. The sea was very rough and at times the snowstorm completely enveiled the course, but eventually, half frozen, we entered the quiet waters of Loon harbour, and anchored in front of the old warehouse building, which was still standing.

The island is of rock, bare of vegetation except moss and cranberry bushes, with grass on a few sandy spots. The camp was set up on a bed of thick moss at the rear of the wholesale house. This was the exact spot on which the camp of the Inspector, Mr. Draulette, was located, when we met him and his wife for the first time on our previous visit. The Post was then in charge of Mr. Romany, who had an Eskimo for his assistant. This native was a clever fellow, and as he was the first we had ever seen, he gave us a very good impression of his people, one in fact that has never changed.

The weather continued stormy for the next two days, and frequent visits were made to the highest point of the island, on which the old ship's beacon was still standing, to watch for signs of improvement. It was with much disappointment that

we awoke each morning to find that the wind was still blowing hard from the contrary direction.

On the morning of Tuesday, October the first, the wind had subsided sufficiently for us to attempt the continuation of our journey, consequently we were up before daylight and were ready to start shortly after sunrise.

It was with the greatest care that we chose our course southward amongst the many islands and shoals bordering the coast. Fortunately, the passage was made without mishap. When the islands of Aquatuk Bay were reached, the sky became very black and it was evident that a heavy snowstorm was approaching. Not having a reliable ship's compass, we kept within safe distance of the islands.

Soon the storm was upon us, the snow nearly blinding us, for it drove straight into our faces, making it almost impossible to follow the course. Rounding the point of Earthquake Island, it was decided to stop for dinner, and await further developments, for travelling in a driving snowstorm did not appeal to us as being either safe or pleasant. The island derives its peculiar name from a legend of the Indians, which says that during a battle between the native Crees and invading Iroquois the earth trembled with the shock of their encounter.

After a stay of about an hour the weather cleared up beautifully, although the wind con-

tinued to blow hard from a fair direction. We decided to try the sea, and setting out, found it to be quite safe. The sail was spread and a fine afternoon of travelling began.

About half past three o'clock the topmast of a boat approaching from the south was sighted to seaward. As she drew nearer, it was evident that her crew had seen us and were trying to head us off, which she finally succeeded in doing midway between Grey Goose and Comb Hills islands. She proved to be *The Pride*, with Mr. Griffith, his wife and child, and the crew aboard. After a short conversation, which, owing to the wind and the roughness of the water, was held with considerable difficulty, we accepted an invitation to turn about and accompany them to a harbour about two miles to the north, there to camp together for the night.

The evening will be long remembered. We were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Griffith at a fine supper of stewed goose, after which we talked long into the night, for each party had much to tell. The most important news from the South was that the steamer *Nascopie* had arrived at last, with a full cargo aboard. The news of the arrival of the ship *Beothic* with the North Railway engineers aboard, and the schooner with the provisions for the hydrographic party at Rupert House, was also interesting.

*The Pride* with her party was off early the next

morning, for they had a fair wind and were determined to reach Fort George with it, if possible. As the wind seemed light we started also, although it was against us.

Once outside, the weather proved different than anticipated, for the sea was very rough, but we kept going for about an hour until nearing Comb Hills Islands, when the wind increased in violence and the sea grew so wild it became necessary to find a harbour and anchor until the storm, which was steadily increasing, had ceased.

It was difficult finding a harbour, for the sea was rolling up in great breakers along the shore, which everywhere seemed shoaly, thus prohibiting a landing on the unprotected side, while on the protected side, there was not deep enough water to give a safe anchorage. At last a place was found, protected by a narrow arm of the outside island, which had safe water inside, but whose entrance was narrow and dangerous.

The island offered a good site for a camp, for although it was treeless, a clump of Arctic willows provided protection for the tent. Between the camping ground and the water lay an obstacle, which proved to be one of the worst we had encountered at any camp. It consisted of a strip of soft muck and slippery, slime-covered boulders, forming the beach, the slope of which was so gradual that when the tide was in, it was impossible to float a canoe, if loaded at all, without wading

for yards in the mud. By the time we had carried all the equipment for the camp across this stretch we were glad to lie down on the soft moss beyond to rest.

There was an almost inexhaustible supply of wood scattered along the beach, and water in abundance in shallow pools on the rocks behind the camp.

The wind continued from the south throughout the afternoon and evening. The following day proved sunny, but the wind still blew from the same quarter. Shortly after sundown it grew cloudy and there were brilliant flashes of lightning accompanied by distant thunder.

The wind veered during the night, growing stronger, but blowing from a more protected quarter of the harbour, and a heavy rain set in. The weather continued stormy throughout the following day and offered many spectacular scenes, as the huge breakers dashed high on the little White Bear Island, and other rocks and shoals exposed to the violence of the sea.

By this time, the days were so short, it seriously curtailed the distance that could be accomplished by daylight in the best of weather. It was therefore planned not to stop any more for the midday meal, and thus make use of every available hour of daylight, since it was already our practice to be ready to sail at sunrise if possible. To this end we took advantage of the delays to prepare such

food as might be used without heating, and on this occasion made good use of the tin oven for that purpose.

It was on the Comb Hills Islands we got the first sight of the migrating flocks of wild geese, an omen of the approaching winter season.

By the following morning the storm had subsided, but the sky was still very threatening and there was a heavy roll on the sea. However, about ten o'clock we determined to make a start. No one realized how rough the sea was until we got out and recognized our old enemies, the "humps," looming up against the sky-line. It was on occasions like this that the diminutiveness of our boat was apparent, and it often seemed strange that she did not go under, rather than over, the great swells.

As the day advanced the weather improved, and the water grew calmer. Nothing of note occurred until we reached Loon Point, which projects into the sea, a few miles north of Paint Hills Islands. This locality is very shoaly and we had considerable trouble in picking our way over it on the northward journey.

Nearing the shoals we observed a canoe, with several Indians aboard, putting out toward us from the shore, and awaited their approach. Coming alongside the boat, they made us understand by signs, for they could not speak English, that the place was a dangerous one and they wished to

pilot us through the channel. This was readily assented to and the wheel surrendered to the elder of the party.

The contortions our pilot performed were most amusing. He assumed the wheel with an air of as much importance as if he were taking the *Mauretania* past the bars at Sandy Hook. Grasping the wheel with both hands, and bracing himself as if to withstand some sudden shock, he would bring her sharply around to port and then, instantly changing, drive her hard to the starboard. It is safe to say that within the ensuing six miles, the boat travelled twelve.

The Indians brought us across the shoals in safety, never touching bottom, and after passing through the tortuous course amongst the Paint Hills Islands, the craft was anchored in a well protected harbour with deep water. Here there was a most beautiful camping ground a short distance from the shore, and wood and water were plentiful.

On our arrival the Indians proceeded to build a big camp-fire and cut boughs for our beds. In order to remunerate them for their unsolicited services, which on account of that fact were doubly appreciated, we gave them a six-pound can of boiled beef, a loaf of bread, and some tea. These now constituted our principal provisions, and while the gift could hardly be compared to the "widow's mite," it was practically all we could

spare. These people had been so thoughtful and kind, we felt that nothing was too good for them, but unfortunately there was no sugar for their tea, undoubtedly a great disappointment to them, as sugar is their greatest luxury. Our supply of this commodity had been exhausted several days before.

We had expected the gift would last our pilots for a couple of days, but to our surprise, the whole of it was consumed for their evening meal.

Their hunger appeased, as night was closing down; they slipped their canoe into the water, shook hands with us, and were soon lost to view around the point of the island.

The following day, we were up and ready to go by five o'clock, but with the coming of daylight a heavy rain and blow set in, compelling us to remain in camp for the day. In the afternoon the storm shifted from the east to the north, the rain gave place to a driving snowstorm, and the sea became very wild. We were indeed thankful that the boat was in a well-protected harbour and that the camp was a comfortable one.

The weather continued stormy until the afternoon of the second day, when it began to clear up. As the wind had almost blown the tent down, we decided to take it down and set it up in the lee of a large cliff, convenient to the beach, where it would be better sheltered from the chilling north winds.



Throughout our stay at the Paint Hills Islands huge flocks of geese were seen on their way southward. Many of these flocks apparently intended to alight on the island, but seeing the tents, they would turn in their course and fly to another of the group, where freedom from gunshot was more certain.

Toward the end of the day, the clouds lifted and the sun shone forth, bright and warm, and with the setting of the sun the wind went down, and we retired for the night, fully determined, if the weather continued favourable, to start by daylight the next morning.

In accordance with our plans, everything was aboard the boat and we were ready to start by daylight, but the engine balked and delayed us until long after sunrise. The weather was fine and we started out full of hope for an uninterrupted day's run. Once away from the Paint Hills Islands, the course lay in good deep water and everything ran smoothly until the Shepherd Islands had been passed. There the wind suddenly rose from the west, and it was necessary for us so take refuge in the lee of a very high island, which lies near the mainland, at the northern point of Old Factory Bay.

Before the shore was reached in the canoe, the sky became black with the clouds of an approaching storm, and we were soon being beaten by a shower of thick driving snow from the west. The island

was an ideal place for a camp, with plenty of wood and water and a good spot for tents. The harbour was well protected from the west, but unfortunately totally unprotected from the north, and remembering from previous experiences that the storms from the south usually veered to the north or north-west before they completely spent their violence, we were afraid to remain at the island, should any opportunity of escape be offered by a period of calm.

Having partaken of our dinner, and loaded the kit into the boat, ready to leave on a moment's notice, we ascended the hill and watched for signs of the abatement of the storm. At last, the snow stopped, and although the wind seemed strong, it appeared to be dying down, so we determined to make a dash for a safer harbour, on the other side of Old Factory Bay.

We were hardly out of the shelter of the island when the storm broke out afresh. The wind blew in strong squalls, accompanied by thick flurries of snow. For a few minutes we would see the mainland, only to lose sight of it again for a like length of time. It was too late to turn back so we kept doggedly ahead, determined at least to reach the other side of the bay.

At last it was discovered, after a flurry of snow had ceased, that we were approaching what appeared to be the south point of the bay. We endeavoured to round the point and reach the

protection of Cape Hope Islands. The sea proved too rough to face, so we turned back, and after some searching found a fine harbour, with deep water and splendidly protected.

To our surprise and delight, there was an Indian camp in the bush near the shore, the first human habitation seen in several days. It had been a trying day of disappointment and danger, and as we were stopping early, there was plenty of time to make a comfortable camp. The shores were thickly wooded with spruce, offering the snug protection that can only be obtained in a green bush.

Wood and water were difficult to obtain owing to the Indian camp at the place. There was practically no dry wood left in the neighbourhood, and to obtain any we had to cut down some short, dry stumps, which were completely overgrown with underbrush. It was slow, wet work amongst the dripping willows, and it was dark before there was sufficient cut to last throughout the evening and to cook the breakfast the next morning. The water was plentiful, but had to be carried for several hundred yards through the thick bush, no easy job.

The Indians whose wigwam we had seen were out on a hunting expedition, but returned shortly before dark. A visit was paid them in order to get fish or fowl, if possible, for the provisions were very low at that time. They had but few fish

on hand and these were smoked, but we gladly bought some and had them for our supper.

The following morning was dark and threatened storm. The breakfast consisted of boiled flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, the only provisions left in our larder. After breakfast we ascended a nearby hill to have a look at the sea. There was but a slight wind, although the result of the storm was still in evidence by the large swells that came from seaward.

We hesitated for a time, but spurred on by that irresistible desire for a square meal, when it seems impossible to get one, eventually made a start. Once out of the harbour, it was seen that instead of being at the south side of Old Factory Bay, we had only entered it and were camped near the mouth of Old Factory River, on one of a perfect maze of islands. The sea became smoother as the day advanced and the travelling was good until about noon.

While we were passing Cape Hope Islands, the wind began to rise. There was nothing to eat aboard, so we determined not to stop until safe within the Eastmain River. As the shoaly coast was approached, in the vicinity of the river mouth, the waves began to break and gave us another anxious time. It was a very difficult matter to thread our way through the shoals that encompass the north entrance, but at last we were safe within the river, and knew that even if the bad weather

detained us at this point until winter really set in, we were sure of food in plenty, and shelter until such time as it was possible to get out with dog teams.

In our haste to reach the Post, we turned across the river too quickly and were soon aground on the sandbar. The tide was on the ebb, and every minute meant that the boat would be more difficult to release. By dint of hard labour she was eventually poled out into the channel and we arrived at our destination shortly after.

We were greeted at the landing by Mr. Jobson, and several of the Post Indians. The quiet of the place presented a striking contrast to the busy activity that had characterized it during our visit while going north. Now, instead of the wigwam village on the field to the west of the Post houses, there were only a few piles of poles and here and there a cache of such articles as would not be required during the winter.

All the hunters were either goose hunting or had obtained winter provisions and were on their way to the hunting grounds. The Post of the French Company was in the same condition.

While anchoring we noticed what looked like a new sandbar, uncovered by the receding tide and apparently directly in front of the Revillon Frères' dock, where the sailboat was accustomed to tie up and discharge her cargo. Upon questioning Mr. Jobson about it, we learned that it

was the result of a landslide that had completely carried away the store and threatened, also, to wreck the house. Fortunately the Factor had seen the approach of the trouble and had removed all of the supplies to a place of safety, thus preventing a very serious loss.

We set up our camp at the top of the river bank near the Hudson's Bay Company's store and then procured some much-needed food. With canned sausages, corn syrup, and pancakes we indulged in a feast and only stopped when the utmost limit of our capacities had been reached.

That night the Husky dogs attended to their usual business. They tore through the tent, seized the balance of our late purchases, including five pounds of lard and some butter, and departed for parts unknown.

The next morning, the Factor, on being informed of our loss, offered us the use of the now deserted carpenter shop as a dwelling. We gladly accepted and soon had it fixed up very comfortably with tarpaulins on the floors and a table and chairs by way of luxury.

We arrived at the Post on October the ninth and were doomed to stay over a week, despite the fact that indications pointed to the early coming of winter. We had agreed to wait at this point until the other party arrived, and in the meantime prepare the other motor boat so that it might be taken back to Moose Factory by them. The

first two days were fine, but the breeze was not favourable for the York boat. The next four were a succession of storms and strong winds, so that there was no hope of the other party making any progress whatever.

It was a dreary time for us, uncertain as to the fate of our men, and faced with the probability of two months' delay, which would seriously affect our business at home and be a terrible source of worry to friends and relatives, who had no means of ascertaining our whereabouts.

It was wintry weather, cold, driving rain being followed by snow, the first to really accumulate on the ground. On October the fifteenth, the first hard frost occurred, the ground being frozen.

In the meantime the other motor boat had been repaired and was ready to be launched should the other party arrive.

Some evenings were spent pleasantly with the Factors, listening to their stories or their gramophones. On others, by way of a change, we would invite them to a spread of our own, and treat them to boiled pudding, tarts, jellies, and other delicacies, to which their Indian cooks do not aspire. Whether it was from politeness or appreciation we do not know, but these products of our humble skill always disappeared rapidly. It was quite evident that even a lengthy stay in the bush, with nothing but plain food, does not deprive a man of his love for the "frills."

## CHAPTER XIX

### Eastmain River to Wood Island



EARLY during our stay at the Eastmain Post, Mac was sent with an Indian guide to retrace the course as far as Cape Hope Islands in search of the York boat party, but they returned without tidings of them. A few days later some Indians brought news of having seen *The Pride*, of Fort George, taking the course to Charlton Island.

As the days passed by and several periods of fair wind offered the York boat a chance to reach the Post, if she were coming at all, we decided that her crew must have left her in winter quarters at Fort George, and gone to Charlton on *The Pride*. From there, we supposed, they would take the *Inenew* for Moose Factory, where it goes to winter at the close of the season.

On Wednesday, October the sixteenth, the sun was seen for the first time in several days, and, hoping that a period of good weather was setting in, we prepared for a dash to Moose Factory while it lasted.

Though there was still doubt as to whether the



other party had preceded us to Moose Factory, it was certain we could be of little service to them, and that it would be to the mutual interest of both parties for us to reach the railway before the rivers would freeze up and report to those who were interested in their welfare.

On the following day the wind and weather continued favourable and gave us hope that the long-looked-for spell of good weather had arrived, and that we were to have an uninterrupted trip to Moose Factory.

When our proposed departure became known, we were invited to bring some of the fowls, that had been given us previously, to have them roasted in the factory kitchen, for the journey. The post people gave us many other presents of game, etc., so that we were ready to depart with a well stocked larder.

Our final meal was partaken of in the cozy little shop which had been our home for the past nine days. Two or three of the dogs that had guarded our door very faithfully were given a good farewell meal, also. Sarah had been the favourite and she possibly fared better during our stay than she had ever done before or probably would ever do again.

Despite the fact that Sarah had become quite domesticated, the inherent qualities of the Husky dog still showed up in many of her propensities. That of stealing was, of course, the most prominent,

but fighting was no mean second. The appearing of another dog at the door, which she seemed to look upon as an intrusion, was the occasion for the most wicked snarls that one could conceive of.

On our last day at the Post, she was brought into the house to be fed, that she might have greater freedom from the attacks of the other dogs. The meal consisted of a large panful of the remains of a stewed duck in thick gravy. Being very timid of accepting the meal inside the house, no doubt fearing treachery, she picked up the pan in her mouth and made for the door, which was partially open.

When on our visit there earlier in the season, we had received the story that a dog had carried a kettleful of beans from our tent with skepticism, but after Sarah's feat the story seemed quite plausible.

When the time for our departure had arrived, although anxious to get home, we found it hard to part from the people at the Posts who had been so considerate of our welfare and had shown us so much genuine kindness.

Good-byes said, we weighed anchor at half past one, on October the seventeenth, despite the protests of our friends at the Posts, who believed that the water was much too rough for safe traveling in the small craft. As long as we could see them, they were watching our progress down the

river. We were determined to proceed at least to Governor Island at the mouth of the river, where there was an excellent harbour and a good camping place. It was intended to take advantage of these if the sea outside was found to be too rough for further progress.

On reaching the open sea it proved to be quite rough, but knowing that the wind had been blowing from the same direction and with the same force throughout the day, and that it was highly improbable any material change would occur before sunset, and having information of a good harbour and camping place near Loon Point, about twenty miles distant, we decided to attempt reaching it before dark.

The matter of knowing the location of good harbours and camps by the traveller in this country is one of equal importance to that of knowing the best hotels, when he tours in civilization.

Our progress was considerably retarded by the strong west wind, and although the sea remained in the same condition we were forced to seek a harbour, other than the one we expected to reach, owing to the approaching darkness.

An attempt was made to get into the lee of several islands, but it was impossible to do so, owing to the shallowness of the water. After several attempts we managed to find a partially protected bay to the north of Partridge Point, where we were compelled to anchor several

hundred yards out from the shore. A fine camp was set up in a short time and an abundance of good water and wood found. Thus comfortably housed for the night, there was a feeling of great satisfaction in knowing that we were again en route for home, despite the roughness of the travelling. We realized that there was little hope for improvement in the weather and that it was necessary to travel when at all possible.

The following morning we were off by sunrise. Like the day before, it was beautiful, warm, and clear, so warm, in fact, we had to remove our coats as the sun rose higher in the sky. Much to our surprise the wind entirely abated, and a few hours later, on reaching the north side of Boat-swain Bay, the water was an oily calm.

While passing the familiar bouldery shore of McFarlane Island, a slight breeze causing a ripple on the water was noticed, which before we had gotten halfway across the bay had developed into a regular windstorm, although the sky was practically cloudless. The shallowness of the water in the bay permitted the quick rising of a choppy sea, and for some time it was difficult to weather it. Seeking protection, we turned the boat towards one of the islands to the west of Sherrick Mount, but after a time it was thought impossible to reach it, and it was turned again toward the mainland, in the hope of finding a projecting point behind which shelter could be obtained.

Nearing the shore we saw no place of safety and knew that our only salvation lay in reaching one of the islands. This was again attempted and finally accomplished, after an exciting conflict with the waves. The island happened to be the one used by the crews of the Hudson's Bay Company's boats when travelling between Rupert House and Eastmain River. We anchored in a small harbour on the west side and camped on the beach. There was an abundance of driftwood along the shore and fresh water a short distance back on the rocks.

During the night the wind veered to the west and blew a gale accompanied by a heavy rain. We were awakened early in the morning by the pounding of a heavy surf, almost at the very door of the tent. With the utmost haste we removed our valuables to a place of safety, and then confined our attentions to the boat, which was in a very dangerous position. After some deliberation we decided that it was not safe to leave her unprotected any longer and that an attempt to move her into a place of safety, on the lee side of the island, must be made at once.

It was a thrilling moment as we rushed into the surf with the canoe, and seizing a favourable opportunity after a large comber had passed, jumped into it and paddled with all our might and main in the direction of the boat. It was a hard pull as well as an exciting one, for it was

impossible to hold the canoe against the wind and prevent it from taking water from the large breakers as they passed.

Having reached the boat, the next difficulty was to board her, for when she was up we were down, and vice versa. This was accomplished after some skilful manœuvring. The boat had not taken any water so that there was little difficulty in getting the engine started. It was no easy matter to avoid being driven on to the immense rocks that lined the beach while attempting to turn out of the harbour against the wind.

Then began one of the most exciting experiences of our lives as we started to run dead ahead of the wind. Huge waves curled up at the stern and dashed their foam and spray over us. Rising with a slow, heavy motion to the crest of the wave, the boat would halt, as though seized by some invisible force and held for an instant, then shoot down into the trough with the speed of an express train, tossing the spray in all directions. Fortunately we had bailed out the water from the canoe before starting the engine, for by the time we had reached quiet water on the lee side of the island, it was half full again.

With the boat in safety, our next thought was for the tent and other valuables on the beach. Arriving at the camp, we found the water quite up to the tent door and were forced to move the contents that had been left in it.

When everything was in safety, we set out to the opposite side of the island to find a place for the tents. There we found the regular camping ground of the boat crews, and a beautiful spot it was, situated in a thick grove of spruce and balm-of-Gilead. After the tents were set up a large opening was cleared to the water's edge, to permit of our seeing the boat from the camp. This done, we fancied it to be the coziest camp of the whole trip. It certainly was an ideal spot and one that would have appealed to the summer camper in more urban communities.

There had been so much demand of late for the use of the collapsible stove, all the cooking being done on it, that it was almost burnt out, and this, combined with the effect of weather and abuse of travel, had rendered it really unfit for further service. It would, of course, have been impossible to get along without one, so a makeshift was devised from the resources at hand.

For that purpose we chose a couple of empty gasoline cans, cut an end out of each, and telescoped them. With the can opener, a circular hole was cut in the end of one of the cans, and a door for this opening made from one of the discarded ends. A hole in the side of one can, fitted with a small tin collar, served as the stovepipe hole. The stove complete, with five lengths of pipe, would not have weighed more than ten pounds. When in use it was set up on stones or pegs, in lieu of legs, and

answered our purpose as well as its more costly predecessor.

As the storm continued throughout the day and during the succeeding night, our minds were made up to the fact that we would have to give up all hope of reaching Moose Factory by the projected route. This route, the one taken by the Post boats, leads from Sherrick Mount to Wood Island, a cut of about eight miles, and thence down the west coast of Ministikawatin to Hannah Bay. This is a very dangerous coast in the best of seasons, and it seemed far too risky a venture to attempt a passage when good weather was the exception.

It was therefore decided that if the next day proved stormy, we would abandon our original plans and proceed to Rupert House. In the event of our being unable to secure a guide to accompany us along the south shore to Moose Factory, we would beach the boat and remain there until the ice was strong enough to permit of walking across, and thence up the Abitibi River to the railroad. Thus, the morrow would decide the fate of the following two or three months.

The next morning the wind was still blowing and the sea very rough. We went to the usual point of observation as soon as it was light enough to see clearly. Off to the west lay the low, dark outline of Wood Island, and to the south of it, the dim profile of Ministikawatin, which divides



Rupert from Hannah Bay. Directly to the south could be seen Stag Island, the headquarters of the Hydrographic Survey party, while eastward loomed Sherrick Mount, outlined against the stormy sky. Turning our gaze northward, nothing met our eyes at first, save a turbulent sea dashing itself into spray on the jagged rocks. Gradually a small streak of clear sky appeared along the horizon.

The question now was whether we were to make a start for Moose Factory or for Rupert House when it was calm enough to leave the island. The former with its attendant risk and danger, if made successfully, offered the probable reward of reaching home within a month. The latter, with its element of security, meant in all probability detainment for several months and consequent anxiety at home.

One can picture how anxiously we watched for the enlargement of that strip of blue sky, and our hopes were rewarded from time to time as we made our way to the point of observation. By noon the sky was rapidly clearing, the wind had dropped, and the waves ceased to break, consequently we prepared to make a start for Wood Island. At half past three we weighed anchor and put out to sea. Just then the sun burst forth and filled us with high hopes for the ultimate success of our undertaking, which even the great rolling swells could not dampen.

The eastern end of Wood Island was reached by five o'clock, but nowhere could a harbour be found on account of its low, shoaly shores. We coasted along the south side of the island for a distance of several miles, searching for an anchoring place, and at last, as it was growing dark, had to anchor in an unprotected place about a quarter of a mile distant from the shore. The tide was on the ebb, and it was with difficulty that a landing was effected with the canoe, the water being so shallow it was necessary to wade and pull the canoe a long distance.

It was almost dark when the camp was set up on a sandy beach at the foot of a high bank. Fortunately we had brought a kettle of water from the other island, and were able to make it do for supper, but having eaten some salty food all went to bed thirsty, for it was impossible to find more water in the dark.

Shortly after landing, the wind rose and the boat began to toss in a lively fashion. We felt that it was not safe to leave it, with most of the provisions aboard, in such an unprotected place, for in case of its being swamped and the food wet, our position might prove serious, so far from shore and on an island seldom visited at that time of the year. Hence, it was deemed advisable to return to the boat and bring back a supply of food, sufficient to last for some time, in case of accident.

The tide was very low and it was with difficulty

that the canoe was carried over the slimy boulder beach and launched in the fast receding water. By this time the sea had become quite rough, and it was no easy matter to place weighty parcels of food in the canoe. When we returned to the shore, the heavily laden canoe went aground several hundred yards from the camp, so the load had to be carried on our backs over the slippery boulders, involving no little risk of broken or sprained limbs.

Everything was gotten to the camp without accident; the effects of the storm were feared much less than if only a limited supply of provisions had been ashore, as was the case when we first landed.

The night was certainly a wild one and caused us to rise many times and peer anxiously out into the darkness to see if the boat was safe at anchor. Much of our rest was broken during these stormy nights by the constant watching of the boat, and we began to look forward to the time when we would be far away from the sea, and there would be no craft to worry about.

The following morning continued stormy, and it was evident it would be impossible to travel, consequently we did not rise until daylight. Being still very thirsty and no fresh water being in sight, we dressed fully and prepared to make a search for some. Starting off with a couple of pails, we scaled the almost vertical hill behind the camp and began a tramp through the woods, hoping that

when the highest point was reached some bare rocks might be found on which there would be pools of water.

After walking for a mile or more, it became evident that we were going down towards the sea on the north side, so we returned to the south side of the island by a circuitous route, but found no water. When the beach was reached, we went westward along it, hoping to find a stream entering the sea. We pursued this course without finding water for three miles, until near the western extremity of the island a marshy spot was seen, covered with a couple of feet of water, which on being tested proved to be fresh.

It was a most tantalizing position to be as thirsty as we were, and yet unable to drink the water until it was carried a distance of three miles or more and then boiled, for it was stagnant.

The camp was reached shortly before noon. The fire was soon ablaze and the water brought to a boil. After a good long drink we prepared breakfast, for the walk had certainly given us good appetites. It is needless to say that the water was used with the greatest care, realizing as we did that our kettles could not be replenished without our taking another two hours' walk.

In the afternoon the storm slackened. Knowing that the boat had been aground at low tide and fearing a recurrence of the storm, we thought it

advisable to move her farther from land and into deeper water. It was necessary to anchor her between a half and three quarters of a mile from shore in order to have a depth of five feet of water at low tide.

## CHAPTER XX

### Wood Island to Moose Factory



THE storm at Wood Island lasted only one day and on the morning of October the twenty-second the wind had ceased and the sky was quite clear. We put out to the boat with the load at sunrise, but before it was reached signs of an approaching storm were noticed, causing some doubt as to whether it were safe to attempt the run across to the mainland, about eight miles, or not.

Unfortunately, the engine gave us trouble, and fully three quarters of an hour elapsed before we could weigh anchor. By this time the sky was completely overcast and the wind rising. Had we been ashore, we would certainly have remained there, but having made the start, intended if the sea grew too rough to turn back into the lee of Wood Island. We kept going ahead without shipping much water until fully halfway across, and then realized that it would be just as dangerous to go back as to go forward. The waves were very choppy, but the boat seemed to throw them off like a duck.

As the mainland was approached, the sea increased in roughness owing to its shoaly character. At last we rounded Sawayan Point and were once more in shelter. Navigating the waters around the point was dangerous business, for it was surrounded by a maze of rocky shoals, only submerged at high tide, but once behind it, although not protected from the wind to much extent, the point acted as a breakwater for the little harbour.

The excitement of the crossing on such a rough sea was enough for one day. The tents were set up on an old camp site, a soft grassy spot amongst the boulders. It seemed a discouraging ending to our proposed uninterrupted trip to Moose Factory, as the threatening clouds rushed swiftly across the sky, but we were determined to make the best of it.

Leaving camp shortly after dinner, we resolved to find the Indians, if there were any camped in the neighbourhood, as the Post people had informed us, hoping to secure a guide from among them to accompany us to Moose Factory. After rounding the first point of the mainland, to the west of the camp, it was thought we could discern an encampment on the next point, fully three miles ahead of us. Bringing our glass into requisition, the large, white object looked very much like a good-sized marquee.

Feeling very much encouraged, we pursued our

way around the edge of a deep bay, which extended southward into the mainland. Coming around this, which, by the way, was no easy thing to do on account of its swampy shore, we reached a higher point and again took observations. This time we were almost convinced that the object was a tent and actually thought we saw people moving around it.

Crossing several little streams that led from small pools at the edge of the bush, we plodded onward, and while doing so started up several flocks of geese. Although we had a rifle with us, the time was too short to do any shooting for it was growing late. Coming up again to another high spot, we turned our glasses on the point ahead of us. This time the object, sad to say, did not resemble a tent as much as it had from farther away.

Going a little farther still to where there were some immense boulders, we climbed up on top of them and had a last look, a good long one, which sufficed to show that what we had hoped would lead to a means of assistance, was really nothing more than a big rock in the midst of a few scattered trees.

We at once began to retrace our steps. The tide had been going out ever since we had left the camp, and what had been a large bay on the way out was entirely devoid of water on our return, making it possible to cross over on the hard sandy



bottom without any difficulty. This shortened the trip fully a mile.

Reaching the camp at dark, we found Mac had returned from a like expedition in the opposite direction, and was resting after his long walk. He had found no Indians, but something was pleasing him very much. What it was we could not tell at the moment, but later on he produced a fine pair of partridges. While the fire was being made and the birds prepared for supper, plans for the continuation of the journey were discussed. The next day brought but a repetition of the bad weather and was much too stormy to permit of our starting out.

In the afternoon the sky cleared up and the sun came out. Making a trip to the Hydrographic tower near by, from which a good view of the sea could be had, we fancied that a boat was approaching us from the direction of Wood Island. The object was watched for some time, with the hope that it might be the York boat, but it proved to be nothing more than a clump of trees standing well out from a sandbank on the island.

The moon was now about at the full and rose beautifully bright that night, a strong temptation to travel when it was well up. The danger of striking an unseen reef caused us to abandon the idea and wait for daylight, hoping that the good weather might continue on the following day.

About three o'clock in the morning, Mac came

to the tent door and called, saying that it was light as day and he thought we should get up and start. We were so anxious to take advantage of any good weather, either by day or night, that assent was readily given to the proposal.

It was a long job getting breakfast, breaking camp, and loading the dunnage into the boat. The tide was out and everything had to be carried over a long stretch of slippery boulders to reach the water's edge. When at last the canoe was loaded, the water was too shallow to float it, and we had to wade out and pull it along to deeper water.

By the time the boat was reached the moon was almost setting, and before the anchor was raised, it had gone below the horizon. It was five o'clock and in another hour there would be signs of approaching daylight. After some discussion it was thought that with careful steering we could go in the darkness and still keep off the shoals and reefs. One took the wheel, another the engine, and a third stood on the foredeck, sounding with a twelve-foot pole.

Everything went along smoothly for a time, but we were soon in a maze of islands, which were really heaps of boulders only exposed at low tide. The engine compartment was lighted by an electric lamp and there was also a light on the foremast, but the latter having no reflector, prevented us from seeing very far out into the darkness, and was accordingly removed.

We were running quietly along at a rate of about six miles per hour, when the man at the wheel called out to the one taking the soundings that he thought there were rocks ahead. No sooner had the warning been given, than crash! went the boat against a rock. All hands were thrown violently by the shock, and before the engine could be stopped, she struck again with a terrible rasping sound.

For the first time in our experience we had really been "on the rocks." The force of the engine drove the boat forward and she was in deep water again. A hasty examination proved her hull to be undamaged. Believing that it had only been the shoe at the stern that had struck, we started up the engine again, but the man at the wheel found he could control the boat no longer, and investigation proved that the rudder post had been broken off, thus completely disabling the steering gear.

A piece of cod line was attached to each side of the rudder and an attempt made to use it as a jury rudder, but the line proved too weak, and we had to find some other method of steering, or else go ashore and make repairs. By this time it was quite light and the first signs of sunrise were appearing in the sky.

With the rising of the sun came a slight breeze and evidences of a perfect day. It was too good weather to miss, so we tried steering with a short

oar lashed to the stern thwart. It was impossible with the small leverage available to hold the oar in the water with the engine going at full speed, for the torque of the propeller tended to drive it away from the stern. It was found that with both sails up and the engine at half speed we could make good progress and steer well enough, by dint of the expenditure of a plenteous supply of energy.

A small island near the shore came in sight and it was thought best to make for it and replace the broken rudder by the spare one that was aboard. To do this, it would be necessary to beach the boat and remain over until the next tide, in order to float her again.

The island proved destitute of water, so it was decided to push ahead and try to reach the next point, on which there was another Hydrographic tower. Pushing off from the island with our canvas set to the breeze, we sailed ahead, slow to be sure, but every mile covered brought us that much nearer our destination.

About ten o'clock the tower was reached and we stopped to make repairs. To do this, everything had to be taken from the boat and carried to the top of a rise on the shore, two or three hundred feet back from the water. Encouraged by the good weather, we determined to make a great effort to replace the rudder without taking the boat out of the water, hoping still to get a few miles ahead before dark.

The boat was unloaded and brought into the shallow water bordering the beach, and then the bow weighted down with stones until the stern stood well out of the water. To replace the rudder was not such an easy matter as was supposed, for those doing it had to stand waist-deep in the cold water for a couple of hours, and it was almost dark before the work was finished.

At lunch time one of the tents was erected, but the other had to be set up in the dark, after supper was over. It was quite late when everything was done up for the night. We had had some difficulty finding water on landing, walking a considerable distance into the bush before a pool was found. Another visit to the source of supply to obtain a further quantity of water was necessary before retiring, and wood was cut for the morning fire, for it was hoped to leave by daylight, as the indications gave promise of fair weather, and if such were the case, we expected to cross Hannah Bay. This would be the most dangerous run of the trip. It would take several hours to do it, and for weeks there had hardly been such a period of time in which there had not been rough and dangerous weather.

About one o'clock in the morning, we were surprised to hear someone asking at the other tent, "Whose camp is this?" Mac, who occupied it, answered the query and a short conversation followed. The stranger proved to be Mr. McCall

of the North Railway Company at Rupert House, *en route* for Montreal by way of Moose Factory. He stated he had left Rupert House about nine o'clock the morning before, alone in his little sponson canoe, and had thus travelled, with the help of a small sail, a distance of forty miles in about fifteen hours. Mac invited him to share his tent for the balance of the night, which he was only too glad to do.

The next morning, we were up at four o'clock and had our introduction to the newcomer. He was plied with many questions as we ate our breakfast together, especially as to the progress of the railway, and the latest news from Rupert House. He seemed to feel quite proud of his previous day's travel, and said that the people of Rupert House prophesied that he would never reach Moose Factory. Quite unheeding of their predictions, he set out alone. Money, he said, would not tempt any Indian to accompany him on the journey.

The incident was another proof of the white man's superiority over the Indian. The latter will certainly run no risks, and as a rule, where there is the slightest danger, money is no inducement to him. If Columbus had been an Indian, he would never have discovered America.

We offered to take Mr. McCall in our boat and tow his canoe behind ours, which invitation he gladly accepted. Daylight seemed long in coming

and there was a heavy fog out over the water. The tide was quite low, so we had to carry the dunnage a long way to the boat, over a beach of slippery boulders. Every time one would turn to look he would see somebody down and struggling to regain his feet. Some of the party carried marks from that experience for several days.

On account of the lowness of the tide, it was very difficult to find a channel for the boat. There were miles of shoals protruding out of the water and forming a chain of islands, running parallel to the mainland. Steering our course inside of the shoals, on account of the fog, we travelled ahead for three or four miles, until it was found that they became connected to the mainland, and there was no opening through which the boat might pass. It was necessary to retrace our course and go outside of the islands.

The course taken was several miles off the mainland, but the water was so shallow that it was necessary to take soundings as we went ahead. Soon the wind rose and the fog cleared so that we could see the mainland plainly. The wind grew very strong and a heavy sea was soon running. The outlook was rather serious, for no matter how much we wanted to land, there was no possible way of reaching the shore on account of the shoals, and no canoe could have weathered the sea. The waves were running very high, and often dashed completely over the boat. At times, the boat

would be raised high on her beam ends, only to fall with a crash into the trough of the wave, throwing out a sheet of spray to drench the unfortunate helmsman.

East Point was now the desired haven of safety, for someone had told us there was a harbour in that vicinity. When the point came into view, the storm was at its worst. The boat was weathering all that it possibly could, and it was evident that if the gale increased as much in the next hour as it had in the past one our chances of escape were very small.

Nowhere did we see any place that would afford shelter, and to have attempted a landing would have been madness. Rounding the point, we saw some low-lying islands, practically shoals, to our right, and believed they were the Plover Islands, although the map showed them to be several miles south of the point.

Cautiously sounding and keeping a strict lookout, we picked a channel amongst the shoals and finally anchored in the lee of the upper island. It was two o'clock by this time, and we were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, not having eaten anything since half past four in the morning. The provisions and other necessities were soon gotten ashore.

The tide was going out rapidly and it was necessary to move the boat into deeper water so that she would not be aground if we wanted to make an



early start in the morning. In spite of this, Mac remained ashore to further the preparations for the approaching meal until the boat was fast aground and could not be moved. This meant that all would have to be up for some time during the middle of the night, watching for the proper height of tide and then to move the boat out into deeper water.

We retired early so as to get as much rest as possible, but arose at midnight to watch the tide. By one o'clock it was high enough and the balance of the party were called to help pole the boat out into deep water. After taking her about half a mile from the island, we anchored her in about eight feet of water, the deepest to be found. It was a beautiful night, and there was a fine bright moon.

The next morning, breakfast was eaten before daylight and we commenced carrying the outfit over the boulders to the east end of the island, where it was intended to load the canoes. By sunrise this was completed and a start made for the boat. The sky was cloudless and there was every indication of a fine day. However, weather conditions do not take long to change in James Bay.

Much to our surprise when the boat was reached, it was found to be aground at the stern. The tide was low and it would be fully an hour before it would rise sufficiently to float her. There was nothing that could be done but wait patiently.

That hour seemed like two, and we scarcely took our eyes off the sky and the water, dreading the approach of clouds and wind.

In an hour we were off under the most favourable conditions. Once away from the shoals, which, by the way, extend outward from the mainland a distance of two or three miles, and as far southward as the eye could see, we headed straight across the Bay to Big Stone, on the west coast. It was apparent that under favourable conditions, Moose Factory would be reached before nightfall.

This was the twenty-sixth of October, nearly two months since we left Clark Island, during which there had been almost continuous stormy weather. Had the conditions been normal we should have made the journey easily in fifteen days.

It was on this course that our party, returning from the last trip, was nearly wrecked. Early in September they had left for Moose Factory, after landing us on Strutton Island, from whence we returned to St. Johns, Newfoundland, by steamer. Contrary to our orders, the party stopped at Charlton Island and spent a week there. The weather during that period was the most beautiful imaginable. Failing to take advantage of this, they were caught in the equinoctial gales, and narrowly escaped being driven ashore in Hannah Bay, a bad ending to a most delightful journey. They managed to weather it, after a rough time,

and reached the Post none the worse for their thrilling experience.

As we proceeded toward Big Stone, the day became quite warm, and there was scarcely a ripple on the water. Soon the shoaly island off Big Stone came into view and a little later, when about halfway across, it became evident there could be no retreat. Everything was going so beautifully, it was deemed quite prudent to celebrate the occasion with a real good lunch, the very best our larder would permit.

When the low outline of the west coast of the Bay first came into view, we could not refrain a few hearty cheers, for it seemed practically assured that all dangers were past. Once across, the only thing that remained to be done was to follow the shore and watch for the mouth of the Moose River, which enters the Bay about fifteen miles from Big Stone.

It was difficult to realize that almost four months had elapsed since we had crossed before, the weather conditions were so similar. It would be almost impossible to describe our feelings when it was known that we were practically coming into touch with the outside world. In Moose Factory we expected to meet the rest of the party, or to hear that they were on their way out to Cochrane, and hoped to find mail awaiting us.

Only those who have been entirely cut off from communication with civilization, and particularly

with their relatives and friends, can understand the anxiety occasioned by the prospect of coming into touch with these again. So much might happen in four months, one is eager and anxious to get the first assurance that everything is all right.

It was about five o'clock when the mouth of the Moose River was entered. Unfortunately the tide and the current were both against us, so the pull up to the Post was a long hard one, and the boat seemed to make little or no progress for a long time.

At sunset we were at the dividing point in the river, one channel to the north of a chain of islands leading to the Revillon Company's Post, the other to the south of the island leading to Moose Factory.

It was here that we saw one of the most exquisite sunsets of the entire journey, a fitting close to the most eventful cruise of our lives. The sun was followed down to the horizon by huge banks of white clouds, which at first looked like great bunches of fluffy wool, then as it sank out of sight, they gradually turned pink, later red, then a deep purple, and finally black as the daylight faded. The night grew very dark and threatening and soon a thunderstorm burst upon us, but the boat covers gave us ample protection from it. The storm lasted but a few minutes and soon the stars were twinkling bright in the sky.

The lights of Moose Factory seemed a long time coming into view, and when they did, we failed to

recognize them, thinking they were those of the Revillon Post. This was due to the fact that we were outside of the little island that lies in front of the town and nearly hides it from the river. The engine stopped for a moment, and we heard people on the shore discussing the approach of the boat. As the upper end of the island was rounded, the town came into full view, and our cruise of thirteen hundred miles, the first of the kind ever made on the Hudson Bay, was completed.

## CHAPTER XXI

### Seven Weeks at Moose Factory



FOREMOST among those to welcome us was the Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite, who came out in his canoe to greet us and assure us of his gladness for our safe return. Our failure to appear earlier in the season had given rise to much anxiety at the Post on our behalf and the feeling of relief seemed general when we made our appearance. Mr. Haythornthwaite most kindly invited us to stay at the Mission house, but four people seemed too large an addition to any man's family, so we compromised by camping and then having supper with him.

With the assistance of several of the Indians the tents were soon set up, on the same place where the entire party had camped before. This accomplished, we repaired to the Industrial School for our supper, where Mr. and Mrs. Haythornthwaite were in charge, having moved from the mission house a week or two before.

We were received by the Missionary, his wife, and the mission teacher and nurse, Miss Barker. The feast of roast duck and the dainties which

accompanied it seemed truly fit for a king and we appreciated them as only hungry men could.

Our first inquiries were about the York boat party. We were informed that nothing had been heard of them. The next matter of importance was that of securing guides to take us up the river. We were told that it would be quite impossible to induce any of the men to go out so near the time of the freeze-up. Some of the Ontario Government engineers had gone to the front the week before, and it had been only after considerable difficulty that the Factor secured men to take them out.

It was most necessary for some of us to go out, even if ali could not, so that the people at home might be informed that all were well, and that the expedition had been a success. Mr. McCall said he was going, if any one would accompany him. Mac, who also claimed to be a canoeman of no mean ability, volunteered to go, and Mr. Scott, one of the engineers of the Government party, who had remained behind the others, offered to accompany them if there was room in the canoe. It was agreed the morning after our arrival that these three should start for the railway on Tuesday morning.

After consulting with the Factors of both Posts with regard to our own program, we decided to take their advice and settle down for a few weeks, until the freeze-up permitted us to walk out by one of the rivers.

On the evening following our arrival, Sunday, we attended service at the little cathedral, and afterward went to supper at the Industrial School. It was then settled that we should have the use of the Mission house. So many pleasant hours had been spent in it on our former visit, that it did not seem at all strange to take up our residence there. The house remained just the same as when the parson lived there, the furniture and everything else being left in place. We were allowed the use of the house, wood and water, and were invited to help ourselves to the vegetables in the cellar. These were as fine a lot of garden products as one could wish for. Some of them were the best flavoured we had ever eaten.

On Monday we packed up our tents and dunnage for good and moved to the house where we were destined to spend the next seven weeks. The following day the party were to leave for the front, so, as soon as our moving was accomplished, thanks to the Mission horse and wagon, we turned our attention to the preparation of reports and correspondence. We worked far into the night, but were unable to complete our letters, so had to rise long before daylight the next morning in order to finish them.

After breakfast we wrapped the mail in a rubber sheet to protect it from dampness, and went down to give it to the departing members of the party and to see them off. When we arrived at the shore,



a consultation was going on between the trio, and as Mr. Scott thought there was too much in the canoe, he refused to go. His dunnage had to be removed as well as his provisions, and the canoe repacked, all of which took considerable time. Good-byes were said and the canoe started, we hoped, on a successful trip to the railway.

We felt deeply gratified with the thought that soon our friends at home would know that all were safe, even though we were unable to return at the time. No one can imagine our sense of relief when we found ourselves free from worry over weather conditions, and living in a house, safe from the attacks of the Husky dogs, with no more rising in the night to look after the boat, or breakfasting by candle-light.

For the first few days we determined to take a much-needed rest and then to begin rewriting our diary. One evening, a week after Mac had left, when sitting at our tea discussing the probability of the two men being near the end of their canoe journey, and of the receipt of our letters at home, suddenly we heard the outside front door open, and then the dining-room door. To our great surprise and consternation Mac and McCall entered the room.

Warmed up with a cup of good hot tea, they told us their story. They had gone but forty miles up the river, and meeting with many obstacles that retarded their progress, had given up hope of

getting out before the freeze-up, and accordingly returned. It was too hard work, Mac said, as he had to do all the tracking. The ice had formed along the shore in rough ridges, due to the movement of the tide, and thus made it almost impossible to walk.

Apparently the travellers were not congenial companions; one said that had he had another man as good as himself he would not have turned back, and the other told exactly the same story. It seemed to us that if we had had the experience either of these men claimed, there would have been no doubt of our reaching the railway.

Mac remained with us, and as there was no room elsewhere, Mr. McCall was accommodated at the Mission hospital, in which there were no patients at the time.

On Mac's return we started out with new rules. Each man was to perform certain duties; we were to take turns in the lighting of the fire, in the splitting of wood, in the dish washing and everything else that goes with good housekeeping. This worked nicely for a day or two, but the novelty soon wore off, as it had done when we were travelling, and it was more trouble to get certain of the party to do their duty than to do the work ourselves.

It became almost a rule with us to go to the Industrial School for an hour each evening before retiring, where we engaged in pleasant conversa-

tion, and finally drank a cup of coffee before departing. Along the lines of farming Mr. Haythornthwaite was particularly bright, and the keen interest he took in these matters was a revelation to us. Had there been a few more men like him on the Hudson Bay, during the past one hundred and fifty years, there would be many cellars of fine vegetables in that country, in addition to his.

All praise must not go to the parson, for both Mrs. Haythornthwaite and Miss Barker were very much interested in things pertaining to farming, for it is a matter of great importance to the Industrial School. While we were in the Mission house, a number of tomatoes ripened on plants grown in the house and attended by the ladies.

Miss Barker had spent a season at the Guelph Agricultural College, so she was familiar with farming, both in theory and in practice. During the fall previous to our arrival, she had expressed a desire to go into the field and plough, but had been denied the privilege by the parson.

The Mission possesses a few cattle, a horse, and a colt. The only fodder that could be obtained for these was wild marsh hay, which is not very nourishing, so the experiment of raising oats was tried in a small field that year. The crop was a fine one and ripened fully, but unfortunately there was no means of threshing it, and the grain and

straw was fed to the cattle instead of hay. This proved far superior to the marsh hay.

A small patch of turnips was sown, half of rutabagas and the other half of early whites, and about eighty bushels were raised. The rutabagas were the finest flavoured turnips we had ever tasted. These were being fed out daily to the cattle. They were stored in an unheated cellar, and up to the time of our departure in the latter part of December, they were in perfect condition. The potato crop was a great success, as was also the general vegetable garden, where they had cauliflower, cabbage, carrots, onions, beets, parsnips, and tomatoes.

To aid them in the farm work, the Mission has several ploughs and cultivators, a mowing-machine, a horse rake, and a power saw, driven by a gasoline engine, for cutting their wood. A windmill was being constructed for the purpose of pumping their supply of water, both for the house and the stables, from the river.

The first few days after our arrival were most enjoyable for they offered an opportunity for much-needed rest, and one in which to gather information about the Post. We were soon completely rested, but found that the people resident there knew very little of the history of Moose Factory, so that research along that line was well-nigh impossible. We had hoped to again see the old office books and journals of the Hudson's

Bay Company and make some notes from them, but found they had all been destroyed since our last visit, with the exception of the oldest journal. We photographed a page of this, but it was too faded to show distinctly in the picture. The date of this journal was 1746.

In the latter part of November, the ice began to form on the river, a thin sheet freezing during the night, but owing to the heat of the midday sun and the rising and falling of the tide, it would break up each day and pass out into the Bay. We were anxiously awaiting the formation of permanent ice, so that it would be possible for us to cross the river and spend some of our time at the Post of the Revillon Company. One trip was made while the river was full of floating ice, but this proved too dangerous, and we did not try to do it again.

About the first of December, the river was frozen sufficiently for crossing from mainland to mainland, a distance of about four miles, but there was still open water along the shores at high tide. As soon as the solid ice formed, the hunters who were spending the winter at the Posts were able to make visits to their hunting grounds where their traps were set. Many also went to some small streams on the south side of the mainland where fine brook trout were obtainable from holes cut in the ice. Most of the Company's servants had their favourite hunting places and usually took Saturday afternoon to visit their traps.

We were much interested to hear Mrs. Draulette tell of her many hunting experiences. Her traps were set on an island, about seven miles from the Post, which she visited frequently. On these occasions, there was always the expectancy and the hope that she would be rewarded with a silver fox. She had never been so favoured but hoped to be more fortunate that season. One of the servants at their Post had been lucky enough to catch a silver fox in each of two succeeding seasons.

There is no woman on the Bay who has entered into the spirit of the northern life with the same degree of interest as Mrs. Draulette, which is all the more remarkable when one takes into consideration the fact that she is a lady of education and refinement and came directly from the associations of Parisian society to the Hudson Bay country. Nor do her household duties suffer in any way from her pursuit of the outdoor life. Nothing could be neater than her home, and to be invited to sit at Mr. Draulette's table and partake of the dainties provided by the hostess is not only a treat, but a memorable function for the traveller of that country.

Two events during our stay at Moose Factory that will live in our memories for some time to come were a double wedding and a social party at the Mission house. The latter was attempted by ourselves and the former was carried out successfully by four of the young people of Moose Factory.



At the Mission House, Moose Factory



The Industrial School, Moose Factory





One of the bridegrooms was a son of the chief servant of the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, and the other a son of Fred Mark, the catechist of the Mission. We did not have the pleasure of an acquaintance with the ladies.

For days preceding the wedding, the greatest bustle and excitement was observed at the homes of the contracting parties, in the preparation of the trousseaux and the customary viands for the marriage feast.

While we were sitting at our tea on the evening of the event, a halt was occasioned in the meal by one of the grooms calling to invite us to the wedding, which was to take place at seven o'clock, and to participate in the festivities following the ceremony.

We were much interested in the function and repaired to the church in good season to have our curiosity satisfied. Promptly on the hour of seven, the wedding party entered the church to the strains of the wedding march and took their places in front of the altar. Accompanied by the subdued tones of the organ the service was read.

The brides looked exceedingly well in their gowns of white lawn and hats to match. The grooms were dressed in the conventional black and had little rosettes of ribbon as boutonnières.

At the close of the ceremony a banquet was held at the house of the catechist, while the brides' cake and other refreshments were served at the

home of the chief servant. Finally, a dance was held in the factory kitchen, lasting well into the morning.

While the wedding was an event of much seriousness, our party caused considerable merriment. Unfortunately the kitchen stove in the Mission house was not a good cooker, consequently the refreshments provided for the guests were not as palatable as we wished them to be.

The baking was done the same day that the party was held. Although the tarts were in the oven by midday they could not be removed until nine o'clock in the evening. Any one who knows anything about baking will agree with us that a tart nine hours in the oven, whose complexion was still pale when removed, was a very dangerous article of food, and no sensible host would feel hurt if the guests refused a second helping.

Everything that was baked in the stove suffered likewise, but the defects in the tarts, as far as appearance went, were concealed by spreading a good covering of whipped cream over the fruit, which to say the least made them look quite inviting.

Some of the more kind-hearted of the guests complimented us on our confectionery, but in justice to them it must be said that it was done before they had sampled it. Had the tributes been paid after the meal we would have realized that they were only for politeness, for the next

day scraps of the "grub" were found tucked safely under sofa cushions and other spots that offered seclusion for the time being.

Due to the kindness of the accountant of the Hudson's Bay Company, who allowed us to use his photographic apparatus, we were able to develop most of the films which had been exposed during our trip on the Bay. This occupied many of the evenings during our stay at the Post.

Early in December Mr. James Dobie, a provincial land surveyor, who was surveying the boundaries of the new Indian reservation on the Abitibi River, arrived at the Post with three companions for the purpose of securing the necessary provisions and equipment for his return journey to Cochrane. Mr. Scott, who was still at Moose Factory, accompanied him on his return. The ice was not strong enough for him to go any farther up the river than to his camp, at the mouth of the French River, from which he and his party were to strike overland by way of Niven's line, the Algoma-Nipissing boundary, which would bring them within a few miles of New Post.

This was the first opportunity to send out mail. However, we expected to get out nearly as soon as they, so merely wrote home that all were well and we would shortly follow our letters.

Our guides to be, who were to return from Hannah Bay as soon as they deemed the river safe for travelling, were now daily expected, and

accordingly preparations were begun for the long tramp. In seeking information regarding food and other supplies for the journey, we found in this as in every other case wherein advice had been solicited from the people at the various Posts, there were no two who ever recommended the same thing. The provisions which were selected, as was found later on, were ill-suited for the purpose.

From a well-boiled ham and some fine yeast bread, baked at the Mission school, we made a good supply of sandwiches and tied them together with twine, so that they would not separate with handling. These were packed carefully in a cotton bag. In addition, about ten pounds of flour, some lard and baking powder, a supply of canned sausages and sardines, oatmeal, butter, cocoa, tea and coffee, canned milk, and cheese constituted our rations. The cooking utensils and dishes consisted of a frying pan, tea pail, and a cup, bowl, knife, fork, and spoon apiece. Our object was to have sufficient nourishing food and necessary equipment, with the least bulk and weight.

The time had now come when the packet from Rupert House should arrive, and with it we expected news of the whereabouts of the York boat party. The guides who were to accompany us to Cochrane arrived at the Post and were waiting for us to start. However, we did not intend to leave until the other party was heard from. We

hoped to be able to leave about the middle of the month.

On the fourteenth of December, a prospector, who had been working in the vicinity of Rupert House, arrived in Moose Factory with his partner, a guide, and a dog team, en route for the "front." He brought us welcome news. The rest of our men were safe and sound at Rupert House, although Mr. Strong had suffered from a severe attack of *la grippe*, which for a time threatened serious consequences. Mr. and Mrs. Woodall, the clergyman and his wife, had nursed him safely through his serious illness. He had fully recovered and was leaving, as well as his party, in a few days for Moose Factory.

Mr. Strong was to come with the Hudson's Bay Company's packet, consequently it would be but a few days before his arrival, and it was planned to leave as soon as he reached Moose Factory.

On the following Sunday we attended service in the little cathedral for the last time, and as was the usual custom spent the evening with the parson and his family. Much as a stay of two months in the quietude of the little town had been dreaded on our arrival, by the time of our departure we had grown quite attached to the people, and as the hour of leaving drew near, we regretted parting with those who had shown us so much kindness and succeeded in making our sojourn a pleasant one.

On the following afternoon we made our farewell visit to Mr. and Mrs. Draulette at the Revillon Post, having dinner and spending the evening with them. Leaving about nine o'clock, we started across the river on snowshoes over the freshly made path. Although the moon was not shining, the night was light and there was little difficulty in following the trail.

Once across to Moose Island, the trail leads through the bush, which starts at the south-west corner of the island, and leads to the Post. This is a very beautiful bush and through it winds a network of trails. It is a favourite spot for hunting in the winter, and in the summer provides a pleasant retreat for the dusky lovers of the little town.

On our return to the Mission house, Mr. Strong was found comfortably housed in our quarters and looking remarkably well despite his serious illness and the journey of over a hundred miles by dog team. His return had been looked forward to with much pleasure during all these weeks of waiting, and there was much interesting news to recount by both parties. His experiences with the sailboat, after we left Fort George, were quite thrilling, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he and his party had reached the Eastmain River, two days after our departure from that place.

The York boat was put into winter quarters at

the Eastmain Post and the party set out in two canoes for Rupert House, a distance of seventy-five miles. They left nearly all their belongings in order that they might travel light and make better speed. Four men being in each canoe, there was really no room for anything but the bare necessities of life. Many of the men had made collections of curios and it was with a great deal of regret that they had abandoned them.

When they reached Rupert House, the Bay and rivers had not begun to freeze, so after getting sufficient provisions to carry them to Moose Factory, they started on their journey thither. They had only gone as far as Cabbage Willows Bay when a cold spell overtook them, the ice began to form along the shore, and they were compelled to return to Rupert House—which place they reached with great difficulty—and settle down to await the final freeze-up. They built themselves a comfortable log cabin in which to live, for it would be much easier to heat than a tent, and made the very best of their situation.

The day following Mr. Strong's arrival, December the seventeenth, was spent entirely in making preparations for our departure. The balance of the party from Rupert House was not expected for a few days, and we concluded that it was best for our own party to leave for home immediately. Provisions, bedding, toboggans, dogs, etc. were all gotten in readiness for the following

morning. The Hudson's Bay Company's packet was also to leave in the morning, so there was general excitement about the place, in order that the travellers might be prepared for an early start, and that residents of the Post might have their letters written to friends and relatives, or to the stores at the front, where the next summer's supply of luxuries was to be ordered.



## CHAPTER XXII

### Homeward Bound on the Ice. Moose Factory to New Post



THE morning of December the eighteenth dawned clear and with a moderate temperature. We breakfasted before daylight and shortly after paid a farewell visit to the officers of the Post.

The guides brought their toboggans and dogs down to the Mission house and tied the latter at safe distances apart along the fence, while the former were being loaded and lashed. What a bedlam of noise the rascals raised! Too far apart to fight, they drew as close together as their ropes would permit them and vented their rage in the weird wolflike howl for which the Husky dog is famous.

As it was impossible for the guides and Mac to take all the dunnage and provisions required for the party and the dogs on their toboggans, we provided a large one for ourselves. As dogs were scarce we planned to haul it, and for that purpose contrived a double harness of pack straps to make the work as easy as possible. This was rather a

bold undertaking, but as the loads would grow lighter every day it would be possible to gradually transfer ours to that of the dogs and thus lighten our burden. The people of Moose Factory very much doubted our ability to walk out even unencumbered, and expressed themselves as being certain that we would never reach the end of the island, pulling our own toboggan. In fact they prophesied our return to Moose within a few days to accept their proffered hospitality until the spring. It was our intention to show these doubting friends the kind of stuff that Canadians are made of.

About ten o'clock all but Mac, who had risen but shortly before, were ready for the start, with the dogs in their harness and the loads lashed firmly to the toboggans. The people of the Mission and some of the natives assembled to see us off. One old Indian, Long Mary, who had made us some fancy footwear, having sat up all the night previous to complete the work, walked along with us as far as the river bank, where others were waiting, and shouted advice concerning the management of the toboggan when making the steep descent to the ice.

We had donned our blanket suits but soon the strenuous exercise combined with the heat of the strong sun made us halt and lash the coats to the toboggan. The travelling was good for a while as the trail near the Post had been used for some time and the packet had passed over it but an

hour before. Much of the way led over glare ice, making it hard to keep our feet as we hauled the toboggan.

About noon, while having a short breathing spell, we saw a dark spot on the trail some distance in the rear and soon recognized Mac with his dogs, quite awake and doing his best to catch up to us. We gave him a chance and had a cold lunch while waiting.

From there on the three of us travelled together, the guides being somewhat in advance. The ice soon began to get very rough, in particular when we crossed to the north side of the river. There had been rapids at the place and the ice was made up chiefly of tilted fragments, which had originally formed on smooth water and when broken up had become jammed together and consolidated. This place was a mild introduction to what was to be encountered later on, but it furnished us a rather strenuous time, our load being too high and easily overbalanced.

Throughout the day the weather remained mild, although the wind on the open river became quite biting as the evening advanced.

It is a custom of the Indians when travelling in the winter to stop frequently for a cup of hot tea, but dry wood is very scarce within a radius of ten miles of the Post, so it was late in the afternoon before we had such refreshment. These stopping places will always hold a pleasant place in our

memories for the quiet comfort and rest they afforded. A place is always chosen by virtue of the presence of dry wood and protection from the chilling wind during the party's inactivity.

An easy path up the river bank being found, one would take his axe and cut a hole in the ice near by, where the tea pail might be filled with water. Others busied themselves in loosening the lashings of the toboggans in order to get the "grub" bag, which was placed at the end of the load so as to be easy of access. This contained all the food required for the day, as well as tea mugs, knives, forks, and spoons.

The balance of the party would break the trail up the bank and into the bush, until a level place, free from brush, was found. A clear spot in the snow for the fire, probably two yards square, would be firmly tramped down. Some would get dry twigs and birch bark or cut chips from a stick of dry, resinous wood or cedar. Others would cut and split large sticks of dry wood and soon a fire would be blazing merrily.

In the meantime some of the guides would have tramped down the snow for yards around on the windward side of the fire, and have carpeted it with a beautiful covering of freshly cut boughs. It was only about fifteen minutes' work, after the party had been out a few days and were working systematically, from the time of starting until the kettle was on the fire.

Carefully brushing the loose snow from off their moccasins, the party would group themselves in comfortable attitudes before the fire to enjoy the hot tea, and if it were noon, a substantial addition of food, but meat was rarely cooked at any other time.

All the while these preparations were going on, the dogs, which had been left to rest while still in their harness, would be jumping about and howling in the most piteous tones. Sometimes their plunges would be made in unison and their toboggan started, not to stop until they had it hauled up to the camp-fire. At other times, some of them would shed their harness and come skulking into camp. They were generally rewarded for these tricks with a sound thrashing at the hands of their masters, administered with the most convenient weapon, usually either a snowshoe or a stick of firewood.

The average time spent at these stops was about forty-five minutes and they were usually made at about 10 A.M., 1 P.M., and sometimes at 3 P.M.

The resuming of the journey would be the signal for the dogs to begin afresh their howling and prancing, which, with the shouting of the guides in their vain attempt to quiet the canines, would create a regular pandemonium, that would re-echo throughout the surrounding forest.

We continued travelling, this first day, until about four o'clock. Twelve miles had been covered

and Charlie Macauley, the head guide, suggested that camp had better be set up at the top of the river bank at that place, for there was no other accessible spot in the vicinity where this could be done.

What an awful place for a camp it was! The bank, fully twenty-five feet high, was nearly vertical, but with the united efforts of men and dogs all of the toboggans were soon above and ready to be unlashd.

The ground was covered with a network of windfalls, their stiff, dry branches so intermingled as to make progress through them look quite impossible.

Nothing daunted, we set to work with a will, following the directions of our more experienced companions. A strenuous half hour's work did wonders for the place and two spots were soon cleared for our tent and a lean-to for the others. The snow was carefully packed down on the tent-site and then covered with a thick carpet of spruce boughs. Tent poles and pickets cut, the tent was set up in the same manner as though it were resting on the sod in June. Four stakes driven into the snow served as legs for the tin stove and very soon the little tent was warm and cozy.

The next duty was to tie up the dogs, for in such narrow confines it required but a few seconds of freedom to start a dog fight that might well have been called an inferno of wolfish howls and snarls

and flying hair. They were securely fastened to trees, at safe distances apart, and then the further unpacking of toboggans began. Everything valuable was either put in a safe place in the tent or hung on a nearby tree, for to those savage dogs, seemingly born hungry, even a snowshoe is a great delicacy.

Quietness soon settles down in the camp as the evening meal is begun, for one does not feel much given to hilarity after a hard day's work in the open air.

On the trail, a day's work does not end with supper, for the dogs must have their daily rations of one pound of pork, and then comes the job of drying out the footwear. The latter is by far the most necessary of all precautions which the person who wants to make a comfortable and quick journey must take. No matter how careful he is, there is bound to be more or less moisture in his moccasins and duffels (socks made in the shape of moccasins out of blanket material, and worn over light stockings and under heavy outside ones) and if they are not dried out daily sore feet are sure to be the result.

When all the duties were attended to, shavings and dry wood made ready for the morning fire, the day's diary written up, and perhaps some necessary sewing done, we would creep into the sleeping bag, the head of which was convenient to the stove door, a position that enabled us to light

the fire without arising, and soon be asleep, dreaming perchance of dining-car dinners and home comforts, despite the fact that they could hardly be more enjoyable than those we had.

When we left Moose Factory our watches were all out of order, but it was little suspected that Charlie's was in the same condition. It was our custom to rise at such a time that all could be ready to start off by daylight. We arose the first morning, after what seemed to have been a long night's sleep, and after completing the morning duties, broke camp and sat around an open fire, awaiting daylight. It did not come for nearly two hours, and the experience gave us unwelcome forebodings of much lost sleep in the future.

The morning was beautifully clear but a strong, bitterly cold wind was blowing from the southwest, directly into our faces as we travelled. Soon after leaving the camp, another was reached, that of Jimmy Job, the guide who took the York boat to Rupert House. After some dickering the use of his watch was obtained for the trip, much to our relief.

The trail proved good most of the way, although quite rough for a short distance when a detour was made across the river to avoid some hummocks.

The islands in the river become very scarce and the banks low as the mouth of the Abitibi is approached, and the long unprotected stretches offered free scope to the wind. About eleven



o'clock, becoming very warm, due to the strenuous work of pulling a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound load against the wind, we removed our coats and lashed them to the toboggan, during a stop for breath. While doing this, it was discovered that one had his cheeks and the other his chin and throat badly frozen. Copious applications of snow soon had both in condition for going ahead and none the worse for their experiences.

In the meantime the rest of the party with their dogs had gotten a mile or so ahead of us and soon vanished altogether from sight. Being so near the mouth of the Abitibi, it was certain that they would not stop until they reached it, consequently it was expected on our arrival to find them there, having lunch.

Imagine our disappointment when on entering the river no signs of them were to be seen other than the freshly broken trail leading forward. Weary with the long, hard pull against the wind and thirsty to the point of choking, it seemed as though we could not proceed farther without having some refreshment, but finally plucked up enough courage to go ahead, in hope that the others might be camped just beyond a nearby bend.

We were still doomed to disappointment, so determined to have a cold lunch without waiting to make tea. What a lunch that was! The ham sandwiches were frozen into dry chips, a bite of

which sent chills straight to our toes, the sardines were also in the same condition, almost too hard to chew, and the cheese and biscuits were as hard as a rock, although the most palatable of the lot. It was so cold we had to don our coats and then dance around to keep warm, but the food, such as it was, served to brace us up and we started forward determined to overtake the others.

About half a mile from our stopping place, smoke was seen curling up from a clump of trees, and we were soon at the long-looked-for camp and drinking great bumpers of hot tea. Stimulated with the hot drink, we once more started on our way and travelled until shortly after dark. The days were very short and unless the making of camp was started before four o'clock, it could not be completed with daylight. Fortunately on this particular evening, the moon rose early, enabling us to travel in its pale light with even more comfort than in the glare of the bright sun on the snow.

This part of the river, filled with small islands, the narrow passages between them lined with tall snow-draped spruce, formed a most beautiful picture, enlivened by the silently moving dog teams winding their way, in Indian file, along the narrow, sinuous trail.

The camp, pitched in a grove of very large spruce and lighted by the glare of a huge fire, made a charming picture. All the party, with the exception of Mac were in the best of trim, and

despite the fact that they had covered seventeen miles in nine hours of travelling, felt less sore from the effects of the exertion than on the previous evening. Mac seemed to find the work a bit too strenuous, and when the stop was made, seated himself on his toboggan out on the trail and did not budge until the camp was in order.

The following day, though dull and of moderate temperature, was not stormy. Having a good start in the morning, we were able to make almost twenty miles that day. Early in the day, we met two Indians on their way to Moose Factory, and learned from them that Mr. McCall's party, which had left the Post two days previous to us, were now but a day and a half ahead.

Mac's load being very light, his dogs kept him on the run, so he suggested that we should tie our toboggan to his and let the dogs pull both. It was a heavy load for them, consequently we helped them with a push-pole behind the last toboggan. Even this was not as hard work as pulling the whole load.

The trail led over several rough places on the rapids, where the ice was piled up into high hummocks. At such places we had to help the dogs by pulling with a pack strap attached to the front toboggan. Camp was made that night on a clearing around the permanent hunting camp of the Indians we had met in the morning.

The going next day was good for some time,

and we again let the dogs pull our toboggan, assisting them with the push-pole. Later, the Long Opening, a long rapid stretch without a bend, was reached. The ice was so rough, it was necessary to pull our own toboggan in order to lighten the load of the dogs.

About noon, Cedar Creek, which is supposed to be the point halfway between Moose Factory and New Post, was reached. Just as we were camping, the Indians who had taken Mr. McMillan, the Government engineer, out, were met. They had been forced to remain at the front until the freeze-up and were returning at this, the first opportunity. We travelled about sixteen miles that day, which was not bad considering the roughness of the ice.

On the fifth day we reached the foot of the Long Rapids, which are noted for their rough ice in the winter, often piled up ten feet high. Fortunately we found that it was not so this year. The river was much narrower and the banks much higher at this point than lower down and presented many beautiful views to the lover of nature.

The next day offered a change from the general routine. We early reached the first of the portages, the one around Clay Falls. A steep hill, about one hundred and twenty-five feet high, had to be ascended, a job both strenuous and exciting. We had to pull our own toboggan, as the dogs had all they could manage without it. Once on the top, the trail was fairly good although the snow



Five Minutes' Rest on the Trail



The Authors in Harness



was not so firmly packed as on the river. Beyond the portage, the ice was not very good and we were plunging through slush until our feet were like ice blocks. We were able to reach Elbow portage, and make the first ascent, about seventy-five feet, before dark and camped on the trail.

It was snowing lightly the following morning but we were off early. The trail was very broken, steep, high hills being the prevailing feature.

The heavy exercise early in the day did not fatigue us appreciably, and we got across at a fair rate of speed. Above this portage the snow was much deeper, which made the walking more difficult, but New Post was reached early in the afternoon.

There we caught up with the packet, for it was Christmas Eve and the packet men were stopping over for a couple of days in order to enjoy the festivities at the Post.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### New Post to Cochrane



**A**FTER a general exchange of news with the packet men and the Factor, Mr. McLeod, that gentleman advised us that, owing to the difficulty of procuring wood, it were best that we should spend the night in the house of his Indian servants near by. We thanked him for his kind suggestion, but knowing a thing or two about these Indian houses decided to have our tent put up. Our men accepted the invitation to sleep in the house.

It was not an easy matter to set up the camp, but we managed to get boughs from the rear of the Post, and bought some firewood from the Factor. It seemed almost impossible for us to believe that it was Christmas Eve without the conventional celebration, so it was decided that the most fitting thing to do was to get to bed early, hoping to dream of Santa Claus, roast turkey, and plum pudding.

We were up the next morning by five o'clock. The moon was still high in the sky and by its light the breaking of camp was accomplished. We had



our tent taken down and everything packed, ready for starting, long before the others. Owing to the decrease in provisions, it was found possible to pack everything on three toboggans, thus enabling us to leave ours behind.

While awaiting the final preparations of the guides, we took advantage of the delay to pay a visit to the house which had been offered us as a shelter for the night, and in which, much to our surprise, were several sick people.

One look at the interior was quite enough to satisfy us that we had done the proper thing in refusing to take shelter in the Indians' house, although at the time not knowing that there were any invalids therein.

On entering the house we found that there was but one room, absolutely devoid of furniture save a big box stove. On the floor in different places were heaped up piles of dirty fur and dirtier blankets, which served as beds for the inmates.

At the end of the room, and lying on one of the beds, was an emaciated old woman, apparently in the last throes of tuberculosis, a sickening spectacle, as her spasms of coughing would be followed by expectoration, without any sanitary precaution whatever.

At the other end of the room, seated on an old soap box, was her son, a pitiable sight, ravished to a skeleton by a form of tuberculosis which had become located in his neck, completely encircling

it with running sores. Beside him sat his wife, also a victim of the dread disease, while on the floor lay several children.

To add to the unsanitary conditions, the floor and walls were covered with filth, and the window and door casings were chinked with scraps of fur. The windows were covered almost to the bottom with dirty paper sacks, and there was scarcely an opening where light or air was being admitted.

While in conversation with them, we found that these people had been invalids for a number of years, and their first inquiry of us was regarding the possible visit of a doctor. Medical attention seemed now to be their only hope. We proffered advice as to proper living conditions with regard to ventilation, light, cleanliness, and food, and as we did so, the wife, who understood English, would inform the husband of our conversation. The woman promised us that she would remember our counsel and take advantage of it.

As the first streaks of dawn were appearing in the east, we were scaling the hills that rise to an elevation of several hundred feet back of New Post. We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile along the apparently level ground, when the party suddenly saw through the treetops a fiery object, like an immense balloon, passing overhead. Coming to a standstill, our eyes followed it until it disappeared from sight. It was an immense meteor with a beautiful, long-extended tail of blue,

red, and yellow fire, which did not seem to be very far away from the earth. It soon disappeared from our view, and we were left an astonished party, the event having transpired in so brief a time.

The guides were very much startled, and in fact we were all more or less so, a few moments later, to hear a tremendous thud accompanied by vibrations, almost like an earthquake, which echoed and re-echoed throughout the surrounding hilltops. It was with much difficulty that we described the phenomenon to the guides, whose scientific knowledge, of course, was very limited.

The portage trail on which we started out that morning was fifteen miles long, and lay through an open spruce forest. The trees were laden with snow which formed them into all kinds of fantastic shapes, and one with an imaginative mind could fancy himself in a garden adorned by the most beautiful statuary. After leaving the forest and going about a mile on the river, a heavy storm set in and we decided to stop there for the night. On the following day, only fourteen miles were made, and camp was set up early in the afternoon, at the lower end of Island portage, a point on the river where the first survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway crossed.

The next day's tramp proved to be the roughest of the river journey. The portage was seven miles long and the trail led through at least five

miles of burnt timber, the windfalls of which were strewn in every direction across the trail, oftentimes piled up, one on top of the other, half a dozen deep, and over which we and the dogs had to clamber. It was pleasant news, indeed, when the guides called out "river ahead" and we shortly saw the end of the trail at the river, several hundred feet below us.

It was about eleven o'clock, and appreciating the morning's accomplishment, we stopped a full hour and partook of a well earned meal. This was the very last portage on the route, the balance of the journey lying entirely on the river, until we would leave it for good and strike across country on the Government road to Cochrane.

Mac had not arrived by the time dinner was ready, and we were much surprised a little later to see his dog Nancy sneak into camp, dragging her broken harness behind her. This necessitated the returning of the dog, a couple of us taking her back nearly a mile to where Mac was found struggling along with the other dog and vowing vengeance on the truant when she was recovered.

Early in the afternoon tracks of a dog, evidently astray, were seen. We supposed it belonged to the guide of the party ahead. About five miles farther on, we came to the mouth of a small stream flowing in from the north. Here an Indian camp was situated. Charlie called on one of the Indians and finding that the stray dog had been caught, agreed

to take him on to his owner, who was ahead. This, of course, gave us another dog—to feed. We found that he had little strength but a large appetite, the very opposite to what was required. A few miles farther Half-way Island was reached, midway between the last portage and the mouth of the Frederickhouse River, and camp was made for the night.

Some Indians, who were drawing moose meat to the camp we visited early in the afternoon, stopped to speak with our men and the incident closed with the happy trade of a quantity of meat for a bottle of Painkiller. This was very fortunate, for the dog food was almost finished. The shortage was due to Mac's carelessness, for in his haste at the start from Moose Factory, he left his allowance of meat behind, and had since eaten part of the pork provided for the dogs.

The following day was December the twenty-eighth, and if we were to reach Montreal by the New Year, it was necessary to be in Cochrane, which was still thirty-six miles away, before the next day at twelve o'clock. The morning was very dark and it was snowing hard, but we determined to accomplish our desired end, if at all possible, so we two were on the way by five o'clock and breaking the trail for the rest of the party, who were soon to follow. The snow lately fallen and drifted had made the trail very heavy.

Everything possible to facilitate our speed had

been done. Most of the remaining food had been left, along with the Indians' blankets and extra clothes, in a *cache* made at the last camp, for we hoped to reach Cochrane without setting up the tents again.

The mouth of the Frederickhouse River was reached early in the forenoon, and a short stop for tea was made. From here the trail led for thirteen miles up the Frederickhouse River to the Government road, which leads to Cochrane. The travelling proved very heavy for both man and beast, on account of the depth of snow. About ten miles up we again stopped for refreshment. It was then nearly two o'clock in the afternoon. The prospects for reaching our destination that day were brighter as it had stopped snowing, and we hoped that the Government road would be broken enough to permit of better speed.

Our stop was a brief one, and after going a mile we came upon a camp, and to our surprise, found a search party consisting of one of the men who had been in the Eastmain River party, which had returned in September, and a half-breed companion, with two large toboggans and a bevy of dogs, on their way to Moose Factory to get tidings of our party, or if we were there, to help bring us out. After a brief consultation, we deemed it advisable to send them on to meet the balance of the expedition and aid their progress.

After taking leave of the relief party, we set out

again and in an hour were mounting the steep river bank to the Government road, which for about three or four miles proved to be nothing but a strip of cleared land, across which huge logs lay in the utmost confusion.

The distance by road to Cochrane from the river is twelve miles. When two mileposts were passed, we stopped for the last drink of tea on the trip. Here we had to wait long for Mac, for he was now well-nigh exhausted, and eventually one of the party went back and helped the dogs, also well worn out, to pull his load to camp.

It was growing dark, but we decided to make a dash for the town, over the intervening ten miles or more. Before starting, all the provisions, cooking utensils, stoves, etc., were abandoned, and knowing that Mac's strength was failing fast, and not likely to last out until Cochrane was reached, he was advised to stay there and camp until the morning, and then to proceed. This he would not do, and although there was little on his toboggan, he refused to carry our sleeping bag any farther, declaring that with it abandoned, he would be in town as soon as we. Removing our sleeping bag and declining our proffered tea, he started ahead.

It was quite dark when we were again on the trail. The hour that followed was one of the worst in our experience. One of us had been using snowshoes only when it was absolutely necessary, and unfortunately had loaned them to one of the

guides, while the latter had lashed his own to one of the toboggans, so the former was continually plunging to his hips in the soft snow, where it had bridged the gap between two or more fallen trees. As the moon had not yet risen, it was impossible to see ahead of us, and we had to steer our way along the sinuous trail by the sense of feeling. It took a full hour to go a distance of two miles—to the first cross-road, but great was our joy, when this was reached, to find that it was free from logs and graded.

The lights of the town reflected in the sky came into view, and the conversation turned to a beef-steak supper, for with this in mind we had taken practically nothing since morning but tea and a few sweet biscuits, having discarded the balance of the provisions when leaving the morning camp.

The party was doomed to disappointment, for soon it was reluctantly decided to abandon the idea of proceeding, as our progress was unavoidably slow owing to the depth of the snow and the hour was growing late. We camped at a spot where the search party had spent the night previous. Mac had been passed near the turn on the graded road, where he was preparing to camp for the night, so there was no likelihood of his reaching Cochrane that night.

That camp will be a long remembered one for its discomforts. With no stove, it was impossible to use the tent, and hence a shelter of poles and



brush had to be used in conjunction with an open fire. To make matters worse, there was practically no dry wood to be found. Our throats were parched and dry, but the tea pails had been left behind and there was nothing in which snow could be melted. At last, while fixing up a bed of boughs, one of the guides found an empty quarter pound tobacco tin that had been discarded by the party camping there before us. Our satisfaction may well be imagined as we grouped ourselves around the fire, and melting snow in the tin each drank the full of the common cup. It is just such conditions of privation as these that make all men brothers and remove the barriers of social caste.

As the Indians had left their bedding behind, we shared ours with them and lay down with our feet to the open fire. Our blankets being divided between the party of four, left little for any of us, and for the first time in our experience we were compelled to keep our clothes on throughout the night, although they were wet with perspiration.

With sore and aching bodies from travelling twenty-nine miles the day before and hungry beyond description, we found ourselves again on the trail the next morning long before daylight. Some very high hills were encountered, and weary from lack of sleep and food, we could scarcely climb them. With the approach of daylight, a most welcome sight appeared, a settler's cabin.

Coming up to it, we went straightway to the door

to inquire the distance to the town, despite the fact that the occupants were not yet up. Our knocking on the door was soon answered by a kindly man who opened it and immediately invited us all in and gave us refreshment.

With more than ordinary enjoyment we devoured thick slices of beautiful, fresh home-made bread, between which were laid pieces of the most delicious Bologna sausage, and drank cup after cup of refreshing tea, all made by the generous housewife. The true meaning of the words of the Great Teacher, "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," was never so fully realized by us as when we ate our breakfast that morning, and when we left the humble cabin, it was with a prayer that the reward which was to follow such acts might be fully meted out to our kind benefactors.

It was still seven miles to the town, but when once again on the trail, we were like new men, ready if need be to run to our destination. Soon the settlers' cabins became more numerous and the rough log huts gave way to neatly clapboarded cottages. Finally teams were met on the road and fancy sleighs in which were families on their way to church, for it was Sunday. We arrived in Cochrane at ten o'clock, exactly eleven days to the minute from the time of our leaving Moose Factory, having travelled on an average of nineteen miles per day.

Was it a dream? No, we were once more in the

realm of modern life, the place of big cities and large business. We were practically home, after a trip of over eighteen hundred miles by canoe, motor boat, and dog team, most of which had been over that wonderful stretch of inland ocean, Hudson Bay, and the almost unexplored Eastmain Coast of our own beloved Province, and terminating through the forested river valleys of Northern Ontario.

What a sensation it was to once more see the long telegraph lines, that would in a few minutes be the bearer of a message to loved ones, telling that we were alive and well and not lost as the newspapers had reported; to see the railway trains as they passed swiftly along the strips of shining steel, and to know that in two brief hours they would be carrying us at a high rate of speed to our homes; to enter a modern hotel and partake of our first meal in civilization during a lapse of eight months!

Two days were spent in reaching our final destination, which gave us ample time to make a résumé of our trip. The chief object of the expedition had been accomplished, although weather conditions had forced us to curtail our program considerably.

The fact had been established beyond all doubt of the existence of an almost inexhaustible supply of iron ore on certain of the islands of Hudson Bay. Our opinion that the country east of the

Bay is rich in minerals, and that, amongst others, diamonds will eventually be found, was strengthened.

The water powers of the east coast were also found to be among Canada's largest, and capable of economical development, either for mining or smelting purposes, or for transporting the products of the interior to the coast.

On the east coast of James Bay from Rupert House to Cape Jones, pulp wood was found to be plentiful, especially on the rivers flowing into the Bay. That there will be pulp and paper industries in these localities in the future is absolutely assured.

That same portion of country is also of an agricultural nature, and it will only be a matter of time until it is opened up by settlers. Samples of vegetables that were brought out and sent to the governments elicited the greatest surprise and commendation from Premiers and Cabinet Ministers, which is proof enough of the fact that with the long summer days of these northern latitudes, vegetables and grains can be raised in the greatest profusion.

In considering the future of the country, we could not overlook some of its present pressing needs. Its natives are scattered along a coast line of many hundred miles, without any opportunity for medical attention, with the exception of what the Factors and the Missionaries can give them. These people should be supplied, at some central

location, say at Fort George, with an hospital, doctors, and nurses. The need of these is just as great as it is on the Labrador coast where Dr. Grenfell is doing so much for the natives. The Rev. Mr. Walton is endeavouring to carry on a similar work, but has very little outside help, and we could not but feel that he should have the support and recognition of the people at the "front," in the great work that he is doing among the natives of that vast and practically unknown country.

At six o'clock on the last evening of the year, we arrived in Montreal, after an absence of nearly eight months. In all that time, we had only once received messages from home. Only those who have travelled under similar circumstances as we, can appreciate our feelings when we caught sight of the eager faces of our friends in the crowd awaiting the train's arrival.



## APPENDIX

LIST OF HARBOURS ALONG THE COURSE FOLLOWED BY THE AUTHORS ON THE CRUISE OF 1912

	<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Remarks</i>	<i>Camp</i>
1	Big Stone	West Coast of Hannah Bay	Lee of small bouldery island	Wood but rough and no water
2	Mouth of West River	South end of Hannah Bay	Entrance at high tide only	Not visited
3	Harricanaw River	South end of Hannah Bay	Poor anchorage on north and east side	Not visited
4	Plover Islands	East Coast of Hannah Bay	Anchorage in lee of point, protection from E., N., and N. W.	Wood but no water
5	Sawayan	North-west point of Ministikawatin	Can only enter at high tide	In bush back from shore. Wood and fresh water
6	None	North point of Ministikawatin	Deep water anchorage	At edge of bush. Wood and fresh water
7	Point Comfort	North-east point of Ministikawatin		Not visited
8	Mouth of Rupert River	Rupert Bay	Channel at north side at mouth of river, crosses to S. side at H. B. Co. Post	Rupert House Post
9	Mouth of Broadback River	Ten miles S. of Rupert River	Good anchorage unprotected from west	Many good places
10	Stag Rock	Midway between Rupert House and Sherrick Mount	Lee of island, deep water	Wood and fresh water

<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Remarks</i>	<i>Camp</i>
11 Group of small rocky islands off Sherrick Mount		Deep water anchorage in ice	Ideal camping places. Wood and fresh water
12 McFarlane Island	North side of Boatswain Bay	Poor anchorage on east side	Fine camping place, wood, water, N. E. side
13 Islands off Jack River, eighteen miles to Eastmain River		Excellent anchoring places	Wood and fresh water
14 Second small bay beyond Jack River		Fair anchorage	Good camping ground at edge of bush. Spring in bush nearby
15 Governor Island	Mouth of Eastmain River	Deep water well protected. Enter by south channel	Regular camping place
16 High Rock Island	Twelve miles north of Eastmain River	Anchorage south side,	Wood and fresh water
17 Cape Hope islands	Prominent landmark. Eighteen miles from Eastmain River	Many fine harbours on east side	Wood and fresh water in abundance
18 Islands at south side Old Factory Bay		Some well protected anchorages	Indian camping place
19 Sheppard Islands	South side Moar Bay	Well protected anchorages	Wood and fresh water
20 Paint Hills Islands	Next prominent landmark	Excellent harbour south side Walrus Island	Splendid camping accommodation
21 Comb Hills Islands	High islands 30 miles north of Paint Hills	Shallow anchorage north side	Plenty of wood and fresh water
22 Big Island off Long Point		Good anchorage on east side	Small fresh water lake, wood rather scarce



23	Earthquake Island	North side Dead Duck Bay	Good harbour south side	Wood and fresh water plentiful
24	The high islands in mouth of Aquatuk Bay		Several good anchorages	Wood and water
25	Loon Island	Five miles off mouth of Big River	Excellent harbour N. E. side	Wood and water plentiful
26	Big River	Fort George	Enter by north channel, cross to S. opposite H. B. Post	
27	Stromness Harbour	Five miles north of Fort George	Excellent anchorage. Surrounded by islands	Wood and fresh water
28	Wastikon	Ten miles from Fort George	Anchorage in lee of this prominent landmark	Eskimo encampment
29	Pipestone Gutway to Cape Jones abounds in islands, many of which afford protection and most all of which are suitable for camping purposes. Existing maps are too inaccurate to permit of identification of individual anchorages.			
30	Cape Jones	Dividing point between Hudson and James bays	Small harbour on south side of "neck"	Eskimo encampment
31	Group of islands in south end of Long Island Sound		Fair anchorages in lee of these	Not visited
32	Split Rock	In lee of point	Information received from Indians, failed to succeed in verifying	Not visited
33	Little Cape Jones River		Mouth of river	Eskimo encampment. Wood and fresh water
34	Sucker Creek	Ten miles from Little Cape Jones	In lee of island	Water on mainland, some wood on island
35	Three small islands close to mainland, about seven miles north of Sucker Creek		Anchorage in lee	Good camping places

<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Remarks</i>	<i>Camp</i>
36 Otaka Harbour, about twenty-four miles from Great Whale River		Entrance from S.	Plenty wood and fresh water
37 Black Whale Harbour, eight miles north of Otaska Harbour		Exposed to the north	Not visited
38 Great Whale River, entrance channel on south side of river		Anchorage half a mile above H. B. Post	
39 Manitounuk Sound abounds in good harbours at short distances apart. The best anchorages are on the island side, but wood and water are scarce, whereas good camping places abound on the mainland side, with wood and water.			
40 Bottom of Bay River, about eight miles north of Manitounuk Sound		Anchorage in cove unprotected from west	Not visited
41 Second River	Mouth of river	Well protected anchorage	Wood and fresh water
42 Little Whale River	Mouth of river	Very shallow, bad entrance	Wood and fresh water
43 Nastapoka Islands. There are good harbours on the east side of the following islands of this group: Flint, Belanger, Anderson, Clark, Armstrong, Curran, Gillies, Taylor, and Gordon. At all of these good camping ground and an abundance of wood and water are to be found.			
44 On mainland side of the sound, but one harbour was observed, at south side of entrance to Richmond Gulf. Salmon Fisher's Cove offers protection, but the anchorage is too shallow for boats drawing over two feet of water.			
45 Nastapoka River	Quarter of mile from bay, near foot of falls	Good anchorage, but water is swift	Practically no wood

## INDEX

- Abitibi River: islands in mouth of, 311; dinner at mouth of, 313
- Agricultural possibilities of James Bay district, 330
- Albany Rapids, 29
- Anchor: breaking of, at Nastapoka River, 189; improvised, at Clark Island, 194
- Anderson, Bishop: arrival of, at Rupert House, 64; arrival of, at Fort George, 124; service with Eskimos at Cape Jones, 140; at little Cape Jones River, 147; arrival Great Whale River, 153
- Anderson Island, 172
- Baggage-packsacks, dunnage bags, special chests, 13; portaging of, 18
- Barker, Miss, teacher and nurse at mission, Moose Factory, 293
- Beaver Portage, 30
- Belanger Island, 171
- Big River: channel at entrance to, 112; arrival at, 113; garden at, in 1907, 116; the mission at, 116; harbour at, 119; proposed experimental farm at, 120; arrival at, from North, 229; swift current of, 230
- Big Stone, 54
- Black Feather Rapids: cache at, 32; arrival at, 34; shooting of, with motor boats, 35; accident in, 36
- Blacksmith's Rapids, lignite at, 47
- Boat Opening, Manitounuk Sound, 159; current through, 205; passage through, 205
- Boats (motor) used in 1912: requirements for, 4; specifications for, 5; fuel for, 5; outfit for, 6; propeller of, 92; hauling over portages 41
- Boatswain Bay: crossing of, 86; storm on, 262
- Broadback River: arrival at, 78; soil in vicinity of, 80; hay at, 80; green flies at, 81; return from, 82
- Brunswick Lake, 25
- Brunswick Portage, 25
- Brunswick Post, 17
- Brunswick Rapids, 17
- Cabbage Willows Bay, goose hunting at, 86
- Canoes: proposed for expedition, 6; purchased, 9
- Cape Hope Islands, 102; description of, 104; harbours at, 105; feldspathic dyke on, 105
- Cape Jones: ice field at, 135, 136, 137; danger of navigating in vicinity of, 135; Eskimo camp at, 135, 137; appearance of, 136; harbour at, 137; camp at, 138; visit from Eskimos at, 138; hills at, 142; mosquitoes at, 143; departure from, for North, 143; change in character of coast at, 145; second rounding of, 223, 224; second camp at, 224; visit of Eskimos at, 224; salmon trout and whitefish at, 225; departure from, for South, 225

- Cedar Creek, 316  
 Clark Island: arrival at, 172;  
 length of cruise to, 172;  
 camp at, 172; iron ore on,  
 173; mosquitoes at, 173,  
 193; storm at, 174-179;  
 arrival of Strong's party at,  
 179; snowstorm at, 180;  
 departure from, for Nas-  
 tapoka River, 182; return to,  
 from Nastapoka River, 192;  
 departure from, for South,  
 194  
 Clay Falls, Abitibi River, 316  
 Coal Brook, kaolin near, 46  
 Comb Hills Islands: trap dykes  
 at, 108; White Bear Island  
 at, 108; harbours at, 108,  
 246; camp at, 246; wood and  
 water at, 247; storm at, 247  
 Conjuring House Falls: river  
 above, 37; camp at, 38; sun-  
 set at, 38; clearing of portage  
 at, 40; accident above, 40  
 Crooked Lake, 14  
 Crow Rapids, 30  
  
 Devil's Chute, 29  
 Diamonds, possibility of dis-  
 covery of, 330  
 Dipple Rapids, 24  
 Discoveries, expedition 1907,  
 I  
 Dobie, O. L. S., Mr. James,  
 299; carries out our mail, 299  
 Dog Lake, 14  
 Draulette, Mr. and Mrs., 296  
 Duck Island, 160  
  
 Earthquake Island, legend of,  
 244  
 Eastmain River: rough sea  
 off mouth of, 93; arrival at,  
 94; channels at entrance to,  
 94, 102; explorations on, in  
 1907, 95; garden products  
 at, 98; soil at, 99; grain at,  
 99; cattle at, 99; timber at,  
 99; soil and timber on upper  
 river, 100; departure from,  
 101; arrival at, from North,  
 254; shoals at entrance to,  
 254; more trouble with dogs  
 at, 256; stormy weather at,  
 257; preparations for leav-  
 ing, for South, 259; departure  
 from, 260; arrival of Strong's  
 party at, 302  
 East Point, 55; storm off, 281  
 Equipment for expedition, 8;  
 breaking of anchor, 189;  
 improvised anchor, 194;  
 improvised baking oven,  
 216; improvised stove, 265;  
 breaking of rudder, 277;  
 repairing of rudder, 278  
 Eskimos: camp of, at Wasti-  
 kon, 129; camp of, at Cape  
 Jones, 135, 137; visit of, at  
 Cape Jones, 138; form of  
 greeting, 138; appearance of,  
 139; clothing of, 139; gener-  
 osity of, 139; at Little Cape  
 Jones River, 147; Husky  
 Bill, the guide, 147; at  
 Great Whale River, recep-  
 tion to Bishop Anderson,  
 154, 155; at Little Whale  
 River, 167; handicrafts com-  
 pared with those of Indians,  
 201; industry of, 208; love  
 of music, 211; wit of, 212;  
 photographing of, 213; in  
 kyaks off Sucker Creek, 217  
  
 Fairy Point, Missinaibi Lake,  
 16  
 Fifteen Mile Portage, Abitibi  
 River, 321  
 Fish: salmon trout from Es-  
 kimo at Wastikon, 130; sal-  
 mon trout and whitefish  
 from Eskimos at Cape Jones,  
 139; salmon trout at Nasta-  
 poka River, 190; salmon  
 trout and whitefish at Cape  
 Jones, 225  
 Flint Island, 170

- Flowers: on McFarlane Island, 89; on island in vicinity of Paul Bay, 133
- Food: allotment per man per day, 7; selected for trip to Cochrane on the ice, 300
- Fort George: arrival at, 113; desertion of guides (Strong's) at, 114; garden at, in 1907, 116; the mission at, 116; departure from, 126; arrival at, from North, 230; reception at, 230; arrival of Company's York boat from Charlton, 233; welcome to crew, 233; fears for safety of ship from Montreal, 233; sunset at, 234; more trouble with dogs at, 235-236; hospitality of residents of, 237; storm at, 238; accident to canoe at, 239; rescue of canoe at, 240; arrival of Strong's party at, on way southward, 240; departure from, southward, 242
- Frederickhouse River, arrival at mouth of, 324
- Frost, first of season, 233
- Gillies Island, 183
- Glass Falls, 30
- Gordon Island, 183
- Government road to Cochrane, 325
- Governor Island: at mouth of Eastmain River, 94; harbour at, 94, 102
- Great Whale River: arrival at, 153; scenery at, 153; H. B. Company's Post at, 153, 154; reception of Bishop Anderson and Joseph, the guide, at, 154; departure from, 156; channels at entrance to, 157; arrival at, from North, 205; Harold Undgarten, chief servant at, 206; squared timber at, 206; Eskimo church at, 209; Mr. Walton's missionary work at, 210-212; gramophone at, 211; Sunday observance at, 212; departure from, 215
- Green Hill Portage, 21; rapids at, 21
- Griffith, A. O., Factor at Fort George: canoe journey of wife and child, 101; meeting with, on *Pride*, 245; camp with, 245
- Guides for Missinaibi River, 9; trouble with, at Moose Factory, 49; mutiny of, 60; dismissal of, 65
- Guides from Rupert House: employment of, 65; desertion of, at Fort George, 144
- Guides from Fort George: Joseph, the Bishop's guide, 126; Husky Bill, 147
- Guides at Loon Point, 248
- Guides for proposed canoe trip southward from Moose Factory, impossibility of obtaining, 289
- Guides for winter trip, 300, 305
- Half-way Island, Abitibi River, 323
- Hannah Bay: shores of, 54; voyage across, 55; heat experienced on, 56; recrossing of, 284; storm on, in 1907, 284
- Harricanaw River, 55
- Haythornthwaite, Rev. Wm., 50; reception by, on our return to Moose Factory, 288; interest in agriculture, 293; valuable assistance given by Mrs. Haythornthwaite and Miss Barker, 293
- Hearst, Ont., 33

- Height of Land, Ont., 14  
 Hell's Gate, 43; shooting rapids at, 44; accident at, 47  
 High Rock Island, 102; lack of vegetation on, 103; camp on, 104  
 Hudson Bay: appearance of coast south of Great Whale River, 153; topography of coast in vicinity of Little Whale River, 164  
 Hudson Bay Railway, viii  
 Hudson Bay route through Hudson Straits, viii  
 Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Rupert House: vegetable garden at, 68  
 Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Eastmain River, 94; arrival at, from North, 255; departure of Indians from, 255; residence in carpenter shop at, 256; dinner parties at, 257  
 Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Big River: arrival at, 113; desertion of guides at, 114; garden at, in 1907, 116; the mission at, 116; departure from, 126; arrival at, from North, 230; reception at, 230; scarcity of provisions at, 231; ammunition exhausted at, 234  
 Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Great Whale River: arrival at, 154; appearance of, 154; reception to Bishop Anderson and Joseph, the guide, at, 154; scarcity of food at, 155; departure from, for North, 156; Harold Undgarten, chief servant at, 206; site of, 206; grass at, 206; buildings at, 206; squared timber at, 206; trade at, 207; the oil house at, 213; departure from, 215  
 Husky dogs: Indians' at Rupert House, 73; depredations of, at Moose Factory, 74; depredations of, at Rupert House, 75, 77; precautions against, at Rupert House, 76; depredations of, at Eastmain River, 97  
 Ice fields: off Cape Jones, 135, 136, 137; in Long Island Sound, 138; cause of, 140; passage of, 144  
 Indians: wedding of, at Rupert House, 70; curiosity concerning motor boats, 84; methods of marking camping places, 109; gratitude of, 237, 238; wigwams of, 237; pilots at Loon Point, 248; supper at Paint Hills Islands, 249; sick, at New Post, 319; need of medical care, 330  
 Iron ore: on Clark Island, 133; on Nastapoka Islands, 329  
 Island Portage, Abitibi River, 321  
 James Bay: character of south shore of, 54; harbours on, 58; east coast of, shoals, 107; currents, 108; character of east coast of, 144, 145  
 Jobson, C. J. R., Factor of Eastmain River Post, Hudson's Bay Company, 95  
 Kaolin on Missinaibi River, 46  
 Kettle Portage, 37  
 Length of day, in northern latitudes, 104; at Great Whale River, 208; in Hudson Straits, 209  
 Little Cape Jones: ice at, 146; appearance of, 147; rounding of, 147

- Little Cape Jones River: Eskimos at, 147; Bishop Anderson at, 147; mosquitoes at, 148; ice field at, 148
- Little Whale River: topography of coast in vicinity of, 164; adventure at, in 1907, 164; arrival at, 165; entrance to, 165; scenery at, 166, 167; geological formation at, 166; Eskimos at, 168; camp at, 168; departure from, 170
- Long Island Sound: length of, 144; appearance of mainland of, 145; islands in, 145; landmarks on, 145; ice in, 146; passage southward through, 217; anchorage in, 219; storm in, 219; trouble with boat in, 220-223
- Long Opening, Abitibi River, 316
- Long Portage, Missinaibi River, 43
- Long Rapids, Abitibi River, 316
- Long Rapids, Missinaibi River, 20
- Loon Island, 109; camp on, 243
- Loon Point: shoals at, 248; Indian pilots at, 248
- Manitounuk Sound: entrance to, 157; harbours in, 157; camp in, 157; passage through, 158; appearance of, 158, 159; openings of, 159; camp at Castle Rock in, 205; passage southward through, 205
- Mattagami River, junction of, with Missinaibi River, 47
- McCall, Mr., of North Railway Company: meeting with, 279; leaves Moose Factory for Cochrane by canoe, 289, 291; failure of canoe trip, 291
- McFarlane Island: camp at, 87; storms at, 88; wild ducks at, 89; shoals around, 90
- Meteor at New Post, 320
- Middleton Island: arrival at, 78; storm at, 79; departure from, 82
- Miller Island, 183
- Ministikawatin Peninsula: shore of, 57; timber on, 59; coasting along, by moonlight, 276; accident off, 277; repairs to broken rudder at, 278; shoals off, 281
- Missinaibi Crossing, 30; residency, 31; arrival at, 32; departure from, 34
- Missinaibi Lake, 15, 17
- Missinaibi Portage route, 12; advantages of, 57
- Missinaibi Station, 12
- Mission at Moose Factory, 51; reception at, on return from North, 288; take up our residence at mission house, 290; entertainment at, 292; vegetables grown at, 293, 294; cattle at, 293; grain grown at, 293; farm machinery at, 294
- Mission at Rupert House: gardens of, 68; Indians confirmed at, 75
- Mission at Fort George, 116; the mission house, 116; the Rev. Mr. Walton and his work, 116-119; sermon at, by Bishop Anderson, 124; church building, 125
- Moose Factory: arrival at, from South, 48; trouble with Indians at, 49; Revillon Post at, 50; industrial school at, 51; mission day school at, 51; departure from, for North, 53; arrival at, from North, 286; reception at,

Moose Factory—*Continued*

288; old journal at, 295; river freezes at, 295; hunting begins, 295; wedding at, 296; arrival of prospector from Rupert House with news from Strong's party, 301; Mr. Strong's arrival at, 302; preparations for our departure from, for Cochrane, 303-306; the start from, 306

Moose River, 47; character of lower, 53; arrival at, from North, 286; current in, 286

Nastapoka Falls: first view of, 183; height of, 184, 186; spray from, 185; description of, 186

Nastapoka River: departure from Clark Island for, 182; channel at mouth of, 183; camp at, 184; lack of wood at, 185; search for wood at, 188; loss of anchor at, 189; salmon trout at, 190; departure from, 190

Nastapoka Sound: navigation of, 170; physical characteristics of, 171; geological structure of islands of, 171; harbours in, 183; protection afforded in, 183; rough run from Nastapoka River to Clark Island in, 191

Navigation of James Bay, difficulties of, 76

New Post: arrival at, 317; camp at, 318; Christmas at, 318; sick Indians at, 319; departure from, 320

Old Factory Bay: harbour at north point of, 251; snow-storm at, 251, 252; harbour and camp on south side of, 253; Indian camp at, 253;

our provisions almost exhausted, 254  
Opizatiki River, 46

Paint Hills Islands: landmark, 105; iron pyrites on, 105; Walrus Island, 106; harbours at, 106, 249; storm at, 250; geese at, 250

Partridge Point: harbour at, 261; camp at, 262

Paul Bay, 133; flowers on island in vicinity of, 133; camp on shoal island off, 226

Personnel of 1912 expedition, 2  
Pipestone Gutway: camp on island in, 130; passage through, 132; nature of channel through, 132; passage outside of, 226

Plover Islands, 55; appearance of, 282; anchorage at, 282; to Big Stone from, 284

Point Comfort, 59

Porpoises in Hannah Bay, 55

Portage Island, 47

Provisions selected for trip to Cochrane on ice, 300

Pulp wood around James Bay, 330

Quebec: area v; boundaries, v; population, vi; resources, vii; climate, vii; railways, viii; James Bay coast of, 54

Résumé, 329-331

Revillon Frères, Moose River Post, 50; description of, 51; visit to, on return from North, 295; farewell visit to, 302

Revillon Frères, Rupert River Post: vegetable gardens at, 67; live stock at, 67

Revillon Frères, Eastmain River Post: establishment of, 94; landslide at, 255

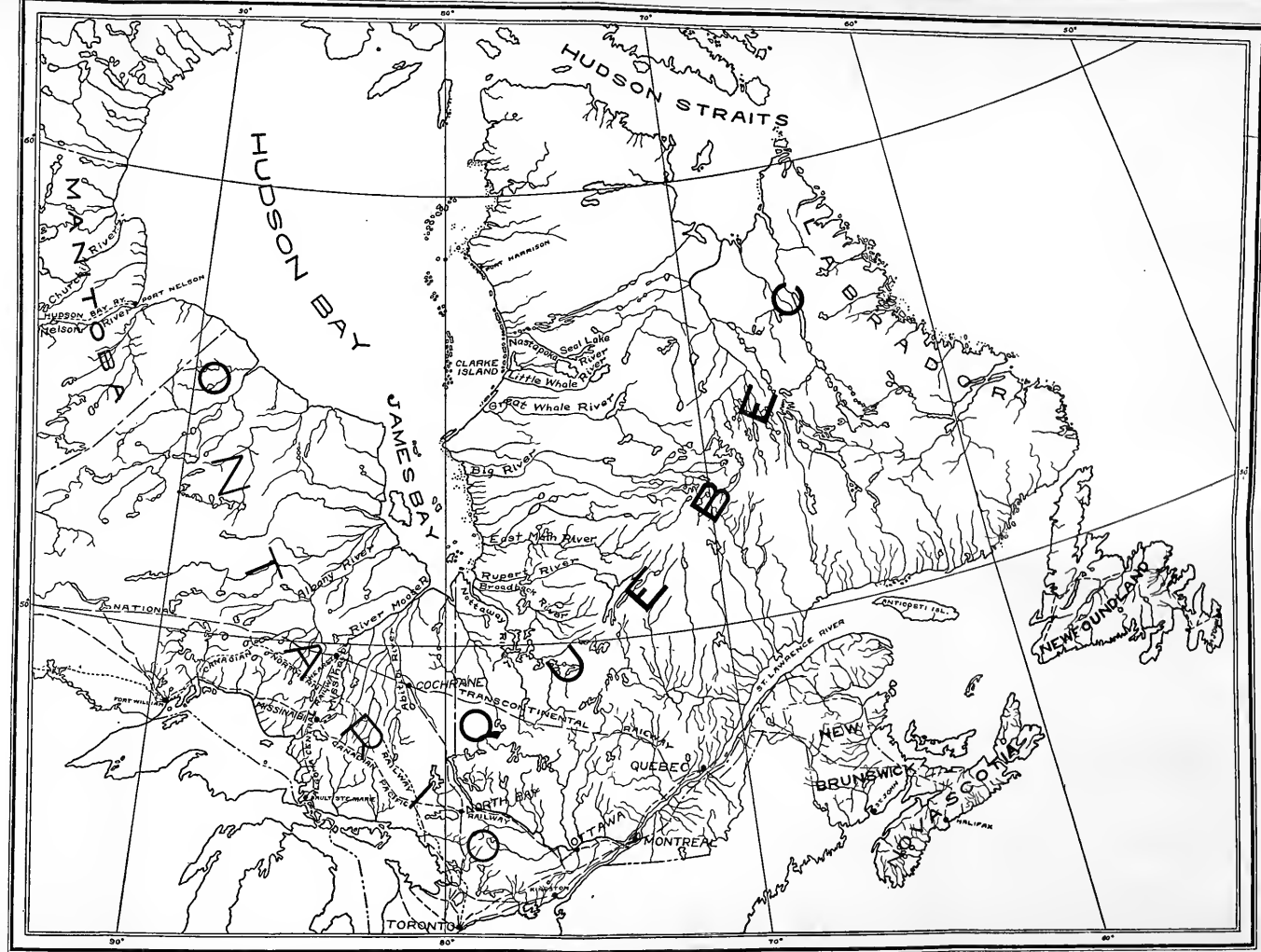


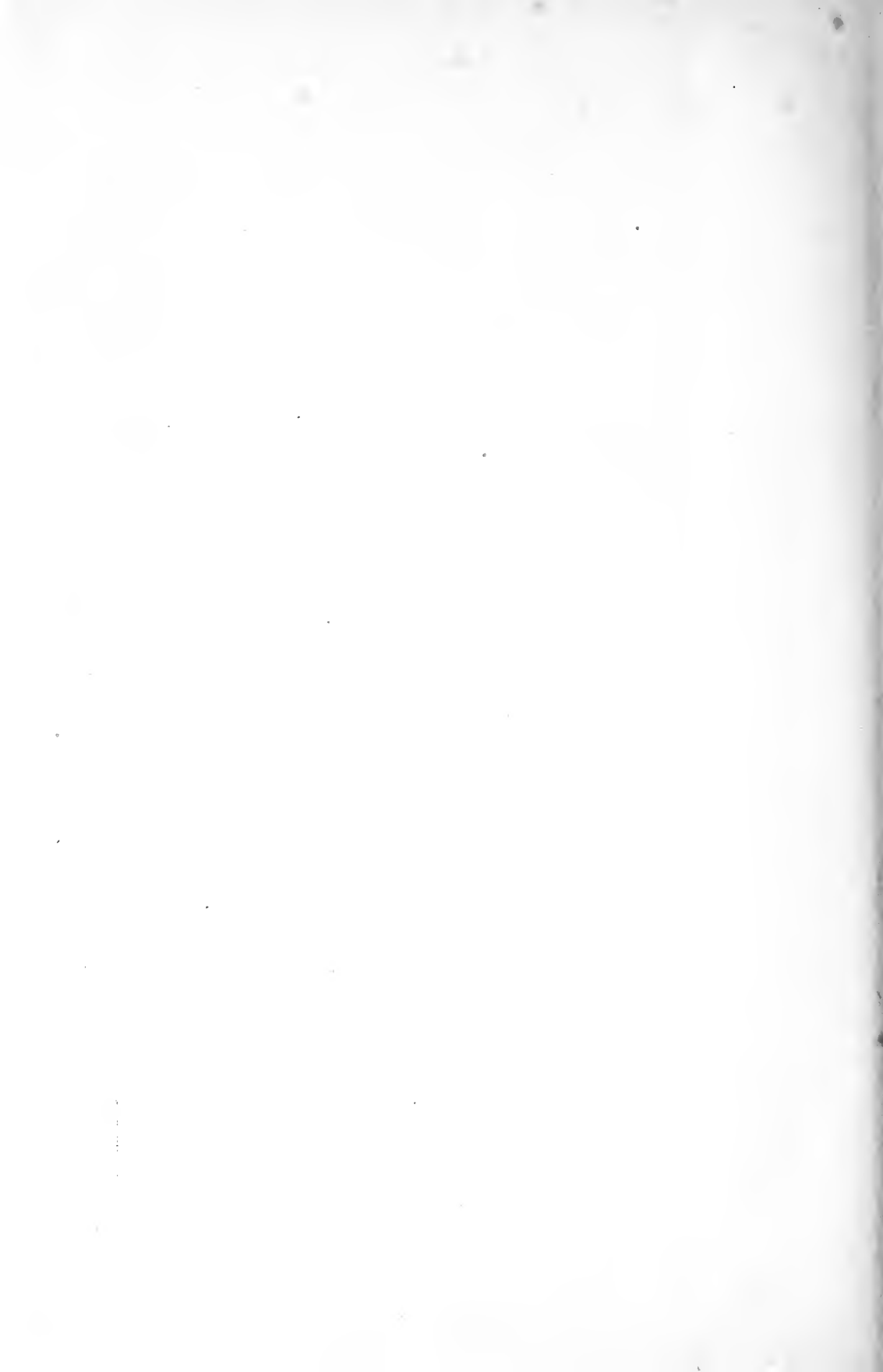
- Revillon Frères, Big River Post: managers of, 125  
Revillon Frères, Port Harrison Post, 125; furs traded at, 125  
Richmond Gulf: origin of "dirty" weather in, 193; end of Salmon Fisher's Trail on, 202; Eskimo camp at entrance to, 203; current at entrance to, 204; view of falls of Wiachuan River across, 204  
Rock Island Chute, 34  
Ross Island, 171  
Route of expedition 1912, 1; of expedition 1907, 4  
Rupert Bay, navigation of southern part, 77, 85  
Rupert House: arrival at, 62; advance party's departure from, for North, 65; soil at, 69; timber at, 69; harbour at, 69; a wedding at, 70; green flies at, 71; arrival of *S. S. Amelia* at, 71; Strong's party's trip Eastmain River to, 303; Strong's party's attempt to reach Moose Factory by canoe, 303  
  
Salmon Fisher's Cove: rough weather encountered between Clark Island and, 195; anchorage at, 196; camp at, 196; difficulties with boat at, 196-198; running surf at, 197; tree limit, 199; departure from, 203  
Salmon Fisher's Trail: trees at, 199; views from, 200; cliffs near, 200, 201; lake beside, 200; sea beach on cliffs near, 201; Eskimo salmon spears, 201; Table Mountain, 202; remains of Eskimos' camp, 202; return along, 303  
Sawayan, 59; anchorage near, 273; searching for Indians at, 273  
Seals, value and uses of, 207  
Search party, meeting with, 324  
Second River: Strong's camp at, 160; harbour at, 160; Eskimos at, 160; meeting Strong's party at, 161; change of plans at, 161; departure from, 164; harbours between Second River and Little Whale River, 164  
Shepherd Islands: camping place on, 105  
Sherrick Mount, 86; camp on island off, 263; trouble with boat, 263; second camp on island, 265; route to Moose Factory from, 266  
Split Rock: landmark, 145; failure to find harbour at, 218  
Split Rock Falls, 23  
Stag Rock, 85  
Store Portage, 43  
St. Paul's Rapids (Thundering Water), 23  
Stromness harbour, 127; camp at, 127; insects in water at, 127  
Sucker Creek: harbour at, 148; mosquitoes at, 149-152; scenery at, 149; departure from, 152; meeting with Eskimos in vicinity of, 217  
Swampy Ground (Little), 20; (Big), 21  
  
Table Mountain, 202  
Taylor Island, 183  
Tree limit, 199  
  
Undgarten, Harold, chief servant, Great Whale River Post, 206

- Voltaire, reference to value of  
Canada, vii
- Wabiskagami River, 46
- Walrus Island, 106
- Walton, Rev. W. G., 116-119
- Wastikon Island, 129; Eskimo  
camp at, 129; return to, 228
- Water powers, 330
- White Bear Hills, 145
- Winter travelling, the dogs,  
305, 309, 310, 311, 322;  
special harness for pulling  
our own toboggan, 305;  
rough ice on the rapids, 307,  
315; tea camps on the trail,  
307; distances traversed on  
various days, 309, 315, 321,  
327, 328; camps on the  
trail, 310, 314, 326; impor-  
tance of care of footwear,  
311; the sleeping bag, 311;  
tent arrangements, 311;  
slush on ice, 317; difficult  
travelling through burnt  
country, 321; breaking trail,  
323; caching unnecessary  
supplies, 324
- Woodall, Rev., 64
- Wood Island, 59; Sherrick  
Mount to, 267; anchorage  
at, 268, 270; camp at, 268;  
lack of fresh water at, 268;  
storm at, 272; to Sawayan,  
272









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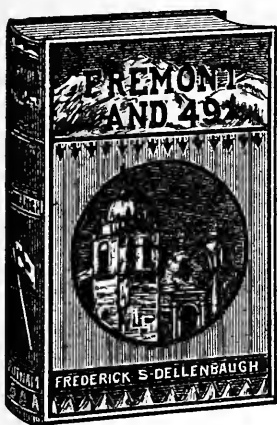
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